

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXXX. — AUGUST, 1897. — No. CCCCLXXVIII.

THE AMERICAN FORESTS.

THE forests of America, however slighted by man, must have been a great delight to God; for they were the best he ever planted. The whole continent was a garden, and from the beginning it seemed to be favored above all the other wild parks and gardens of the globe. To prepare the ground, it was rolled and sifted in seas with infinite loving deliberation and forethought, lifted into the light, submerged and warmed over and over again, pressed and crumpled into folds and ridges, mountains and hills, subsoiled with heaving volcanic fires, ploughed and ground and sculptured into scenery and soil with glaciers and rivers, — every feature growing and changing from beauty to beauty, higher and higher. And in the fullness of time it was planted in groves, and belts, and broad, exuberant, mantling forests, with the largest, most varied, most fruitful, and most beautiful trees in the world. Bright seas made its border with wave embroidery and icebergs; gray deserts were outspread in the middle of it, mossy tundras on the north, savannas on the south, and blooming prairies and plains; while lakes and rivers shone through all the vast forests and openings, and happy birds and beasts gave delightful animation. Everywhere, everywhere over all the blessed continent, there were beauty, and melody, and kindly, wholesome, foodful abundance.

These forests were composed of about five hundred species of trees, all of them in some way useful to man, ranging in

size from twenty-five feet in height and less than one foot in diameter at the ground to four hundred feet in height and more than twenty feet in diameter, — lordly monarchs proclaiming the gospel of beauty like apostles. For many a century after the ice-ploughs were melted, nature fed them and dressed them every day; working like a man, a loving, devoted, painstaking gardener; fingering every leaf and flower and mossy furrowed bole; bending, trimming, modeling, balancing, painting them with the loveliest colors; bringing over them now clouds with cooling shadows and showers, now sunshine; fanning them with gentle winds and rustling their leaves; exercising them in every fibre with storms, and pruning them; loading them with flowers and fruit, loading them with snow, and ever making them more beautiful as the years rolled by. Wide-branching oak and elm in endless variety, walnut and maple, chestnut and beech, ilex and locust, touching limb to limb, spread a leafy translucent canopy along the coast of the Atlantic over the wrinkled folds and ridges of the Alleghanies, — a green billowy sea in summer, golden and purple in autumn, pearly gray like a steadfast frozen mist of interlacing branches and sprays in leafless, restful winter.

To the southward stretched dark, level-topped cypresses in knobby, tangled swamps, grassy savannas in the midst of them like lakes of light, groves of gay sparkling spice-trees, magnolias and palms, glossy-leaved and blooming and

shining continually. To the northward, over Maine and the Ottawa, rose hosts of spiry, rosin evergreens, — white pine and spruce, hemlock and cedar, shoulder to shoulder, laden with purple cones, their myriad needles sparkling and shimmering, covering hills and swamps, rocky headlands and domes, ever bravely aspiring and seeking the sky; the ground in their shade now snow-clad and frozen, now mossy and flowery; beaver meadows here and there, full of lilies and grass; lakes gleaming like eyes, and a silvery embroidery of rivers and creeks watering and brightening all the vast glad wilderness.

Thence westward were oak and elm, hickory and tupelo, gum and liriodendron, sassafras and ash, linden and laurel, spreading on ever wider in glorious exuberance over the great fertile basin of the Mississippi, over damp level bottoms, low dimpling hollows, and round dotting hills, embosoming sunny prairies and cheery park openings, half sunshine, half shade; while a dark wilderness of pines covered the region around the Great Lakes. Thence still westward swept the forests to right and left around grassy plains and deserts a thousand miles wide: irrepressible hosts of spruce and pine, aspen and willow, nut-pine and juniper, cactus and yucca, caring nothing for drought, extending undaunted from mountain to mountain, over mesa and desert, to join the darkening multitudes of pines that covered the high Rocky ranges and the glorious forests along the coast of the moist and balmy Pacific, where new species of pine, giant cedars and spruces, silver firs and sequoias, kings of their race, growing close together like grass in a meadow, poised their brave domes and spires in the sky three hundred feet above the ferns and the lilies that enameled the ground; towering serene through the long centuries, preaching God's forestry fresh from heaven.

Here the forests reached their highest

development. Hence they went wavering northward over icy Alaska, brave spruce and fir, poplar and birch, by the coasts and the rivers, to within sight of the Arctic Ocean. American forests! the glory of the world! Surveyed thus from the east to the west, from the north to the south, they are rich beyond thought, immortal, immeasurable, enough and to spare for every feeding, sheltering beast and bird, insect and son of Adam; and nobody need have cared had there been no pines in Norway, no cedars and deodars on Lebanon and the Himmalayas, no vine-clad selvas in the basin of the Amazon. With such variety, harmony, and triumphant exuberance, even nature, it would seem, might have rested content with the forests of North America, and planted no more.

So they appeared a few centuries ago when they were rejoicing in wildness. The Indians with stone axes could do them no more harm than could gnawing beavers and browsing moose. Even the fires of the Indians and the fierce shattering lightning seemed to work together only for good in clearing spots here and there for smooth garden prairies, and openings for sunflowers seeking the light. But when the steel axe of the white man rang out in the startled air their doom was sealed. Every tree heard the bodeful sound, and pillars of smoke gave the sign in the sky.

I suppose we need not go mourning the buffaloes. In the nature of things they had to give place to better cattle, though the change might have been made without barbarous wickedness. Likewise many of nature's five hundred kinds of wild trees had to make way for orchards and cornfields. In the settlement and civilization of the country, bread more than timber or beauty was wanted; and in the blindness of hunger, the early settlers, claiming Heaven as their guide, regarded God's trees as only a larger kind of pernicious weeds, extremely hard to get rid of. Accordingly, with no eye

to the future, these pious destroyers waged interminable forest wars; chips flew thick and fast; trees in their beauty fell crashing by millions, smashed to confusion, and the smoke of their burning has been rising to heaven more than two hundred years. After the Atlantic coast from Maine to Georgia had been mostly cleared and scorched into melancholy ruins, the overflowing multitude of bread and money seekers poured over the Alleghanies into the fertile middle West, spreading ruthless devastation ever wider and farther over the rich valley of the Mississippi and the vast shadowy pine region about the Great Lakes. Thence still westward the invading horde of destroyers called settlers made its fiery way over the broad Rocky Mountains, felling and burning more fiercely than ever, until at last it has reached the wild side of the continent, and entered the last of the great aboriginal forests on the shores of the Pacific.

Surely, then, it should not be wondered at that lovers of their country, bemoaning its baldness, are now crying aloud, "Save what is left of the forests!" Clearing has surely now gone far enough; soon timber will be scarce, and not a grove will be left to rest in or pray in. The remnant protected will yield plenty of timber, a perennial harvest for every right use, without further diminution of its area, and will continue to cover the springs of the rivers that rise in the mountains and give irrigating waters to the dry valleys at their feet, prevent wasting floods and be a blessing to everybody forever.

Every other civilized nation in the world has been compelled to care for its forests, and so must we if waste and destruction are not to go on to the bitter end, leaving America as barren as Palestine or Spain. In its calmer moments in the midst of bewildering hunger and war and restless over-industry, Prussia has learned that the forest plays an important part in human progress, and that

the advance in civilization only makes it more indispensable. It has, therefore, as shown by Mr. Pinchot, refused to deliver its forests to more or less speedy destruction by permitting them to pass into private ownership. But the state woodlands are not allowed to lie idle. On the contrary, they are made to produce as much timber as is possible without spoiling them. In the administration of its forests, the state righteously considers itself bound to treat them as a trust for the nation as a whole, and to keep in view the common good of the people for all time.

In France no government forests have been sold since 1870. On the other hand, about one half of the fifty million francs spent on forestry has been given to engineering works, to make the replanting of denuded areas possible. The disappearance of the forests in the first place, it is claimed, may be traced in most cases directly to mountain pasturage. The provisions of the code concerning private woodlands are substantially these: No private owner may clear his woodlands without giving notice to the government at least four months in advance, and the forest service may forbid the clearing on the following grounds: to maintain the soil on mountains, to defend the soil against erosion and flooding by rivers or torrents, to insure the existence of springs and watercourses, to protect the dunes and seashore, etc. A proprietor who has cleared his forest without permission is subject to heavy fine, and in addition may be made to replant the cleared area.

In Switzerland, after many laws like our own had been found wanting, the Swiss forest school was established in 1865, and soon after the Federal Forest Law was enacted, which is binding over nearly two thirds of the country. Under its provisions, the cantons must appoint and pay the number of suitably educated foresters required for the fulfillment of the forest law; and in the organization

of a normally stocked forest, the object of first importance must be the cutting each year of an amount of timber equal to the total annual increase, and no more.

The Russian government passed a law in 1888, declaring that clearing is forbidden in protection forests, and is allowed in others "only when its effects will not be to disturb the suitable relations which should exist between forest and agricultural lands."

Even Japan is ahead of us in the management of her forests. They cover an area of about 29,000,000 acres. The feudal lords valued the woodlands, and enacted vigorous protective laws; and when, in the latest civil war, the Mikado government destroyed the feudal system, it declared the forests that had belonged to the feudal lords to be the property of the state, promulgated a forest law binding on the whole kingdom, and founded a school of forestry in Tokio. The forest service does not rest satisfied with the present proportion of woodland, but looks to planting the best forest trees it can find in any country, if likely to be useful and to thrive in Japan.

In India systematic forest management was begun about forty years ago, under difficulties — presented by the character of the country, the prevalence of running fires, opposition from lumbermen, settlers, etc. — not unlike those which confront us now. Of the total area of government forests, perhaps 70,000,000 acres, 55,000,000 acres have been brought under the control of the forestry department, — a larger area than that of all our national parks and reservations. The chief aims of the administration are effective protection of the forests from fire, an efficient system of regeneration, and cheap transportation of the forest products; the results so far have been most beneficial and encouraging.

It seems, therefore, that almost every civilized nation can give us a lesson

on the management and care of forests. So far our government has done nothing effective with its forests, though the best in the world, but is like a rich and foolish spendthrift who has inherited a magnificent estate in perfect order, and then has left his rich fields and meadows, forests and parks, to be sold and plundered and wasted at will, depending on their inexhaustible abundance. Now it is plain that the forests are not inexhaustible, and that quick measures must be taken if ruin is to be avoided. Year by year the remnant is growing smaller before the axe and fire, while the laws in existence provide neither for the protection of the timber from destruction nor for its use where it is most needed.

As is shown by Mr. E. A. Bowers, formerly Inspector of the Public Land Service, the foundation of our protective policy, which has never protected, is an act passed March 1, 1817, which authorized the Secretary of the Navy to reserve lands producing live-oak and cedar, for the sole purpose of supplying timber for the navy of the United States. An extension of this law by the passage of the act of March 2, 1831, provided that if any person should cut live-oak or red cedar trees or *other timber* from the lands of the United States for any other purpose than the construction of the navy, such person should pay a fine not less than triple the value of the timber cut, and be imprisoned for a period not exceeding twelve months. Upon this old law, as Mr. Bowers points out, having the construction of a wooden navy in view, the United States government has to-day chiefly to rely in protecting its timber throughout the arid regions of the West, where none of the naval timber which the law had in mind is to be found.

By the act of June 3, 1878, timber can be taken from public lands not subject to entry under any existing laws except for minerals, by *bona fide* residents of the Rocky Mountain States and Terri-

tories and the Dakotas. Under the timber and stone act, of the same date, land in the Pacific States and Nevada, valuable mainly for timber, and unfit for cultivation if the timber is removed, can be purchased for two dollars and a half an acre, under certain restrictions. By the act of March 3, 1875, all land-grant and right-of-way railroads are authorized to take timber from the public lands adjacent to their lines for construction purposes; and they have taken it with a vengeance, destroying a hundred times more than they have used, mostly by allowing fires to run into the woods. The settlement laws, under which a settler may enter lands valuable for timber as well as for agriculture, furnish another means of obtaining title to public timber.

With the exception of the timber culture act, under which, in consideration of planting a few acres of seedlings, settlers on the treeless plains got 160 acres each, the above is the only legislation aiming to protect and promote the planting of forests. In no other way than under some one of these laws can a citizen of the United States make any use of the public forests. To show the results of the timber-planting act, it need only be stated that of the 38,000,000 acres entered under it, less than 1,000,000 acres have been patented. This means that less than 50,000 acres have been planted with stunted, woebegone, almost hopeless sprouts of trees, while at the same time the government has allowed millions of acres of the grandest forest trees to be stolen, or destroyed, or sold for nothing. Under the act of June 3, 1878, settlers in Colorado and the Territories were allowed to cut timber for mining and agricultural purposes from mineral land, which in the practical West means both cutting and burning anywhere and everywhere, for any purpose, on any sort of public land. Thus, the prospector, the miner, and mining and railroad companies are al-

lowed by law to take all the timber they like for their mines and roads, and the forbidden settler, if there are no mineral lands near his farm or stock-ranch, or none that he knows of, can hardly be expected to forbear taking what he needs wherever he can find it. Timber is as necessary as bread, and no scheme of management failing to recognize and properly provide for this want can possibly be maintained. In any case, it will be hard to teach the pioneers that it is wrong to steal government timber. Taking from the government is with them the same as taking from nature, and their consciences flinch no more in cutting timber from the wild forests than in drawing water from a lake or river. As for reservation and protection of forests, it seems as silly and needless to them as protection and reservation of the ocean would be; both appearing to be boundless and inexhaustible.

The special land agents employed by the General Land Office to protect the public domain from timber depredations are supposed to collect testimony to sustain prosecution, and to superintend such prosecution on behalf of the government, which is represented by the district attorneys. But timber-thieves of the Western class are seldom convicted, for the good reason that most of the jurors who try such cases are themselves as guilty as those on trial. The effect of the present confused, discriminating, and unjust system has been to place almost the whole population in opposition to the government; and as conclusive of its futility, as shown by Mr. Bowers, we need only state that during the seven years from 1881 to 1887 inclusive the value of the timber reported stolen from the government lands was \$36,719,935, and the amount recovered was \$478,073, while the cost of the services of special agents alone was \$455,000, to which must be added the expense of the trials. Thus for nearly thirty-seven million dollars' worth of tim-

ber the government got less than nothing; and the value of that consumed by running fires during the same period, without benefit even to thieves, was probably over two hundred millions of dollars. Land commissioners and Secretaries of the Interior have repeatedly called attention to this ruinous state of affairs, and asked Congress to enact the requisite legislation for reasonable reform. But, busied with tariffs, etc., Congress has given no heed to these or other appeals, and our forests, the most valuable and the most destructible of all the natural resources of the country, are being robbed and burned more rapidly than ever. The annual appropriation for so-called "protection service" is hardly sufficient to keep twenty-five timber agents in the field, and as far as any efficient protection of timber is concerned these agents themselves might as well be timber.

That a change from robbery and ruin to a permanent rational policy is urgently needed nobody with the slightest knowledge of American forests will deny. In the East and along the northern Pacific coast, where the rainfall is abundant, comparatively few care keenly what becomes of the trees as long as fuel and lumber are not noticeably dear. But in the Rocky Mountains and California and Arizona, where the forests are inflammable, and where the fertility of the lowlands depends upon irrigation, public opinion is growing stronger every year in favor of permanent protection by the federal government of all the forests that cover the sources of the streams. Even lumbermen in these regions, long accustomed to steal, are now willing and anxious to buy lumber for their mills under cover of law: some possibly from a late second growth of honesty, but most, especially the small mill-owners, simply because it no longer pays to steal where all may not only steal, but also destroy, and in particular because it costs about as much to steal timber for one

mill as for ten, and therefore the ordinary lumberman can no longer compete with the large corporations. Many of the miners find that timber is already becoming scarce and dear on the denuded hills around their mills, and they too are asking for protection of forests, at least against fire. The slow-going, unthrifty farmers, also, are beginning to realize that when the timber is stripped from the mountains the irrigating streams dry up in summer, and are destructive in winter; that soil, scenery, and everything slips off with the trees: so of course they are coming into the ranks of tree-friends.

Of all the magnificent coniferous forests around the Great Lakes, once the property of the United States, scarcely any belong to it now. They have disappeared in lumber and smoke, mostly smoke, and the government got not one cent for them; only the land they were growing on was considered valuable, and two and a half dollars an acre was charged for it. Here and there in the Southern States there are still considerable areas of timbered government land, but these are comparatively unimportant. Only the forests of the West are significant in size and value, and these, although still great, are rapidly vanishing. Last summer, of the unrivaled redwood forests of the Pacific Coast Range the United States Forestry Commission could not find a single quarter-section that remained in the hands of the government.

Under the timber and stone act of 1878, which might well have been called the "dust and ashes act," any citizen of the United States could take up one hundred and sixty acres of timber land, and by paying two dollars and a half an acre for it obtain title. There was some virtuous effort made with a view to limit the operations of the act by requiring that the purchaser should make affidavit that he was entering the land exclusively for his own use, and by not allowing any

association to enter more than one hundred and sixty acres. Nevertheless, under this act wealthy corporations have fraudulently obtained title to from ten thousand to twenty thousand acres or more. The plan was usually as follows: A mill company desirous of getting title to a large body of redwood or sugar-pine land first blurred the eyes and ears of the land agents, and then hired men to enter the land they wanted, and immediately deed it to the company after a nominal compliance with the law; false swearing in the wilderness against the government being held of no account. In one case which came under the observation of Mr. Bowers, it was the practice of a lumber company to hire the entire crew of every vessel which might happen to touch at any port in the redwood belt, to enter one hundred and sixty acres each and immediately deed the land to the company, in consideration of the company's paying all expenses and giving the jolly sailors fifty dollars apiece for their trouble.

By such methods have our magnificent redwoods and much of the sugar-pine forests of the Sierra Nevada been absorbed by foreign and resident capitalists. Uncle Sam is not often called a fool in business matters, yet he has sold millions of acres of timber land at two dollars and a half an acre on which a single tree was worth more than a hundred dollars. But this priceless land has been patented, and nothing can be done now about the crazy bargain. According to the everlasting laws of righteousness, even the fraudulent buyers at less than one per cent of its value are making little or nothing, on account of fierce competition. The trees are felled, and about half of each giant is left on the ground to be converted into smoke and ashes; the better half is sawed into choice lumber and sold to citizens of the United States or to foreigners: thus robbing the country of its glory and impoverishing it without right benefit to anybody,—a

bad, black business from beginning to end.

The redwood is one of the few conifers that sprout from the stump and roots, and it declares itself willing to begin immediately to repair the damage of the lumberman and also that of the forest-burner. As soon as a redwood is cut down or burned it sends up a crowd of eager, hopeful shoots, which, if allowed to grow, would in a few decades attain a height of a hundred feet, and the strongest of them would finally become giants as great as the original tree. Gigantic second and third growth trees are found in the redwoods, forming magnificent temple-like circles around charred ruins more than a thousand years old. But not one denuded acre in a hundred is allowed to raise a new forest growth. On the contrary, all the brains, religion, and superstition of the neighborhood are brought into play to prevent a new growth. The sprouts from the roots and stumps are cut off again and again, with zealous concern as to the best time and method of making death sure. In the clearings of one of the largest mills on the coast we found thirty men at work, last summer, cutting off redwood shoots "in the dark of the moon," claiming that all the stumps and roots cleared at this auspicious time would send up no more shoots. Anyhow, these vigorous, almost immortal trees are killed at last, and black stumps are now their only monuments over most of the chopped and burned areas.

The redwood is the glory of the Coast Range. It extends along the western slope, in a nearly continuous belt about ten miles wide, from beyond the Oregon boundary to the south of Santa Cruz, a distance of nearly four hundred miles, and in massive, sustained grandeur and closeness of growth surpasses all the other timber woods of the world. Trees from ten to fifteen feet in diameter and three hundred feet high are not uncommon, and a few attain a height of three

hundred and fifty feet, or even four hundred, with a diameter at the base of fifteen to twenty feet or more, while the ground beneath them is a garden of fresh, exuberant ferns, lilies, gaultheria, and rhododendron. This grand tree, *Sequoia sempervirens*, is surpassed in size only by its near relative, *Sequoia gigantea*, or big tree, of the Sierra Nevada, if indeed it is surpassed. The *sempervirens* is certainly the taller of the two. The *gigantea* attains a greater girth, and is heavier, more noble in port, and more sublimely beautiful. These two sequoias are all that are known to exist in the world, though in former geological times the genus was common and had many species. The redwood is restricted to the Coast Range, and the big tree to the Sierra.

As timber the redwood is too good to live. The largest sawmills ever built are busy along its seaward border, "with all the modern improvements," but so immense is the yield per acre it will be long ere the supply is exhausted. The big tree is also to some extent being made into lumber. Though far less abundant than the redwood, it is, fortunately, less accessible, extending along the western flank of the Sierra in a partially interrupted belt about two hundred and fifty miles long, at a height of from four to eight thousand feet above the sea. The enormous logs, too heavy to handle, are blasted into manageable dimensions with gunpowder. A large portion of the best timber is thus shattered and destroyed, and, with the huge knotty tops, is left in ruins for tremendous fires that kill every tree within their range, great and small. Still, the species is not in danger of extinction. It has been planted and is flourishing over a great part of Europe, and magnificent sections of the aboriginal forests have been reserved as national and state parks, — the Mariposa Sequoia Grove, near Yosemite, managed by the State of California, and the General Grant and Sequoia national parks on the King's,

Kaweah, and Tule rivers, efficiently guarded by a small troop of United States cavalry under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior. But there is not a single specimen of the redwood in any national park. Only by gift or purchase, so far as I know, can the government get back into its possession a single acre of this wonderful forest.

The legitimate demands on the forests that have passed into private ownership, as well as those in the hands of the government, are increasing every year with the rapid settlement and upbuilding of the country, but the methods of lumbering are as yet grossly wasteful. In most mills only the best portions of the best trees are used, while the ruins are left on the ground to feed great fires which kill much of what is left of the less desirable timber, together with the seedlings on which the permanence of the forest depends. Thus every mill is a centre of destruction far more severe from waste and fire than from use. The same thing is true of the mines, which consume and destroy indirectly immense quantities of timber with their innumerable fires, accidental or set to make open ways, and often without regard to how far they run. The prospector deliberately sets fires to clear off the woods just where they are densest, to lay the rocks bare and make the discovery of mines easier. Sheep-owners and their shepherds also set fires everywhere through the woods in the fall to facilitate the march of their countless flocks the next summer, and perhaps in some places to improve the pasturage. The axe is not yet at the root of every tree, but the sheep is, or was before the national parks were established and guarded by the military, the only effective and reliable arm of the government free from the blight of politics. Not only do the shepherds, at the driest time of the year, set fire to everything that will burn, but the sheep consume every green leaf, not sparing even the young conifers when they are in a starving condition from

crowding, and they rake and dibble the loose soil of the mountain sides for the spring floods to wash away, and thus at last leave the ground barren.

Of all the destroyers that infest the woods the shake-maker seems the happiest. Twenty or thirty years ago, shakes, a kind of long boardlike shingles split with a mallet and a frow, were in great demand for covering barns and sheds, and many are used still in preference to common shingles, especially those made from the sugar-pine, which do not warp or crack in the hottest sunshine. Drifting adventurers in California, after harvest and threshing are over, oftentimes meet to discuss their plans for the winter, and their talk is interesting. Once, in a company of this kind, I heard a man say, as he peacefully smoked his pipe: "Boys, as soon as this job's done I'm goin' into the duck business. There's big money in it, and your grub costs nothing. Tule Joe made five hundred dollars last winter on mallard and teal. Shot 'em on the Joaquin, tied 'em in dozens by the neck, and shipped 'em to San Francisco. And when he was tired wading in the sloughs and touched with rheumatiz, he just knocked off on ducks, and went to the Contra Costa hills for dove and quail. It's a mighty good business, and you're your own boss, and the whole thing's fun."

Another of the company, a bushy-bearded fellow, with a trace of brag in his voice, drawled out: "Bird business is well enough for some, but bear is my game, with a deer and a California lion thrown in now and then for change. There's always a market for bear grease, and sometimes you can sell the hams. They're good as hog hams any day. And you are your own boss in my business, too, if the bears ain't too big and too many for you. Old grizzlies I despise,—they want cannon to kill 'em; but the blacks and browns are beauties for grease, and when once I get 'em just right, and draw a bead on 'em, I fetch

'em every time." Another said he was going to catch up a lot of mustangs as soon as the rains set in, hitch them to a gang-plough, and go to farming on the San Joaquin plains for wheat. But most preferred the shake business, until something more profitable and as sure could be found, with equal comfort and independence.

With a cheap mustang or mule to carry a pair of blankets, a sack of flour, a few pounds of coffee, and an axe, a frow, and a cross-cut saw, the shake-maker ascends the mountains to the pine belt where it is most accessible, usually by some mine or mill road. Then he strikes off into the virgin woods, where the sugar-pine, king of all the hundred species of pines in the world in size and beauty, towers on the open sunny slopes of the Sierra in the fullness of its glory. Selecting a favorable spot for a cabin near a meadow with a stream, he unpacks his animal and stakes it out on the meadow. Then he chops into one after another of the pines, until he finds one that he feels sure will split freely, cuts this down, saws off a section four feet long, splits it, and from this first cut, perhaps seven feet in diameter, he gets shakes enough for a cabin and its furniture,—walls, roof, door, bedstead, table, and stool. Besides his labor, only a few pounds of nails are required. Sapling poles form the frame of the airy building, usually about six feet by eight in size, on which the shakes are nailed, with the edges overlapping. A few bolts from the same section that the shakes were made from are split into square sticks and built up to form a chimney, the inside and interspaces being plastered and filled in with mud. Thus, with abundance of fuel, shelter and comfort by his own fireside are secured. Then he goes to work sawing and splitting for the market, tying the shakes in bundles of fifty or a hundred. They are four feet long, four inches wide, and about one fourth of an inch thick. The first few

thousands he sells or trades at the nearest mill or store, getting provisions in exchange. Then he advertises, in whatever way he can, that he has excellent sugar-pine shakes for sale, easy of access and cheap.

Only the lower, perfectly clear, free-splitting portions of the giant pines are used, — perhaps ten to twenty feet from a tree two hundred and fifty in height; all the rest is left a mass of ruins, to rot or to feed the forest fires, while thousands are hacked deeply and rejected in proving the grain. Over nearly all of the more accessible slopes of the Sierra and Cascade mountains in southern Oregon, at a height of from three to six thousand feet above the sea, and for a distance of about six hundred miles, this waste and confusion extends. Happy robbers! dwelling in the most beautiful woods, in the most salubrious climate, breathing delightful doors both day and night, drinking cool living water, — roses and lilies at their feet in the spring, shedding fragrance and ringing bells as if cheering them on in their desolating work. There is none to say them nay. They buy no land, pay no taxes, dwell in a paradise with no forbidding angel either from Washington or from heaven. Every one of the frail shake shanties is a centre of destruction, and the extent of the ravages wrought in this quiet way is in the aggregate enormous.

It is not generally known that, notwithstanding the immense quantities of timber cut every year for foreign and home markets and mines, from five to ten times as much is destroyed as is used, chiefly by running forest fires that only the federal government can stop. Travelers through the West in summer are not likely to forget the fire-work displayed along the various railway tracks. Thoreau, when contemplating the destruction of the forests on the east side of the continent, said that soon the country would be so bald that every man would have to grow whiskers to hide its

nakedness, but he thanked God that at least the sky was safe. Had he gone West he would have found out that the sky was not safe; for all through the summer months, over most of the mountain regions, the smoke of mill and forest fires is so thick and black that no sun-beam can pierce it. The whole sky, with clouds, sun, moon, and stars, is simply blotted out. There is no real sky and no scenery. Not a mountain is left in the landscape. At least none is in sight from the lowlands, and they all might as well be on the moon, as far as scenery is concerned.

The half dozen transcontinental railroad companies advertise the beauties of their lines in gorgeous many-colored folders, each claiming its as the "scenic route." "The route of superior desolation" — the smoke, dust, and ashes route — would be a more truthful description. Every train rolls on through dismal smoke and barbarous melancholy ruins; and the companies might well cry in their advertisements: "Come! travel our way. Ours is the blackest. It is the only genuine Erebus route. The sky is black and the ground is black, and on either side there is a continuous border of black stumps and logs and blasted trees appealing to heaven for help as if still half alive, and their mute eloquence is most interestingly touching. The blackness is perfect. On account of the superior skill of our workmen, advantages of climate, and the kind of trees, the charring is generally deeper along our line, and the ashes are deeper, and the confusion and desolation displayed can never be rivaled. No other route on this continent so fully illustrates the abomination of desolation." Such a claim would be reasonable, as each seems the worst, whatever route you chance to take.

Of course a way had to be cleared through the woods. But the felled timber is not worked up into firewood for the engines and into lumber for the

company's use : it is left lying in vulgar confusion, and is fired from time to time by sparks from locomotives or by the workmen camping along the line. The fires, whether accidental or set, are allowed to run into the woods as far as they may, thus assuring comprehensive destruction. The directors of a line that guarded against fires, and cleared a clean gap edged with living trees, and fringed and mantled with the grass and flowers and beautiful seedlings that are ever ready and willing to spring up, might justly boast of the beauty of their road ; for nature is always ready to heal every scar. But there is no such road on the western side of the continent. Last summer, in the Rocky Mountains, I saw six fires started by sparks from a locomotive within a distance of three miles, and nobody was in sight to prevent them from spreading. They might run into the adjacent forests and burn the timber from hundreds of square miles ; not a man in the State would care to spend an hour in fighting them, as long as his own fences and buildings were not threatened.

Notwithstanding all the waste and use which have been going on unchecked like a storm for more than two centuries, it is not yet too late, though it is high time, for the government to begin a rational administration of its forests. About seventy million acres it still owns, — enough for all the country, if wisely used. These residual forests are generally on mountain slopes, just where they are doing the most good, and where their removal would be followed by the greatest number of evils ; the lands they cover are too rocky and high for agriculture, and can never be made as valuable for any other crop as for the present crop of trees. It has been shown over and over again that if these mountains were to be stripped of their trees and underbrush, and kept bare and sodless by hordes of sheep and the innumerable fires the shepherds set, besides

those of the millmen, prospectors, shakemakers, and all sorts of adventurers, both lowlands and mountains would speedily become little better than deserts, compared with their present beneficent fertility. During heavy rainfalls and while the winter accumulations of snow were melting, the larger streams would swell into destructive torrents ; cutting deep, rugged-edged gullies, carrying away the fertile humus and soil as well as sand and rocks, filling up and overflowing their lower channels, and covering the lowland fields with raw detritus. Drought and barrenness would follow.

In their natural condition, or under wise management, keeping out destructive sheep, preventing fires, selecting the trees that should be cut for lumber, and preserving the young ones and the shrubs and sod of herbaceous vegetation, these forests would be a never failing fountain of wealth and beauty. The cool shades of the forest give rise to moist beds and currents of air, and the sod of grasses and the various flowering plants and shrubs thus fostered, together with the network and sponge of tree roots, absorb and hold back the rain and the waters from melting snow, compelling them to ooze and percolate and flow gently through the soil in streams that never dry. All the pine needles and rootlets and blades of grass, and the fallen decaying trunks of trees, are dams, storing the bounty of the clouds and dispensing it in perennial life-giving streams, instead of allowing it to gather suddenly and rush headlong in short-lived devastating floods. Everybody on the dry side of the continent is beginning to find this out, and, in view of the waste going on, is growing more and more anxious for government protection. The outcries we hear against forest reservations come mostly from thieves who are wealthy and steal timber by wholesale. They have so long been allowed to steal and destroy in peace that any impediment to forest robbery is denounced as

a cruel and irreligious interference with "vested rights," likely to endanger the repose of all ungodly welfare.

Gold, gold, gold! How strong a voice that metal has!

"O wae for the siller, it is sae preva'lin'."

Even in Congress, a sizable chunk of gold, carefully concealed, will outtalk and outfight all the nation on a subject like forestry, well smothered in ignorance, and in which the money interests of only a few are conspicuously involved. Under these circumstances, the bawling, blethering oratorical stuff drowns the voice of God himself. Yet the dawn of a new day in forestry is breaking. Honest citizens see that only the rights of the government are being trampled, not those of the settlers. Merely what belongs to all alike is reserved, and every acre that is left should be held together under the federal government as a basis for a general policy of administration for the public good. The people will not always be deceived by selfish opposition, whether from lumber and mining corporations or from sheepmen and prospectors, however cunningly brought forward underneath fables and gold.

Emerson says that things refuse to be mismanaged long. An exception would seem to be found in the case of our forests, which have been mismanaged rather long, and now come desperately near being like smashed eggs and spilt milk. Still, in the long run the world does not move backward. The wonderful advance made in the last few years, in creating four national parks in the West, and thirty forest reservations, embracing nearly forty million acres; and in the planting of the borders of streets and highways and spacious parks in all the great cities, to satisfy the natural taste and hunger for landscape beauty and righteousness that God has put, in some measure, into every human being and animal, shows the trend of awakening public opinion. The making of the

far-famed New York Central Park was opposed by even good men, with misguided pluck, perseverance, and ingenuity; but straight right won its way, and now that park is appreciated. So we confidently believe it will be with our great national parks and forest reservations. There will be a period of indifference on the part of the rich, sleepy with wealth, and of the toiling millions, sleepy with poverty, most of whom never saw a forest; a period of screaming protest and objection from the plunderers, who are as unconscionable and enterprising as Satan. But light is surely coming, and the friends of destruction will preach and bewail in vain.

The United States government has always been proud of the welcome it has extended to good men of every nation, seeking freedom and homes and bread. Let them be welcomed still as nature welcomes them, to the woods as well as to the prairies and plains. No place is too good for good men, and still there is room. They are invited to heaven, and may well be allowed in America. Every place is made better by them. Let them be as free to pick gold and gems from the hills, to cut and hew, dig and plant, for homes and bread, as the birds are to pick berries from the wild bushes, and moss and leaves for nests. The ground will be glad to feed them, and the pines will come down from the mountains for their homes as willingly as the cedars came from Lebanon for Solomon's temple. Nor will the woods be the worse for this use, or their benign influences be diminished any more than the sun is diminished by shining. Mere destroyers, however, tree-killers, spreading death and confusion in the fairest groves and gardens ever planted, let the government hasten to cast them out and make an end of them. For it must be told again and again, and be burningly borne in mind, that just now, while protective measures are being deliberated languidly, destruction and use are speeding on faster

and farther every day. The axe and saw are insanely busy, chips are flying thick as snowflakes, and every summer thousands of acres of priceless forests, with their underbrush, soil, springs, climate, scenery, and religion, are vanishing away in clouds of smoke, while, except in the national parks, not one forest guard is employed.

All sorts of local laws and regulations have been tried and found wanting, and the costly lessons of our own experience, as well as that of every civilized nation, show conclusively that the fate of the remnant of our forests is in the hands of the federal government, and that if the remnant is to be saved at all, it must be saved quickly.

Any fool can destroy trees. They cannot run away; and if they could, they would still be destroyed, — chased and hunted down as long as fun or a dollar

could be got out of their bark hides, branching horns, or magnificent bole backbones. Few that fell trees plant them; nor would planting avail much towards getting back anything like the noble primeval forests. During a man's life only saplings can be grown, in the place of the old trees — tens of centuries old — that have been destroyed. It took more than three thousand years to make some of the trees in these Western woods, — trees that are still standing in perfect strength and beauty, waving and singing in the mighty forests of the Sierra. Through all the wonderful, eventful centuries since Christ's time — and long before that — God has cared for these trees, saved them from drought, disease, avalanches, and a thousand straining, leveling tempests and floods; but he cannot save them from fools, — only Uncle Sam can do that.

John Muir.

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF DEAN SWIFT.

I.

JOHN FORSTER, who lived to complete but one of the three volumes in which he had planned to write the *Life of Jonathan Swift*, speaks in the preface of his hero's correspondence "with his friend Knightley Chetwode, of Woodbrooke, during the seventeen years (1714–1731) which followed his appointment to the deanery of St. Patrick's. Of these letters," Forster goes on to say, "the richest addition to the correspondence of this most masterly of English letter-writers since it was first collected, more does not need to be said here; but of the late representative of the Chetwode family I crave permission to add a word. His rare talents and taste suffered from his delicate health and fastidious temperament, but in my life I have seen few

things more delightful than his pride in the connection of his race and name with the companionship of Swift. Such was the jealous care with which he preserved the letters, treasuring them as an heirloom of honour, that he would never allow them to be moved from his family seat; and when, with his own hand, he had made careful transcript of them for me, I had to visit him at Woodbrooke to collate his copy with the originals. There I walked with him through avenues of trees which Swift was said to have planted."

As Forster did not bring down the *Life* later than 1711, — three years and more before the first of these letters was written, — he made scarcely any use of the correspondence. He refers to it twice, and twice only. On his death, the copy of the originals, with the corrections he

had made, was returned to Woodbrooke. It has lately come into my possession. What wonder would have seized on Swift's mind had it been foretold to him that these letters of his, after lying hidden nearly two hundred years, were first to see the light of day in an American magazine! America, to borrow the words of Edmund Burke, "served for little more than to amuse him with stories of savage men and uncouth manners." For him "the angel did not draw up the curtain, and unfold the rising glories of the country." He rarely mentions the settlements in his writings; and when he does, it is for the most part with ignorance and contempt. He regrets that England's long and ruinous war with France had kept "Queen Anne's care of religion from reaching her American plantations. These noble countries," he continues, "stocked by numbers from hence, whereof too many are in no very great reputation for faith or morals, will be a perpetual reproach to us, until some better care be taken for cultivating Christianity among them." In his *Modest Proposal for Preventing the Children of Poor People in Ireland from being a Burden to their Parents or Themselves*, he says, "I have been assured by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child, well nursed, is at a year old a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked or boiled." His strange ignorance of the natural history of America is shown in one of his papers in *The Spectator*, where he makes some Indian kings who had visited London say that "whigs and tories engage when they meet as naturally as the elephant and the rhinoceros."

Of the intimacy of Knightley Chetwode with Swift nothing, apparently, was known to the dean's earlier biographers. He is not mentioned in the more recent *Life by Craik*. His name is found only once in the twenty-four volumes of Nich-

ols's edition of Swift's works. He was sprung from a family which for some centuries had its seat at Warkworth, near Banbury, where the tombs of many generations of Chetwodes can still be seen. In the reign of James I., the head of the house ruined himself in vainly asserting his claim to the Barony De Wahull. Warkworth was sold. His son went into the Church, became Dean of Gloucester, and died on the edge of the Promised Land, a bishop elect. It was the dean's son who was Swift's correspondent. He married the daughter and heiress of Richard Brooking of Totness, and settled in Ireland, near Portarlington, Queen's County, about fifty miles southwest of Dublin. The house which he built still stands in its main fabric. He called it Woodbrooke, a name compounded of the second syllable of Chetwode and the first of Brooking.

Swift's first letter to Chetwode was written less than two months after the queen's death had broken the whole scheme of his life, and sent him back to Ireland a soured and querulous man. He who had been hand in glove with great ministers of state was now to be bullied by Dublin's archbishop and pelted by its mob. "I'll lay you a groat, Mr. Dean, I don't know you," said an Irishman to him after his fall, with whom, in the days of his prosperity, he had lived in the greatest intimacy. "I'll lay you a groat, my Lord, I don't know you," Swift retorted to him, some years later, when "the whirligig of time had brought about its revenges," and he was the favorite, if not of the crown, at all events of the people. Before those happier days came he had long "to shelter himself in unenvied obscurity." During the seven years which followed the accession of George I., Swift continued, to use his own words, "in the greatest privacy. This manner of life," he added, "was not taken up out of any sort of affection, but merely to avoid giving offence, and for fear of provoking party zeal."

"And oh! how short are human schemes!
Here ended all our golden dreams."

It was in these lines that he mourned the ruin which had come on himself and his friends by the death of a foolish woman. The blow surely was one which a great man should have borne without a lamentation prolonged from year to year. Of Anne no one now thinks without a certain feeling of good-natured contempt. She is the last person whom we associate with her own age. The age of Queen Anne is the age of Marlborough, of Addison and Steele, of Swift and Pope, of Prior and Gay, and not of the weak, silly woman who sat on the throne. In nothing does Swift more show that vein of baseness which ran through him than in his dejection at her death and in his estimate of her character. In his will he described her as "of ever glorious, immortal, and truly pious memory, — the real nursing mother of her kingdoms." In his sixty-third year he wrote to Lord Bolingbroke, "I was forty-seven years old when I began to think of death." It was the queen's death, he implies, which first turned his thoughts towards mortality. In his lamentations over her we seem to hear "a broken worldling wail." The blow which had fallen upon him was indeed severe. His great friends had lost their places; some of them had fled across the sea, others were in the Tower, while he himself was a suspected man. Nevertheless, why should he have been greatly troubled in mind? Why should he have given way to "reiterated wailings"? He was the proud patriot who boasted that

"Fair liberty was all his cry;
For her he stood prepared to die."

He was the Christian philosopher

"Who kept the tenour of his mind
To merit well of humankind."

His querulousness never came to an end, not even when he had shaken off the dread of prosecutions, and had gained a high place, not among ministers and

courtiers, but in the love of the people among whom his lot was cast.

His correspondence with Chetwode covers both these periods, — his downfall and his dejection, his second elevation and his haughty pride. It covers, too, the rapid growth of that terrible malady which far more even than disappointed ambition clouded his life. In the midst of all his moody discontent and his sufferings he shows that "fidelity in friendship" for which he was praised by one who knew him well. His advice and his aid were for many years at Chetwode's service. It is true that their friendship was at last dissolved in anger, but it seems likely that the chief blame of the rupture did not lie at Swift's door. In the second year of their correspondence he had to rebuke Chetwode for "an ugly suspicion;" as one "who has," he added, "more of punctilio and suspicion than I could wish." It was an ugly suspicion which parted them in the end. The squire of Woodbrooke, as is shown by the last letters which passed between them, was a suspicious man. Swift, moreover, was not an easy man to deal with. "He predominated over his companions with very high ascendancy, and probably would bear none over whom he could not predominate. To give him advice was, in the style of his friend Delany, 'to venture to speak to him.'"

In preparing these letters for publication, I may justly claim some small share of credit for my moderation in sparing my readers most of the learned notes which I had accumulated. Had I only had them at my mercy between the covers of a book, I could have found it in my heart to bestow on them all my tediousness. I could still find it; but let them be of good cheer: they are under the safeguard of an editor who will not tolerate dullness, even though it should come robed in erudition.

So much by way of introduction. It is time to raise the curtain, and to let Swift speak for himself.

I.

[To Knightley Chetwood Esqre at his House
near Port-Arlington in the Queen's County.]

[pr post.]

DUBLIN. *Sept* 27-1714.

S^r [SIR].—The Person who brought me your Letter delivered it in such a Manner, that I thought I was at Court again, and that the Bearer wanted a Place; and when I received it, I had my answer ready to give him after Pemsall, that I would do him what service I could. But I was easy when I saw your Hand at the Bottom, and then I recollected I was in Irel^d [Ireland], that the Queen was dead, the Ministry changed, and I was onely the poor Dean of St. Patricks. My Chapter joyns with me: we have consulted a Lawyer, who (as it is usuall) makes ours a very good Case; my desires in that point are very moderate, onely to break the Lease, and turn out nine Singing men. I should have been with you before this time, if it had been possible for me to find a Horse; I have had twenty sent to me; I have got one, but it is good for nothing; and my English horse was so ill I was forced to send him to Grass.—There is another Evil, that I want a Stock of Hay, and I cannot get any: I remember Prince Butler used to say, By my Soul there is not a Drop of Water in the Thames for me. This is my Case; I have got a Fool to lend me 50 Pounds, and now I can neither get Hay nor Horse, and the Season of the former is going.—However if I cannot soon get a Horse, I will send for my own from Grass, and in two days endeavour to reach you; for I hear Octob^r is a very good month.

Jordan has been often telling my Agent of some idle Pretence he has to a bitt of one of my Parishes worth usually about 5^{lb} p. ann. [five pounds per annum], and now the Queen is dead perhaps he may talk warmer of it. But we in possession always answer in those Cases, that we must not injure our Successors. Those

idle claims are usual in Irel^d, where there has been so much Confusion in Parishes, but they never come to anything.

I desire my humble Service may be presented to M^{rs} Chetwood.

I am your most obedient

humble Servt

JON: SWIFT.

Sept. 28. This was writt last night not knowing the Post day; I now tell you that by noise and Bone-fires I suppose the Pacquets are come in with account of the King's arrivall.

The "singing men" of his cathedral gave Swift some trouble. "My amusements," he wrote to Pope, "are defending my small dominions against the archbishop and endeavouring to reduce my rebellious choir."

His difficulty about getting a good horse lasted at least seven years longer. For providing post-horses he knew of a simple expedient. More than a century later, Miss Edgeworth accompanied Sir Walter Scott and his son the captain on a tour in Ireland. "When some difficulty occurred about horses Sir Walter said, 'Swift, in one of his letters, when no horses were to be had, says, "If we had but a captain of horse to swear for us we should have had the horses at once;" now here we have the captain of horse, but the landlord is not moved even by him.'"

"Prince Butler" was Brinsley Butler. He and his brother Theophilus (afterwards first and second Barons of Newtown) were at Trinity College, Dublin, with Swift. "Brinsley" he cut down to "Prince," "Theophilus" to "Ophy."

The pretense to a bit of one of his parishes he thus humorously mentions in a letter to Lord Bolingbroke: "I would retire if I could; but my country seat, where I have an acre of ground, is gone to ruin. The wall of my own apartment is fallen down, and I want mud to rebuild it, and straw to thatch it. Besides a spiteful neighbour has seized

on six feet of ground, carried off my trees, and spoiled my grove."

George I. arrived at Greenwich on September 18, ten days before the news reached Dublin.

II.

DUBLIN. *October 6th 1714.*

S^r, — I acknowledge both your Letters, and with any common Fortune might have spared you the Trouble of reading this by coming my self: I used to value a good Revenue, because I thought it exempted a man from the little subaltern Cares of Life; and so it would if the Master were wise, or Servants had honesty and common Sense: A man who is new in a House or an Office has so many important Nothings to take up his time, that he cannot do what he would — I have got in Hay; but my Groom offended against the very letter of a Proverb, and stackt it in a rainy day, so that it is now smoaking like a Chimny; my Stable is a very Hospitall for sick Horses. A Joyner who was to shelve a Room for my Library has employed a fortnight, and yet not finished what he promised in six days. One Occasion I have to triumph, that in six weeks time I have been able to get rid of a great Cat, that belonged to the late Dean, and almost poisoned the House. An old Woman under the same circumstances I can not yet get rid of, or find a Maid. Yet in Spight of all these Difficultyes, I hope to share some part of October at Wood-brook. But I scorn your Coach — for I find upon Tryall I can ride.

Indeed I am as much disquieted at the Turn of publick Affairs as you or any man can be. It concerns us Spirituall men in a tender temporall Point. Every thing is as bad as possible; and I think if the Pretender ever comes over, the present men in Power have traced traced [*sic*] him the Way — Y^r Servant is just come for this, and I am dressing fast for Prayers.

Y^r most obed^t &c.

J. S.

Irish servants Swift attacked from the pulpit. "Are our goods embezzled, wasted and destroyed? is our house burnt to the ground? It is by the sloth, the drunkenness or the villany of servants. Are we robbed and murdered in our beds? It is by confederacy with our servants. . . . Nay the very mistakes, follies, blunders and absurdities of those in our service are able to ruffle and discompose the mildest nature, and are often of such consequence as to put whole families into confusion."

He described his library as "a little one. A great library always makes me melancholy, where the best author is as much squeezed and as obscure as a porter at a coronation."

He was exact in his daily attendance at the cathedral service. Three weeks before the date of this letter, he wrote, "I live a country life in town, see nobody, and go every day once to prayers; and hope in a few months to grow as stupid as the present situation of affairs will require." He used to read prayers every evening to his household, but so secretly that a friend had lived with him more than six months without discovering it.

III.

DUBLIN. *October 20th 1714.*

S^r, — The Bishop of Dromore expected this night in Town on purpose to restore his Cat, who by her perpetual noise and Stink must be certainly a whig. In compliance to y^r observation of old women's tenderness to each other, I have got one as old and ugly as that the Bishop left, for the Ladys of my Acquaintance would not allow me one with a tolerable Face tho I most earnestly interceded for it. If I had considered the uncertainty of weather in our Climat, I should have made better use of that short sunshine than I did; but I was amusing myself to make the Publick Hay and neglected my own — Do you mean my Lady Jenny Forbes that was? I had almost forgot her. But when Love is

gone, Friendship continues. I thought she had not at this time of day been at a loss how to bring forth a child. I find you are ready^{er} at kindling other peoples bonfires than y^r own. I had one last night par maniere d'acquit, and to save my windows.

Your closet of 18 foot square is a perfect Gasconade I suppose it is the largest Room in y^r House or rather two Rooms struck out into one. I thank you for your Present of it, but I have too many rooms already, I wish you had all I could spare, tho' I were to give you money along with them. Since you talk of your Cave de brique, I have bought 46 dozen Bottles and want nothing but the Circumstance of Wine to be able to entertain a Friend. You are mistaken, I am no Coy Beauty but rather with submission like a Wench who has made an Assignment and when the day comes, has not a Petticoat to appear in. I am plagued to death with turning away and taking Servants, my Scotch groom ran away from me ten days ago and robbed me and several of the neighbourhood. I cannot stir from hence till a great Vessell of Alicant is bottled and till my Horse is in a condition to travel and my chimney piece made — I never wanted so much a little country air, being plagued with perpetual Colds and twenty Aylments yet I cannot stir at present as things stand.

I am y^r most obedient &c.

The Bishop of Dromore, Dr. John Sterne, was "the late Dean" of a preceding letter. Swift, in some lines written on a window of the deanery house, describes the change which his promotion had caused : —

"In the days of good John, if you came here to dine,

You had choice of good meat, but no choice of good wine.

In Jonathan's reign, if you come here to eat,
You have choice of good wine, but no choice of good meat."

Swift was fond of wine. In his old age he wrote to a London alderman, "My chief support is French wine, which, although not equal to yours, I drink a bottle to myself every day." "He was always careful of his money," writes Johnson, "and was therefore no liberal entertainer, but was less frugal of his wine than of his meat. At last his avarice grew too powerful for his kindness; he would refuse a bottle of wine, and in Ireland no man visits where he cannot drink." "You tell us," Swift himself once wrote to a friend, "your wine is bad and that the clergy do not frequent your house, which we look upon as tautology."

In his abuse of the Whigs Swift almost surpassed Johnson, who maintained that the first Whig was the devil, and that "the Whigs of America multiply with the fecundity of their own rattlesnakes." Nevertheless, the dean said, and said with much truth, that "he was always a Whig in politics." It was in church matters that he was a Tory.

The bonfire was kindled on account of the coronation of George I. In some towns in England the window-breaking was all the other way. The cry of the Bristol rioters, for instance, was, "Damn all foreign governments." In Dublin the mob was Protestant and Hanoverian.

IV.

[Indorsed, "A pencil note fr Wodebrook where he came in K. C's [Knightley Chetwode's] absence dining out."]

Not to disturb you in the good work of a Godfather nor spoil y^r dinner, I onely design M^{rs} Chetwode and you would take care not to be benighted; but come when you will you shall be heartily welcome to my House. The children's Tutor is gone out and so there was no Pen and ink to be had.

WOODBROOK. Novr 6th
past one in the afternoon.

V.

[Indorsed, "This was my advice to a young Lady."]

I look [*sic*] over the inclosed some time ago, and again just now; it contains many good Things, and wants many alterations. I have made one or two, and pointed at others, but an Author can only sett his own Things right.

Friday.

VI.

[per messenger.]

DUBLIN. *Decbr* 3, 1714.

S^R, — M^r Graves never came to me till this morning, like a vile Man as he is. I had no Letters from Engl^d, to vex me except on the publick Account, I am now teased by an impertinent woman, come to renew her Lease, the Baron and she are talking together — I have just squired her down, and there is at present no body with me but — yes now M^r Wall is come in — and now another — You must stay; — Now I am full of company again and the Baron is in hast, — I will write to you in a Post or two. Manly is not Commiss^{nr} nor expects it. I had a very ingenious Tory Ballad sent me printed, but receiving it in a Whig house I suddenly read it, and gave it to a Gentleman with a wink, and ordered him to burn it, but he threw another Paper into the Fire. I hope to send you a Copy of it. I have seen nobody since I came. Bolton's Patent for St. Warbrow is passed, and I believe I shall find Difficultyes with the Chapter about a Successor for him. I thought to give the Baron some good Coffee, and they made it so bad, that I would hardly give it to Wharton. I here send some Snuff to M^{rs} Chetwood; the Baron will tell you by what Snatches I write this Paper. I am y^{rs} &c.

My humble Service to Dame Plyant.

Manley was Postmaster-General of Ireland in 1718. Swift, in that year, sending a letter by private hand, wrote

by way of explanation, "M^r Manley has been guilty of opening letters that were not directed to him."

The dean prided himself on his skill in making coffee. He once said to a lady who asked for a cup, "You shall have some in perfection; for when I was chaplain to the Earl of Berkeley, who was in the government here, I was so poor I was obliged to keep a coffee-house, and all the nobility resorted to it to talk treason." He thereupon made the coffee himself. Lord Wharton, to whom he would hardly have given the bad coffee, had been Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. "He was," said Swift, "the most universal villain that I knew." His son was scarcely less profligate. "One day he recounted to the dean several wild frolics he had run through. 'My Lord,' said Swift, 'let me recommend one more to you — take a frolic to be good; rely upon it, you will find it the pleasantest frolic you ever were engaged in.'"

"Dame Plyant" was no doubt Chetwode's wife.

VII.

[pr private hand.]

Janry 3d 1715

. . . I believe you may be out of the Peace, because, I hear almost all our Friends are so. I am sorry Toryes are put out of the King's Peace: he may live to want them in it again. My Visitation is to be this day Sennight, after which I soon intend for the county of Meath: I design great Things at my Visitation, and I believe my Chapter will joyn with me: I hear they think me a smart Dean: and that I am for doing good: my notion is, that if a man cannot mend the Publick he should mend old shoes if he can do no better; and therefore I endeavor in the little Sphere I am placed to do all the good it is capable of. As for judicious John, he is walked off: y^r cursed good Ale ruined him. He turned such a Drunkard and Swaggerer, I could bear him no

longer : I reckon every visit I make you will spoil a Servant. I shall come with 2 Servants and 3 Horses, but a Horse and a Serv^t I shall leave at Trim. I hear an universall good Character of M^r Davise ; but however I shall have my eye over him and the lads. As for news, the D—— I a bitt do I ever hear, or suffer to be told me. I saw in a Print that the K—— [King] has taken Care to limit the Clergy what they shall Preach ; and that has given me an Inclination to preach what is forbid : for I do not conceive there is any Law yet for it. My humble Service to Dame Plyant. You talk of ye Hay but say nothing of ye Wine. I doubt it is not so good as at Woodbrook : and I doubt I shall not like Martrey half so well as Woodbrook. . . .

The government, threatened by invasion from without and insurrection from within, had no hesitation in removing Tories from the magistracy. Three even of the English judges lost their places on the king's accession.

Trim, where Swift was to leave a horse and a servant, is a small town twenty miles from Dublin, pleasantly mentioned in Thackeray's lines about the Duke of Wellington : —

"By memory backwards borne,
Perhaps his thoughts did stray
To that old house where he was born
Upon the first of May.

"Perhaps he did recall
The ancient towers of Trim ;
And County Meath and Dangan Hall
They did revisit him."

At Laracor, close by, was Swift's vicarage, where he spent some of his happiest days. In his absence it was commonly inhabited by Stella and her companion ; when he returned they moved into Trim. The garden which he laid out, the willows which he planted, the winding walk and the pool which he made, have long disappeared. Of the vicarage nothing is standing but the

fragment of an old wall. His duties as parish priest were light. "I am this minute very busy," he wrote, "being to preach before an audience of at least fifteen people, most of them gentle and all simple."

VIII.

[private hand.]

DUBLIN Mar. 31. 1715.

S^r, — I have been these ten weeks resolving every week to go down to Trim, and from thence to Martry ; and have not been able to compass it, tho' my Country Affairs very much required my Presence. This week I was fully determined to have been at Trim, but my Vicars hinder me, their Prosecutions being now just come to an Issue, and I cannot stir from hence till the end of April, when nothing but want of Health or Horses shall hinder me. I can tell you no news. I have read but one Newspaper since I left you. And I never suffer any to be told me. I send this by my Steward, who goes to Trim, to look after my Rents at Laracor — Pray present my most humble service to Dame Plyant ; I suppose you do not very soon intend to remove to the Queen's County ; when I come to Trim I shall after a few days there, stay awhile with you, and go thence to Arthy [Athy] ; and thence if possible to Connaught and half round Irel^d ; I hope y^r little fire Side is well. I am with great Truth and Esteem

Y^r most obd^t humble ser^t

J. S.

Is it impossible to get a plain easy sound trotting Horse ?

The vicars under whose prosecutions Swift suffered were the vicars-choral of his cathedral, the "singing men" of his first letter. Of his ignorance of public news he protests somewhat too often and too much. Some years later he wrote to Pope : "I neither know the names nor number of the Royal Family which now reigns farther than the prayer-book

informs me. I cannot tell who is Chancellor, who are Secretaries, nor with what nations we are in peace or war."

IX.

DUBLIN. *April 6th 1715.*

S^r, — Your Messenger brought me y^r Letter when I was under a very bad Barbers hands, meaning my own; I sent for him up, because I heard he was something Gentlemannish, and he told me he returned to-day; so that I have onely time to thank you for y^r letter, and assure you, that bar accidents I will be in Trim in a fortnight — I detest the Price of that Horseyou mention, and as for your Mare I will never trust her; my Grandmother used to say that good Feeding never brings good Footing; I am just going to Church, and can say no more, but my humble service to Dame Plyant. I believe the fellow rather thinks me mad than is mad himself; 16th? why tis an Estate, I shall not be master of it in 16 years.

I thought that Passage out of Shakespear, had been of my own Starting, and that the Magistrate of Martry would not have imagined it — How can you talk of going a Progress of 200 miles.

I know nothing of any Shoes I left. I am sure they are not p^d for and so at least I shall be no loser whatever you may be. Adieu.

Whether the saying that Swift attributes to his grandmother was really hers may well be doubted. "He used to coin proverbs and pass them off for old. One day when walking in a garden he saw some fine fruit, none of which was offered him by its stingy owner. 'It was an old saying of my grandmother's,' he said; 'always pull a peach when it lies in your reach.' He accordingly plucked one, and his example was immediately followed by all the rest of the company under the sanction of that good old saying." Another day, seeing a farmer thrown from his horse into a

slough, he asked him whether he was hurt. "'No,' he replied; 'but I am woundily bemired.' 'You make good the old proverb,' said Swift, 'the more dirt, the less hurt.' The man seemed much comforted with the old saying, but said he had never heard of it before; and no wonder, for the dean had made it on the occasion."

X.

[per post.]

DUBLIN. *June 21. 1715.*

I was to see Jordan, who tells me something but I have forgot it, it was, that he had a Letter ready and you were gone, or something of that kind. I had a terribly hot journey and dined with Forbes, and got here by 9. I have been much entertained with news of myself since I came here, tis s^d there was another Packet directed to me, seised by the Government; but after opening several Seals it proved onely plum-cake. I was this morning with the A. Bp: [Archbishop] who told me how kind he had been in preventing my being sent to &c; I s^d I had been a firm friend of the last Ministry, but thought it brought me to trouble my self in little Partyes without doing good, that I therefore expected the Protection of the Government and that if I had been called before them I would not have answered one Syllable or named one Person — He s^d that would have reflected on me, I answered I did not value that; that I would sooner suffer more than let any body else suffer by me — as some people did — The Letter w^{ch} was sent was one from the great L^{dy} [Lady] you know, and inclosed in one from her Chaplin — my Friends got it, and very wisely burned it after great Deliberation, for fear of being called to swear; for w^{ch} I wish them half hangd — I have been named in many Papers as a proclaimed for 500^{lb} I want to be with you for a little good meat and cold Drink; I find nothing cold here but the Reception of my Friends. I s^d a good

deal more to the A. Bp: not worth telling at this distance — I told him I had several Papers, but was so wise to hide them some months ago. A Gentleman was run through in the Play-house last night upon a squabble of their Footmen's taking Places for some Ladyes. — My most humble Service to Dame Plyant, pray God bless her fireside.

They say the Whigs do not intend to cut of Ld. [Lord] Oxford's head but that they will certainly attain poor Ld. Bolingbroke.

Twelve years later Swift wrote to the archbishop: "From the very moment of the Queen's death your grace has thought fit to take every opportunity of giving me all sorts of uneasiness, without ever giving me in my whole life one single mark of your favour, beyond common civilities."

The "great L^{dy}" was the Duchess of Ormond, whose husband had fled to France. Though Swift, to use his own words, "looked upon the coming of the Pretender as a greater evil than any we are likely to suffer under the worst Whig ministry that can be found," nevertheless by the Protestant mob of Dublin he was at this time treated as a Jacobite. He never went abroad without servants armed to protect him.

The misconduct of footmen was common enough in those days. In Swift's Directions to Servants, "the last advice to the footman relates to his behaviour when he is going to be hanged." In London, many years later, when an effort was made to put an end to the custom of guests giving servants vails (presents of money), the footmen, night after night, raised a riot in Ranelagh Gardens, and mobbed some gentlemen who had been active in the attempt. "There was fighting with drawn swords for some hours; they broke one chariot all to pieces."

Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, was attainted of high treason, but after an

imprisonment of nearly two years in the Tower he was acquitted. On his way to the coronation "he had been hissed by the mob; some of them threw halters into his coach." On his acquittal "the acclamations were as great as upon any other occasion." Bolingbroke escaped to France.

XI.

DUBLIN. *June 28. 1715.*

I write to you so soon again, contrary to my nature and Custom which never suffered me to be a very exact Correspondent. I find you passed y^r Time well among Ladyes and Lyons and St. Georges and Dragons — Yesterday's post brought us an Acc^t that the D—— of O—— [Duke of Ormond] is voted to be impeached for high Treason. You see the Plot thickens; I know not the present Disposition of People in Engl^d but I do not find myself disposed to be sorry at this news — However in generall my Spirits are disturbed, and I want to be out of this Town. A Whig of this Country now in Engl^d has writt to his Friends, that the Leaders there talk of sending for me to be examined upon these Impeachments, I believe there is nothing [in] it; but I had this notice from one who said he saw the Letter or saw somebody that saw it. I write this Post to D^r Raymd [Raymond] to provide next Sunday for M^r Sub, so I suppose he may be at ease, and I wish I were with him. I hope Dame has established her Credit with you for ever, in the point of Valor and Hardyness — You surprise me with the Acc^t [account] of a Disorder in y^r head I know what it is too well and I think Dame does so too. You must drink less small beer, eat less sallad, think less, walk and drink more, I mean Wine and Ale, and for the rest, Emeticks and bitters are certainly the best Remedyes. What Length has the River walk to 30 foot bredth? I hope 8 thousand at least. If Sub. had no better a tast for Bief and Claret than he has for Improve- mts of Land, he should provide no Din-

ners for me — Does Madam gamble now and then to see it? How is the Dean's field? So it cost a bottle of wine ex^{ed}y [?] to dry poor Sub. I hope he sometimes loses his eyes to please Dame. There is a Collegian found guilty of speaking some words; and I hear they design in mercy to whip or Pillory him. I went yesterday to the Courts on purpose to show I was not run away. I had warning given me to beware of a fellow that stood by while some of us were talking — It seems there is a Trade going of carrying stories to the Govr — t [Government], and many honest Folks turn the Penny by it — I *can* not yet leave this Place but will as soon as possible. Tom this minute brought me up word that the Baron's man was here, and that his master is in Town I hope to see him, and give him half a breast of mutton before he goes back. He is now with a Lawyer. I believe old Lombard Street is putting out money — The Report of the Secret Committee is published. It is a large volume. I onely just saw it Manly [? at Manly's]. It is but a Part, and probably there will be as much more.

I do not believe or see one word is offered to prove their old Slander of bringing in the Pretender. The Treason lyes wholly in making the Peace. Ch. Ford is with L^d Bol — [Lord Bolingbroke] in Dauphinè within a League of Lyons, where his L^dship [Lordship] is retired; till he sees what the Secret Committee will do. That is now determined and his L^dship will certainly be attainted by Act of Parl^{mt} [Parliament]. The Impeachm^{ts} are not yet carryed up to the L^{ds} [Lords]. I suppose they intend to make one work of it.

Dr. Raymond was the vicar of Trim, where Stella often was his guest. He visited Swift in London. "Poor Raymond," the dean wrote to her, "just came in and took his leave of me; he is summoned by high order from his wife,

but pretends he has had enough of London."

"Mr Sub" was the subdean of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

The disorder in the head, of which Swift knew what it was too well, marred his whole life. "The two maladies of giddiness and deafness from which he suffered had their common origin in a disease in the region of the ear, to which the name of *labyrinthine vertigo* has been given." "I got my giddiness," he wrote, "by eating a hundred golden pippins at a time." On this Johnson remarks: "The original of diseases is commonly obscure. Almost every boy eats as much fruit as he can get without any great inconvenience." Thinking little, exercise, and wine were Swift's chief remedies. "Vive la bagatelle" was his favorite maxim.

On July 7 of this year the Archbishop of Dublin wrote to Addison: "Tis plain there's a nest of Jacobites in the college; one was convicted last term; two are run away, and, I believe, bills are found against one or two more." A master of arts was expelled for making a copy of the pamphlet *Nero Secundus*, and two bachelors of arts and two students paid the same penalty for speaking disrespectfully of the king. Of the whipping or pillory with which Swift's "collegian" was threatened I can find no mention.

The Secret Committee of the House of Commons had examined into the negotiations for the Treaty of Utrecht. As the result, Oxford, Bolingbroke, and Ormond were impeached. "You know," Swift wrote to Pope, "how well I loved both Lord Oxford and Bolingbroke, and how dear the Duke of Ormond is to me. Do you imagine I can be easy while their enemies are endeavouring to take off their heads? 'I nunc, et versus tecum meditare canoros.'" Anne's Tory ministers, he said, had not "designed any more to bring in the Pretender than the Great Turk."

XII.

DUBLIN *July 7. 1715.*

I had y^r Letter tother day by M^r Foxcroft who was so kind to call on me this morning, but would not stay and dine with me tho' I offered him Mutton and a Bottle of Wine. — I might have been cheated of my Gingerbread for any thing you s^d [said] in your letter, for I find you scorn to take notice of Dame's kind Present; but I am humbler and signify to her that if she does not receive by M^r Foxcroft a large tin pot well crammed with the D. of Omds. [Duke of Ormond's] snuff, holding almost an ounce, she is wronged. I wish Loughlin had not been mistaken when he saw me coming into your Court, I had much rather come into it than into the Court of Engl^d — I used formerly to write Letters by bits and starts as you did when Loughlin thought I was coming; and so now I have been interrupted these 3 hours by company, and have now just eaten a piece of Bief Stake spoiled in the dressing, and drunk a Cup of Sour Ale, and return to finish my Letter; Walls sate by me while I was at my dinner, and saw me finish it in five minutes, and has left me to go home to a much better. . . . Sure you stretch ye Walk when you talk of 5000 foot, but y^r Ambition is to have it longer than M^r Rochfort's Canal, and with a little Expense it will be made a more beautifull thing. Are you certain that it was Madam's green Legs you saw by the River Side, because I have seen in England a large kind of green Grass hopers, not quite so tall but altogether as slender, that frequent low marshy grounds. The Baron told me he was employd here, by you in an Affair of Usury (of w^{ch} I give you Joy) but did not tell me the particulars. I believe the Affair of y^r English Uncle is true, I have had it from many Hands. How is that worse than the B^p of London's Let^r [Letter] to his Clergy and their Answer, both owning

that the Tumults were in order to bring in Popery and Arbitrary Power — a Reproach which the Rabble did not deserve; and has done us infinite hurt. I have not seen the Articles, I read no news and hear little. There is no mercy for the poor Collegian: and indeed as he is s^d to have behaved himself, there could none be expected. The Report is printed here but I have not read it. I think of going for Eng^d (if I can get leave) when L^d Sund — [Lord Sunderland] comes over, but not before unless I am sent for with a Vengeance. I am not much grieved at y^r being out of the Peace; I heard something of it the day I left you, but nothing certain. Major Champignè has hard usage, and I am truly concerned for him and his Lady. I am told here that some of our Army is to be transported for Eng^d. I had a Letter this Day from thence, from the Person who sent me one from a Lady, with great Satisfaction that hers to me was not seized. That Letter talks doubtfully of the D. Ormd. [Duke of Ormond] that the Parlt. resolves to carry matters to the highest Extreems, and are preparing to impeach the D. Shrows^b. [Duke of Shrewsbury] which the K. [King] would not suffer at first, but at length has complied with. That Prior is kept closer than Greg, to force him to accuse Ld. Oxfrd [Lord Oxford] tho' he declares he knows nothing; and that it is thought he will be hanged if he will not be an Evidence, and that Ld. Oxf^d confounds them with his Intrepidity &c.

I think neither of y^r Places is remote enough for me to be att, and I have some Project of going further, and am looking out for a Horse; I believe you will be going for Eng^d by the Time I shall be ready to leave this; hasty foolish Affairs of the Deanery keep me thus long here. My humble Service to Dame, pray God bless her and her Fireside. The Baron gave me hopes of doing something about Kilberry — Did he tell you how I pulled Toms Locks the wrong way for

holding a Plate under his Armpitt and what cursed Bacon we had with our Beans?

Adieu.

Swift wrote of snuff: "I believe it does neither hurt nor good; but I have left it off, and when anybody offers me their box I take about a tenth part of what I used to do, and then just smell to it, and privately fling the rest away: I keep to my tobacco still." He never smoked, but "he used to snuff up cut and dry tobacco, which sometimes was just coloured with Spanish snuff. He would not own that he took snuff."

On Archdeacon Walls's vicarage Swift wrote some charming verses. It was so small that no one guessed it was for human habitation.

"The doctor's family came by,
And little miss began to cry,
Give me that house in my own hand!
Then madam bade the chariot stand,
Called to the clerk, in manners mild,
Pray reach that thing here to the child:
That thing, I mean, among the kale;
And here 's to buy a pot of ale.
The clerk said to her in a heat,
What! sell my master's country seat!"

Swift had described the Bishop of London as having "a saint at his chin and a seal at his fob." He was at that time Dean of Windsor and Lord Privy Seal, — one of the last Churchmen in England who held high political office. The "saint," I suppose, was the bands he wore as a priest. He had not in his Letter to his Clergy gone quite so far as Swift says he had. "The disturbances," he had written, "will prove in the end introductive of Popery and Arbitrary Power."

The "D. Shrows^b" was the Duke of Shrewsbury. Swift's spelling indicates the proper pronunciation of the name of the town. "I hope you say Shrowsbury," an old gentleman who had spent some of his early days there once said to me. At the present time almost everybody makes the first syllable rhyme with

"shoes," and not with "shows." The duke was not impeached. He had held high office; nevertheless he said, "Had I a son, I would sooner breed him a cobbler than a courtier, and a hangman than a statesman."

The poet Prior was one of the commissioners by whom the Peace of Utrecht was made.

Gregg (not Greg), who in 1708 was a clerk in the office of the Secretary of State, was detected in treasonable correspondence with France, and condemned to death. While lying under sentence he was examined in Newgate by "seven lords of the Whig party." It was always said that had he implicated the secretary (Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford) his life would have been spared. He persisted, however, in taking the whole guilt upon himself, and at the end of a month he was executed.

Dr. Johnson was more patient with his black servant Frank than Swift was with his Irish Tom. Miss Reynolds tells us how "one day, as his man was waiting at Sir Joshua's table, he observed with some emotion that he had the salver under his arm." The emotion did not express itself in hostile acts.

XIII.

Aug. 2d 1715.

Considering how exact a Correspondent you are, and how bad a one I am myself, I had clearly forgot whether you had answered my last Letter, and therefore intended to have writt to you today whether I had heard from you or no: because M^r Warburton told me you were upon y^r return to Martry. Tho it be unworthy of a Philosopher to admire at any thing, and directly forbidden by Horace, yet I am every day admiring at a thousand things. I am struck at the D. of O—— [Duke of Ormond's] flight, a great Person here in Power read us some Letters last night importing that he was gone to the Pretender, and that upon his first Arrivall at Calais he talked

of the K. [King] only as Elector &c. But this is laughed at, and is indeed wholly unlike him, and I find his Friends here are utterly ignorant where he is, and some think him still in Engl^d — *Aug. 4.* I was interrupted last post; but I just made a Shift to write a few words to the Baron. The Story of an Invasion is all blown off; and the Whigs seem to think there will be no such Thing. They assure us of the greatest Unanimity in Engl^d to serve the K. and yet they continue to call the Tories all Jacobites. They say they cannot imagine why any Tory should be angry, since there never was the least Occasion given: and particularly they cry up their Mercy shown to Bingley. There is no news of any more People gone off: tho' *Ld. Shrewsbury* was named. The Suspending the Habeas Corpus Act has frightened our Friends in Engl^d. I am heartily concerned for poor Jo, and should be more so if he were not swallowed up by his Betters.

Give my Service to Dame Plyant, and desire her to let you know what quantity of Cherryes she has for Brandy; you may steep them in just enough to keep them alive, and I will send you some very good if I can and you will tell me how much. But here I want Jo. I hope Dame found the boys well and that she gave them good Counsell upon the Subject of Gooseberries and Codlings for I hear the eldest had been a little out of order.

I am glad to hear you and the Doc^{tr} [Doctor] are grown so well together, and was not M^{rs} R. the civilest thing in the world? I find you intend to take some very sudden Resolution, and truly I was like to be as sudden for I was upon the Ballance two hours whether I should not take out a License of Absence immediately upon a Letter I

received; but at last I thought I was too late by a week for the Design; and so I am dropt again into my old Insipidness: And the weather has been so bad, that together with my want of a Horse, and my Steward using one Every day about my Tythes, I have not been a Mile out of Town these 5 weeks, except once on foot.

I hear Major Champigny was left half pay; and consequently that he will now have whole: so that he may yet eat bread.

God preserve you and Dame and the fire-side, believe me ever

entirely y^{rs} &c.

Swift could not long have doubted that the Duke of Ormond spoke of King George as Elector of Hanover, for on landing in France he joined the Pretender's party. He had in vain urged Lord Oxford to fly with him. "Farewell, Oxford, without a head," he said. Oxford answered, "Farewell, duke, without a duchy." The duke lost his duchy, but Oxford kept his head, and his earldom as well.

Two days before Swift wrote "the Story of an Invasion is all blown off," the Earl of Mar had stolen away from London to raise the Highlands for King James.

"Poor Jo" was Joseph Beaumont, "an eminent tallow-chandler in Trim." He is

"The grey old fellow, poet Jo,"

in Swift's verses on Archdeacon Walls's house. He was a "projector," who hoped to win the government reward for the discovery of a method of ascertaining the longitude. His disappointment, it was believed, turned his brain, and he made away with himself. Swift said that he had known only two projectors, one of whom ruined himself, and the other hanged himself.

George Birkbeck Hill.

A TYPICAL KANSAS COMMUNITY.

FORTY years ago there were on the map of Kansas a few red spots indicating the location of forts, and here and there along the streams near the State's eastern border were little circles indicating towns. Many of the names upon that early map remain, and designate hopeless villages, the scenes of brave deeds and patriotic efforts; and a few of the towns of a generation ago survive, fulfilling in some small measure the bright dreams of their founders. But most of the old names, once familiar to the whole nation, are forgotten. Could some ghost of those stirring times come back to call the roll, how many such towns would fail to respond! Quidaro? Gone! Mariposa? Gone! Sumner? Gone! Tecumseh? Gone! Minneola? Gone!

From 1870, for several years eastern and central Kansas was a battle-ground between man and nature. In those years the desert was finally subdued. During the succeeding decade, men devoted themselves to the occupation of running up and down the newly made garden with surveyors' chains, making squares and parallelograms, and selling them to one another, or to such strangers as were drawn into the game by the enticement of speculation. Fictitious values prevailed. There was a very plague of financial delusions. Men from all parts of the world were victims of the disease, and came to Kansas to satisfy their longing to behave unwisely. Cities sprang up in a month. Men ceased to be business men, and became gamblers, with land as the stakes. Then, nine years ago, the crash came. Since that time, the face of the Kansas town, and the heart of it too, have changed. One might reasonably call the present an era of home-making. The gambler has gone. The speculator finds his market unrespon-

sive. Another generation is reaching maturity. This generation, which is not native to the State, is trying to make home more attractive; indeed, the word "home" has been generally applied to Kansas for the first time during the last five years. The present residents of the State mean to remain. They are no longer in camp. No one now talks of going "back home" when his fortune is made. To mention this condition as remarkable may amuse the outside world, but the experience is a new and delightful one for Kansas.

Chiefly by reason of its newness and of a certain cosmopolitan aspect, the Kansas town differs from villages elsewhere in the United States, and presents a few interesting variations from the common type. The largest town in the commonwealth has hardly forty thousand inhabitants. Most of the county-seats in the eastern half of the State, where the rainfall is copious and where crops are bountiful and regular, contain about three thousand persons each. The county-seat is in the strictest sense a country town. The people live almost entirely upon the tributary country. There are no factories. The money that the farmers of the county spend for food, clothing, fuel, and the comforts of the farm home is the cash capital upon which the town does its business. This capital is passed from the grocers to the clothing merchants, to the druggists, to the furniture dealers, to the hardware sellers, and to professional men. In the older communities of the Eastern and Middle States necessity has developed factories, which convert raw material into finished products, and money from the outside world comes in. But Kansas is yet hardly a generation old, and it has not entered the manufacturing era of industry.

In Kansas towns the streets run at

right angles. The highways are as straight as the surveyor's chain could make them. Set back at regular distances from the sidewalks are the more pretentious residences, built in the obtrusive architectural style of the "boom" days, complacent in their sham magnificence. The paint has been washed from many of them, and their faded appearance is almost tragic. The story of these unpainted houses is written upon the town, and in the leafless season it depresses the stranger; but in early spring, when the grass comes, nature covers up the barren aspect. The smaller houses of the village are less depressing. Perhaps they do not cover such bitter disappointment. They are like modest cottages the world over.

There is in these towns an intense social democracy, such as does not exist in older American States. Class lines are but indistinctly drawn. The term "family," as used to distinguish the old rich from the new rich, is meaningless. There are of course gradations, lines of difference, and distinction between cliques and coteries, in the polite society of any town. There are indeed the upper and the lower crusts in the social formation. But there is no "dead-line." In every Kansas community, society is graded something after this fashion: the "old whist crowd," the "young whist crowd," the "literary crowd," the "young dancing crowd," the "church social crowd" or "lodge crowd," and the "surprise party crowd." It often happens, in a family containing several grown-up children, that one daughter attends lodge socials, where there are spelling-matches, and where she may enjoy what the reporter for the country paper calls "a literary and musical programme." Perhaps the eldest daughter attends the meeting of the Browning Circle, where she is bored for an hour or two; she probably comes home with a married couple who live on her street. The son of the family goes across the rail-

road track, and dances a noisy quadrille on a bare kitchen floor, to the music of a cabinet organ and a fiddle. It is possible that the parents may be present at the weekly meeting of the Bon Ton Whist Club, where the festivities begin with an elaborate seven o'clock supper. At these stately functions, the awarding of the gilt-edged copy of Ben-Hur and the hand-painted smoking-set to the best players forms an important part of the evening's enjoyment.

This fictitious but typical instance should not be taken too literally, though it is true enough to indicate the utter absence in Kansas society of what in older communities are called class lines. One may almost choose his own companions. Wealth plays a minor part in the appraisal of people. Indeed, the commercial rating of the "lodge crowd" is probably higher than that of the "old whist crowd," although the "lodge crowd" does reverence to the "old whist crowd" by referring to it sneeringly as "society." Since there are no old social standards, and since no one knows anybody's grandfather's previous condition, young people find their own places. The assorting occurs in the high school. An ambitious mother, living on the wrong side of the railroad, is glad to find that her daughter has passed above the "surprise party crowd," has gone around the "church socials," and at the end of her schooldays has planted herself firmly among the "entre-nous" girls. There the young lawyer's wife and the old cattleman's daughter meet. A young woman in this group finds an opportunity to marry into the "young whist crowd." After the children are in school she may be graduated easily into the Bon Ton Whist Club. But if she does not improve the opportunities offered at the "entre-nous" gatherings, in a few years she will begin to cultivate her mind, and will drift naturally into the Browning Circle. Then she will appear occasionally at the quarterly town

dances, when the most exclusive women of the village wear their second-best gowns as a rebuke to the men for inviting such a mixed company.

Generally the church members do not view these semi-public dances with alarm. The Methodists are the strictest of the popular sects in nearly every Kansas community. When the State was safely Republican by enthusiastic majorities, it used to be said that the Methodist church was the Republican church. In the old days of the boom, the Baptist church was often called the Democratic church. Even now the Baptists find their congregations somewhat smaller than those of the Presbyterians. In nearly every town there is a struggling Episcopal church, and in its folds gather the society leaders, and the wives of the traveling men who make their homes there. On the outskirts of every important village are to be found the humble meeting-houses of worshipers after the old fashion, — the Friends, the Free Methodists, the United Brethren, and the Dunkards. These churches gather their congregations from the one-story houses of the town and from the farms near by. Frequently waves of intense religious feeling sweep over these flocks. In winter they hold "protracted meetings," and glow with a fervor all unknown to the dwellers in the upper streets. In summer these simple worshipers hold camp-meetings in the groves along the creeks, and members of the more fashionable churches drive from town in the cool of the evening, and from their buggies watch them with patronizing interest.

It is the occupants of the buggies who give the town whatever intellectual reputation it may have in the State. They are the buyers and the readers of books. Nothing else indicates the exact grade of a town's intelligence so clearly as the books which the people read. The town in which I write is a fair example of Kansas communities; and here all the most interesting new books in popular

literature and the best periodicals have a good market. Yet our kinspeople in the Eastern States carefully save their year-old magazines and books to send to us. In every Kansas town there is a group of men and women who read the best books, and who go regularly to Chicago or to St. Louis every year to hear the best music.

During the days of the boom innumerable "real estate" colleges sprang up. They indicated the presence of men and women whose ideals were high, and who, when money was abundant, immediately began to surround themselves with those influences that would soften the hard environments of the Western life, and make "reason and the will of God" prevail. Their zeal led these promoters beyond the limits of sound judgment, but it is to their credit that their intentions were good. The colleges survive, and they are the best things that have outlived the boom. Only here and there has one been abandoned; on the other hand, in many a Kansas town, the little, debt-ridden college that has survived, after a struggle against great odds, is the nucleus around which gathers whatever light the community may have. The children of the adjacent country are sent to these schools; for though they are not the best possible, they are the best now obtainable. One finds, for instance, their instructors on the school boards and in the city councils. They appear as delegates to the state political conventions, indicating by their presence that the voters in the towns bear no grudge against a man for being careful of his "seens" and "saws," whatever men in the country may think of such refinements of speech.

The best manifestation of the influence of the college is found in the security and growth of the town public library. It is worth a ward politician's political life to talk about cutting down library expenses. Generally a public library contains from one thousand to

four thousand books. The schoolchildren, black and white, spend their odd moments in the reading-room. Women from every social circle use the books. E. P. Roe is still the favorite author, as he is the favorite author of the frequenters of libraries in some of the Eastern States. On the other hand, in one public library in Kansas the copy of Emerson's First Series of Essays has been rebound four times. In this village no bookseller finds it profitable to keep the old-fashioned dime novels, so popular among boys ten years ago.

When Kansas goes to the theatre, however, it drops back into the dark ages. Doubtless there are worse theatrical companies than those that visit Kansas, but no one has ever described them. The best people leave the theatre to those who like to hear the galleries echo with merriment when the supernumeraries walk before the curtain to light the gas footlights. The opera-house is not a town gathering-place, except when the graduating exercises of the high school are held there, and when the townspeople come together to hear the terrible annual concert of the silver cornet band. On these occasions one observes the absence of the chaperon, and here, as elsewhere in the town, young men and women meet upon terms of equality.

There are three out-of-doors town gatherings, — football games, baseball games, and political meetings, — whereat men play a more important part than they play in the opera-house, for they are not manacled by decorum. At the political meetings the men predominate; but at the town games it is the women — the younger women — who give the scene the appearance which may have made ancient tournaments so glorious. Here there is a homely familiarity. When one pounds whoever sits beside him on the bench, at the climax of the game, it is with the assurance that one is pounding an old friend. The men take off their coats, but the crowd is decorous. There is no

drinking. A drunken boy at a Kansas game would cause nearly as much comment as a drunken girl. The girls join in the college yells, talk across the ropes to the players in the field, surge up and down the line with the boys, and no one sneers.

There are no rich men in these Kansas towns. The men who own a million dollars' worth of property number less than half a score in the whole State. Those who control half a million dollars' worth of property might ride together in a sleeping-car, with an upper berth or two to spare. Every town has its rich man, measured by a local standard, who is frequently a retired farmer turned banker; not one in five of these is rated at \$100,000, but each is the autocrat of his county, if he cares to be. The mainspring that moves the town's daily machinery may be found in the back room of the bank. There it is decided whether or not the bonds shall be voted. There it is often determined whether there shall be eight or nine months of school. There the village chronicles are spread upon the great ledgers every day. The town banker supplies the money for every contest. If he is wise, he watches his little corner of the world as a spider watches from its web. The great trust which he keeps requires a knowledge of the details of the game that men are playing around him. Yet with all his power this town banker would be counted a poor man in the city. Seldom is his annual income as much as \$10,000. But he lives in the best house in the town. The butcher saves his best cuts for him, the grocer puts aside his best vegetables, and the whole town waits to do his bidding.

Next to the banker in economic importance is the best lawyer. If the town is a thriving one, the lawyer makes perhaps \$4000 a year. But he does not receive all his income in cash. Some of it he takes in trade: from the farmer butter and eggs, from the storekeeper

his wares, from the editor printing. There are from three to five lawyers, in each good county town in Kansas, who earn more than \$1500 a year. When a lawyer gets in debt to a respectable minority of the influential people, he may be elected county attorney, and during his term of office he is expected to pay his debts. If he fulfills the public expectation, he has another season of waiting, and at the end of it he is made district judge, when the balance-sheet with the town is supposed again to be made up. A district judge, upon retirement, can generally make a living. The town doctor knows so many things about so many people, and so many people owe him money, that he too is always considered a safe man to put on a local county ticket. Be it said to his credit he makes an efficient officer; there is no man in better standing than he.

In a community where there is no large source of outside revenue, where no factory pours its wages into the local commerce, much of the business is done on credit. The storekeepers do so much bartering that they have established a system of currency of their own. A merchant will issue sets of coupons, in one dollar and five dollar books. The coupons are of various decimal denominations, and they read, "This coupon is good for _____ cents in trade at Wither-
spoon's grocery." When the cash in the drawer is low, and when the creditor will accept them, these coupons pass over the counter for cash. They pass from one hand to another, and are usually accepted at face value. The merchant invests his earnings in local bank-stock, farms, or farm mortgages, and after a while he may retire from business to lend his money: then he is on the way to the presidency of the bank. The real estate agent and insurance broker who lends money in a small way is also in the line of promotion to the banker's desk. But before he reaches the goal he lives many a shabby day, which he

hopes the grocer and the coal dealer have forgotten.

The real estate agent's money comes in lumps, and he lacks the peace of mind which the storekeeper's clerk enjoys, whose wages may be \$20 or \$40 or even \$80 a month; for his wages come regularly, and there is always the reasonable hope that some day he may be a partner in the business or have a store of his own. In addition to this hope, the clerk's social position may be as good as anybody's. His wife and daughter may find friends among the most desirable people in the community. If the clerk and his son do not meet their employer at the whist club, it may be only because it is their night "off" and his night "on" at the store. Prices of real estate are so low that many a man earning \$50 a month builds a cottage by the aid of the Home Building and Loan Company which flourishes in every town. Instead of paying rent, he pays interest and a few dollars of the principal every month. On his own lot he may grow flowers for the annual sweet-pea contest, and fortune may send him such a bounty of bloom as will give him the right to assume a tolerant air when discussing floriculture with the man who holds his note.

The tenement-house and the flat are unknown in Kansas. Wages are not high, but opportunities for saving are many. The man who, rated by his wages, in another State would be called a poor man, in Kansas is fairly well-to-do. A printer's wages, for instance, are rarely more than eight dollars a week, yet many a printer has made a start in life, and has even bought the paper which employed him. There is a tradition that the Kansas country editor is poor. The truth is, he earns from \$1200 to \$3000 a year. He lives well; and being a politician, he frequently shares the party loaves and fishes. He is respected and his credit is good at the bank, where he is able, and generally willing, to give the one good turn which deserves another.

It may be said in the editor's favor that he is the only regular employer of skilled labor in the community. The mason and the carpenter work at odd times. The village cobbler does repairing only. There are no great factories that employ hundreds of laborers. Here and there is a town favored with a railroad-shop, where a few score men find irregular work repairing damaged cars. But the dinner-pail is hardly seen in Kansas.

A well-known writer of Western stories, half a decade ago, drew a picture of the hopeless faces of the women who rode in a parade of the Kansas Farmers' Alliance. The type in the story was interesting, but the real Kansas women who rode in the Alliance parade saved it from being a clumsy and stupid affair. By their very presence they made it a cheering, good-natured, color-flecked pageant. They rode on hay-racks covered with patriotic bunting, and they were dressed in white and in yellow at the ratio of sixteen to one, to symbolize their financial creed. In all the parades of any political party the women are an important feature. But their participation in politics practically ends with the parades. They vote only in municipal and school elections. Now and then, at a municipal election in a very small town, it happens that, half in a jocose spirit, the men elect a woman's ticket, when there is absolutely nothing for the woman elected to do. The incident is a neighborhood joke, at which the women laugh; and the thrifty correspondents of Eastern journals sell to their papers "stories" about the "great fight between the men and the women of Kansas, which ended in the overthrow of the men." Women are often elected to clerical positions in the county and in the city. A woman was once successful as assistant attorney-general of the State. When the Kansas woman becomes a bread-winner, her social position is not affected. There is no social circle that the working woman finds it impossible to enter. The steno-

grapher, with her \$50 a month, may snub the banker's daughter. The school-teacher finds no door closed to her social advancement.

Yet it is said that Kansas is governed by petticoats. If by this it be meant that women shape the public sentiment of the Kansas town, the saying is true. In most towns in other States, the corners of the principal streets are occupied by dram-shops. In the town where this paper is written, the influence of women has been exerted so forcibly that three of the four corners where the two main streets cross are occupied by banks. Instead of Hogan's Retreat on the fourth corner stands a bookstore. There the boys and the young men of the town find a meeting-place. There they make their appointments. There they browse through the weekly illustrated papers and the magazines, and look through new books. In this bookstore the football games are bulletined, the baseball games are talked over, and politics finds its forum. Among all the men and boys who frequent this resort there is no habitual drinker; there is not one whose name has been stained with scandal. These young fellows are business men, clerks, professional men, real estate brokers, and college students. They are clean, shrewd, active young men, who have been brought up in a town where the women make public sentiment,—in a town of petticoat government, wherein a woman has never held an administrative municipal office. It is a town of eight thousand inhabitants, without a saloon, without a strange woman, without a town drunkard.

Sloping down from a gentle hill toward a creek, the Kansas town shows at a distance its pointed steeples, its great iron water-tower, and its massive school-house, which stands above the elms and cottonwoods and maples. No smoke-stack pours its blackening flood over the natural beauty of the grass and trees. At night, the farmer across the valley

sees the town as a garden of lights. At such a time, one does not recall the geometrically exact angles of the streets and the gray dust upon the unpainted

houses; the night softens the garish remnants of the boom. Then the sun-burned Kansas town has a touch of romance.

William Allen White.

A MASSACHUSETTS SHOE TOWN.

BROMPTON was one of the earlier New England settlements. Its cemeteries contain numerous stones dating back almost to the middle of the seventeenth century, and the town celebrated its bicentennial years ago. Its first meeting-house was burned by Indians. In the Revolutionary era its citizens hurried away to the earliest engagements around Boston; and of that period it preserves many memorials, notably two fine old taverns, in which some of the most famous of the Continental officers are known to have lodged. But we are not now concerned with its history, and I come directly to the time, a decade or so before the civil war, when the town, after having been for more than a century and a half a small farming community, for which all necessary boot and shoe making and repairing were easily done by a few cobblers, was beginning to make shoes on a larger scale, for export.

Brompton has neither water-power nor any of the other natural advantages which would have made it possible to predict a manufacturing community. Indeed, most shoe towns lack natural advantages. The Providence which determined the establishment of the first shoe-shop in a new locality was inscrutable. The first person to make shoes in Brompton for sale elsewhere was a native of the town, who had returned thither with a competence, after several years of experience in the shoe trade in a neighboring town. A very old man, now a hermit on a farm in Maine, who worked in this Brompton shop during

his early manhood, recently said to me: "They 're always a-tellin' they's a powerful lot o' wonderful new machines been invented sence I worked in the shop, nigh fifty year ago, an' I'm willin' to believe 'em; but I'll bet anything they's one thing they can't never make, with all their inventin', an' that's a machine to peg shoes with." This, from a shoemaker, nearly a generation after the pegging-machine had come into general use, serves better than any detailed statement to illustrate the simplicity of the shoemaking methods of the early time. The shop did not employ more than a dozen men, all acquaintances of the manufacturer. The sons of the resident farmers were quick to take to the new occupation, and several other shops were started before the outbreak of the civil war. A number of them, remodeled into cottages, barns, store-houses, even hen-houses, still stand, reminders of the meagre beginnings of a great industry.

The immigrants to Massachusetts from the northern New England States, — more especially from Maine, — who began to come about this time, found their way to Brompton, as soon as the supply of workmen from the neighborhood became inadequate. The newcomers were for the most part enterprising, unattached young men, of good habits and antecedents. They were cordially received. Although the transformation from a farming town to a manufacturing town was fast taking place, the community was yet essentially homogeneous in race, customs, and religion.

The first foreign immigrants were the Irish, who, though they began work with pick and shovel, speedily found employment in the shops. While not openly maltreated by the native workmen, — Brompton was a dignified and orderly community, — they did not receive a hearty welcome. The ill-omened Know-Nothing movement came to embitter the mutual dislike. Something of a community of feeling was brought about, however, by the later arrival of a common enemy, the French Canadians, to whom, curiously enough, the Irish, in spite of the identity of their religion, were quite as hostile as the native Americans. In some shops, the excitement waxed so fierce that the Canadians were put to work in rooms by themselves. Many devices were employed by the jealous Irishmen to make their lives miserable, one of which was to dangle a big green-headed frog on the end of a line before the windows of their work-rooms; the dangling being accompanied, of course, by loud jeers regarding the traditional frog-eating proclivities of Frenchmen. By a happy chance, the first Frenchman who ventured into Brompton is still living there; by a happier chance, he has a sense of humor. He loves to tell of the mingled curiosity and abhorrence his appearance excited. "They had no notion of what a Frenchman was like," he says. "They stared at me and whispered about me as if I were some strange animal. For a long time they could n't make up their minds whether I had horns under my hat or not, but in the end they decided that I had."

Early in the seventies — to choose a period long enough subsequent to the civil war for the exceptional war conditions to be eliminated — Brompton had grown from a farming town of two thousand inhabitants or less to a shoe town of six thousand or more. A few wooden blocks of business buildings were strung along a central street, which was still bordered in part by dwelling-houses and

open fields. There were a new and expensive town hall, the sole brick structure, a creditable soldiers' monument, and a high-school building, lineal descendant of the original academy. On the principal streets were the town pumps. The town had two Catholic churches (for French and Irish respectively), five Protestant churches, graded schools crowded into two large barnlike buildings, the beginnings of a public library — thanks to the generous thought of one of its "forehanded" storekeepers — which was kept in a room of the town hall, lodges of several secret orders, a recently organized post of the Grand Army of the Republic, a single weekly paper, a volunteer militia company, two volunteer fire companies, a brass band, a choral society, a temperance reform club, and the like. But the inner life of Brompton then was in every way significant.

Aside from the ready deference to the ministers, doctors, lawyers, and editors, which was accorded always and everywhere, Brompton was absolutely without social distinctions. The typical American shoemaker was under no social condemnation for the work he did. He was able to associate on equal terms with all the other people, including even the families of his employers; and while the town was already of such a size that it was not literally true that everybody knew everybody else, it was at least true that everybody could know everybody else. The young man went courting wherever his affections led him, and married into whatever family he wished, without question as to social privilege. Then he rented an upstairs tenement, in which his family lived on terms of equality and the greatest intimacy with the family of the landlord, occupying the ground floor, until such time as he could buy or build a house for himself, the upper story of which could in its turn be rented.

The newly married woman, trained in the belief that it was her duty to do her

part in one way or another — either by earning or by saving, or by both — toward the support of the family, kept on working in the shop, if she had been employed there before marriage, until the arrival of children forced her to withdraw. Then she did shoe-work at home; for the development of machinery, considerable as it had been, had not gone so far as to preclude that possibility. If she had not been a shop-worker before marriage, she found some immediately remunerative home-work soon after, — straw-sewing, perhaps; for the regular visitations of the “straw-men” with wages and relays of work were an important part of the daily routine on many streets. She made her husband’s shirts and stockings, all the children’s clothes, and a large part of her own millinery and dresses, and, except in cases of invalidism or illness, did all her housework, including the washing. How she did all these things without neglecting her children, or breaking down utterly in health, is a mystery that only one of these calculating, hard-working women could explain; and then it would be only another calculating hard-working woman who could understand the explanation. That it meant no end of aches, worries, and self-sacrifice is certain. Indeed, these women were as true pioneers in their way as the wives of the original settlers. There was no great financial risk involved in marrying, in those days. On the contrary, marriage was likely to prove a good investment; for such women saved their husbands far more than they cost them.

The husband was no less devoted and industrious after his fashion. Beside working ten hours a day in the shop, he toiled night and morning over a garden plot. Many other things also he thought he must do: there were ledges to be cleared away; uneven spots to be leveled; cellars to be banked; wood to be sawed and split; grapevines, raspberry, currant, blackberry, and gooseberry bushes,

plum, peach, cherry, and apple trees, to be set out and watched and pruned; hens, and sometimes a pig and a cow, to be cared for. These out-of-shop activities assured the family a bountiful supply of fresh eggs, and fruit and vegetables in larger variety than the average farmer had, who devoted his attention to staple crops. Furthermore, there was always a surplus, greater or less, to be bartered for meats and groceries. With an upstairs tenant more than providing for the expense of repairs and taxes, the orchard and garden going a long way towards supplying food, and the thrifty wife saving in a hundred ways, it was possible for the shop-worker who owned his house to put by a considerable part of his wages. A description of the economical devices of these workingmen’s households would fill a volume, and be good reading all the way through, so replete would it be with the humor and the pathos of primitive living.

Sunday was scrupulously observed as a day of rest even by those who were not members of the churches, the only labor done being the rather formidable getting ready for church, the preparation of meals, and the putting of the clothes in soak for the Monday washing. This conscientious observance of Sunday is in all likelihood one reason why these men and women did not succumb under the strain of work to which they deliberately subjected themselves.

The pleasures of their lives were of the simplest, most inexpensive sort, so homely as to seem hardly worth mentioning. In the winter, when the days were too short to admit of much work out of doors, and on occasional spare evenings in the summer, the men strolled down town, after supper, to attend their lodges or to gossip in the stores and markets, which still retained the tendency to sociability characteristic of country marts. A curious social feature of the town was the gathering at the post-office, to await the distribution of the

mails, of the business men, who made it a point to be on the ground a full half-hour too early, to chat together the longer. Noteworthy, too, was the social atmosphere of the shop, under the easy supervision then in vogue. Good-natured raillery and capital jokes did much to vary the monotony of labor. There was a healthy helpfulness among the workers that felt no need of the machinery of organization. Financial misfortune falling suddenly on any one of their number evoked immediate and generous subscriptions, and in cases of serious sickness there were many volunteer watchers.

Among the women neighborliness prevailed to the fullest extent, and in this lay a large share of their diversion. There were continuous borrowings and lendings of household supplies, shrill communications from window to window, and exchanges of confidence over the back yard fences. Housewives sallied forth, after the dinner dishes were cleared away, sewing-work in hand, and as like as not baby in arms, to sit and work and rock and gossip with the neighbors. Then there were the formal invitations to "come and spend the afternoon and stay to tea," the acceptance of which involved "fixing up" and the substitution of fancy-work for necessary sewing on the part of both hostess and guest. The church sewing-circle, the hospitalities of which were often extended to non-members, was another large feminine resource, and funerals were still another.

It was the era of croquet, surprise parties, wedding anniversaries, church "sociables" that did not belie their name, baby-shows, singing-schools, school exhibitions, Grand Army of the Republic camp-fires open to the public, exciting religious revivals, pledge-soliciting temperance crusades almost as exciting, political rallies taken seriously, Election Day militia musters, and annual prize exhibitions and parades by the farmers and tradesmen. Thanksgiving Day and

Fast Day had still some civil and religious significance; the war was yet near enough for the Decoration Day exercises to provoke real emotion. The rivalry of the two local fire companies with those of the neighboring towns and with each other prompted many challenges, high-colored parades, and thrilling trials of strength. An annual lecture course was directed by a committee of the citizens, and the choral society could be counted on to give at least one concert a winter. Not the least interesting of the events of each year were the regular and special town meetings, which gave to all the men an opportunity of informing themselves and expressing themselves on matters of town policy, and to the few who were ambitious to become proficient in public speaking and debate an excellent opportunity for practice. The town meetings were undoubtedly a strong influence in arousing and keeping eager an enlightened public spirit. In nearly all the events and diversions, even the town meeting, the children shared. Just as they were taken to church long before the age of comprehension, so they were taken to lectures, concerts, and social functions quite beyond them; the family, not the individual, being accounted the social unit.

The limitations of this life are apparent, especially the limitations that come from the narrowness of the church creeds and from a too exclusive attention to the acquisition of money for its own sake. Protestants and Catholics despised one another cordially, not as individuals, but as Protestants and Catholics. Congregationalists and Unitarians were unwilling to forget their ancient disputes and the schism that had caused them to separate. The evangelical denominations, though united in scorn of Universalists and Unitarians, were jealous of one another in the pettiest conceivable ways; and while no one church claimed social superiority over the others, church life was so disproportionate a part of the whole life that

church lines were in too many cases the lines of friendship, and even of acquaintance. Cards, billiards, the dance, and the theatre were held in abhorrence by the members of the evangelical churches, — though, with the humorous inconsistency characteristic of narrowness, they raised no objection to their children's playing the most vulgar kissing-games, — and it made no end of garrulous scandal, especially at the sewing-circles, if a church member was even suspected of indulging in any of these amusements.

Economy often shriveled into pitiful miserliness; and even when it did not turn out so badly, it became a fixed habit which it was impossible to break after the necessity for it had long passed away. Every aspect of existence was somehow, sooner or later, adjusted to a financial standard; even religion, which, translated into the vernacular, meant a hard, methodical, assiduous "laying up of treasure in heaven." Utility was everything; beauty, emotion, were as nothing. Vegetable patches were allowed to invade front yards; hens were permitted everywhere except in the gardens; the grass around the houses was mown only at long intervals because of its value as hay; and if a pet cat, though loved as a child, was detected catching chickens, it had to die, because chickens were worth money, and cats were not. Such a habit of life, while it assured an old age free from danger of the poorhouse, also assured a resourceless, joyless one.

It was a peculiar period, this of the early seventies of Brompton, unfamiliar enough already to most of us, though so near in time. A simple, frugal, industrious, earnest, honest, homely existence, it was also a hard, narrow, sombre one. Did the people take themselves altogether too seriously? Perhaps. At any rate, whatever its merits and defects, Brompton was to all intents and purposes, at that time, a pure social democracy. Because it was a social democracy it has been worth describing in detail.

Let us leap over a quarter of a century. Brompton has to-day more than twice the population it had in the earlier period, and it is governed by a mayor and aldermen instead of by a town meeting and a board of selectmen. The Irish and the French have continued to come in, until they constitute a majority of the population. There has also been a large immigration from the maritime provinces of Canada. Other industries than shoemaking have been introduced from time to time, but, except those that are cognate to shoemaking, they have not been able to gain a permanent foothold. Accordingly, Brompton remains, and for a long time yet is likely to remain, a town of a single industry.

Its streets now have sidewalks, and they are lighted by electric lights and traversed by electric cars. The main street is an unbroken double row of well-constructed brick blocks. There are a hospital, a park, an opera-house, a water supply, a sewerage system, and a mail delivery service. The dwelling-houses are almost pretentious, and their grounds are scrupulously trim with velvety lawns. The public schools are better housed and better equipped than they used to be, and the long-languishing district schools have been happily suppressed; the few children still living in the outskirts are brought into the centre daily at the city's expense. The public library, much increased in size, improved and supplemented by a complete reading-room, in a beautiful memorial building of stone adorned with works of art, is now second in educational influence only to the schools.

The early hostility between the French and the Irish is extinct. Between the Protestants and the Catholics something of the old religious antagonism persists, it is true, but it has ceased to have virulence or any influence in town affairs. It has well-nigh succumbed to the mutual understanding and appreciation produced by long and constant association;

and it is a significant if trifling fact that the first one of the clergymen of Brompton to call upon the rector of a newly founded Episcopal church was the Irish priest. It is no uncommon thing for all the churches to unite in a work of general beneficence.

Sunday, without ceasing to be a day of rest, has become a day of rational and quiet pleasures also; for Sunday is the especial day for bicycling, driving, and social visiting. Church-going has decreased relatively to the growth in population, and the influence of the churches upon the community has been even more than correspondingly lessened. The authority of the churches is but the shadow of what it once was in Brompton. This new independence, however, is a sign of honest personal thinking rather than of indifference to serious things. It is accompanied in many instances by an awakening of intelligent interest in practical charity, philanthropy, or social reform.

In the last twenty-five years, then, Brompton has not only grown rapidly in size and improved greatly in appearance, but it has been "liberalized in theology and life." The element of charm has entered. Life has been softened, sweetened, refined; it has come to touch the big world at more points and enjoy it at more; it is freer, fuller, brighter, more graceful, — in a word, more civilized.

There have been other and more radical changes. Tenement-houses have become numerous; not yet, fortunately, those of the large city type, nor the dreary, monotonous block-houses of mill towns, but houses built to rent solely as a speculation by non-resident as well as resident owners. With the disappearance of the upstairs tenement has disappeared also the old cordial social relation between landlord and tenant, which has been replaced by a purely commercial relation. It is no longer considered respectable to belong to the class of manual laborers. A young man, and even more a young woman, who is employed

in a shoe-shop suffers a discrimination which only an exceptional *bonhomie* or social talent is sufficient to overcome. Just as the young men of the farms came to work in the shops of Brompton, years ago, quite as much because they felt themselves disgraced by farm labor as because they hoped to mend their fortunes, so their sons, inflamed by the sanguine circulars of commercial colleges and the braggart talk of "drummers," feel contempt for the *métier* of the fathers, and are seeking positions as clerks and salesmen. And just as the young farmers found the young women of their native places reluctant to become their wives while they continued farmers, so in Brompton the young men find the young women slow to marry shop-workers.

How far the more and more complete subdivision of labor through the multiplication of machines is a reason of the loss of respect for the man who works in the shop it is difficult to say. In the shoe industry, however it may be in other employments, it has probably been a less important influence than it is usually thought to be. It requires as good judgment and as great care, and involves quite as much responsibility, to run most of the machinery of a modern shoe-shop as it did to do the hand-work of former days; the difference between the old worker and the new being not unlike that between the horse-car driver and the electric-motor man.

Women who do their own work, not to mention those who help the family exchequer by earning money after the former fashion, are considered as little respectable as men who do manual labor. Recently married women, no better off financially than their mothers were at the same period of their lives, contract large bills for millinery and dressmaking, and employ servants to do all the work, or outsiders to come in for the harder part of it; while young husbands, no better off than their fathers were, smoke expensive cigars, — whereas their fathers

smoked cheap pipes if anything, — and hire laboring men to shake down their furnaces and to mow their lawns. Summer outings in the country (though Brompton itself is still country enough to be a resort for city people) are regarded as an indispensable part of the yearly programme of families who would be considered *comme il faut*.

In further evidence of the social change may be cited a socially exclusive club for men, housed in a richly appointed club building; a similarly exclusive club for women; a supplanting of the old neighborly running in and out by formal calls; the giving of conventionally stupid afternoon teas and pretentious evening receptions; the entry, very recent, into the latter, of the dress coat for men and the *décolleté* corsage for women; the appearance of the punch-bowl; a general elaboration of dress and house-furnishings, and a decided amelioration of street, drawing-room, and table manners. In a word, the people of Brompton who do not work with their hands imitate the society of the large cities, and hold themselves aloof from those who do work with their hands; and those who work, hoping against hope to secure social recognition, imitate the imitators, whose claims to social superiority they acknowledge only too readily.

More avenues of expense and relatively fewer sources of income mean extravagance, and extravagance means habitual non-payment of debts, which in the end saps integrity, as several firms at Brompton, obliged to go into bankruptcy, not from dearth of custom, but from inability to collect outstanding bills, would feelingly testify. A part of the decrease of integrity may be traced to the deceits practiced in these later days in the making of a shoe. Though the workmen hold themselves no more responsible for these deceits than the machines through whose aid, as well as their own, they are effected, the influence in the long run can hardly fail to be morally deleterious.

Under these conditions, cheating comes easily to be regarded as a necessary and legitimate business operation.

Greater extravagance has made marriage a formidable thing, and it is accordingly postponed, with the inevitable bad result on morals. An additional cause of immorality and of other moral disorders is the utter lack of rational evening amusement for the young men and young women who, owing to the insistence on social distinctions, cannot go into "society," and who, feeling that they must go somewhere, frequent the most available place, the street. The presence of a branch of the Young Men's Christian Association is at once a confession of this social destitution, and an attempt, not too wisely nor too well directed, to relieve it. Any evening, but especially on Saturday evening, crowds of these young men and young women, arrayed in their "loudest" clothes, promenade up and down the main street, ogling and chaffing and flirting. That the ogling and chaffing and flirting sometimes result disastrously scarcely need be said; that they do not oftener result disastrously is a marvel, to be explained only by the proverbial virtue of the shop-girl.

Yet the transformation of Brompton is far less complete than might appear from these somewhat bald statements. The life of the former Brompton has not entirely disappeared. Such is not the manner of social evolution. Always the old persists within the new. The working men and women who established themselves under the democratic régime are still granted social consideration, however far from the genteel path their course of life may be, and a portion of this consideration is extended to their children, whatever may be their means of livelihood. There are still detached families who have a simple, wholesome, satisfying home life, and many parents who are practicing a rigid, self-sacrificing economy. All classes of citizens patronize the public schools, and in them

social democracy prevails almost as of old, and it abides also in some of the churches. But these and other traces of the past are really exceptions to the rule. Broadly speaking, Brompton has undergone an internal revolution, as a result of which economy, simplicity, and social equality have been superseded by extravagance, display, and social distinctions.

The foreigners of Brompton deserve separate and special consideration. The improvement they have made in their ways of living, particularly in the last quarter of a century, is nothing short of phenomenal. Originally, they were untidy as well as wretchedly poor, and their settlements — for, with the clannishness characteristic of foreigners, they herded together — were veritable slums in aspect. Their unpainted houses, little better than shanties, and their grassless and disorderly yards, swarmed with smutty, frouzly-headed, half-naked children. Now, their houses are so well built and well painted, their grounds so well kept, and their families so well groomed, that it would not be easy for a stranger to distinguish the abodes of the foreigners from those of the American population. Their children are sent to school, and are capable, alert, and ambitious. So far as the foreign young men are concerned, they are more resolute, in appearance at least, and they make more serious attempts at self-teaching and general self-improvement, than the young men of native parents. Indeed, it is not improbable that the young Irishmen of Brompton have to-day, as a class, the fullest portion of the American spirit, as this term used to be understood. It was my own lot — if a single intimate personal reference may be pardoned — to grow up in a shoe town similar to Brompton. When I go back for occasional visits, I find none among the young men of my acquaintance whom I am every way happier to meet than my old Irish playmates and schoolmates, and none taking a keener interest in the larger things of

life, or putting forth more honest and earnest efforts to make the most of their opportunities. The foreigners, moreover, have contributed their due proportion of successful manufacturers, merchants, lawyers, doctors, and school-teachers, as well as of skillful workmen, and they have sent their due proportion out into the world. As citizens they are, in public spirit, the more zealous element, — always ready to appropriate money for the common weal, particularly for the library and the schools. Hardly a public improvement has been carried through, since they came to be an important factor in the population, that has not encountered more active and serious opposition from the native element than from them.

In view of the race and religious prejudices current at the time, the entry of the foreigners, first into unskilled and later into skilled labor, was one of the influences which brought manual work into disrepute with the native population. That it was not the only influence, however, is shown by the fact that farm labor fell into a similar disrepute a full generation before foreigners began to take up the farms. Brompton has unquestionably done great things for its foreign population; and its foreign population, if it cannot as yet be said to have done great things for Brompton, has at least a lively sense of gratitude for benefits received, and the desire, and it is to be hoped the capacity, ultimately to repay them. On the other hand, there are two or three things much to the discredit of the foreigners, which in all fairness should be mentioned. In politics, they have always given the blindest, most unthinking, most servile allegiance to a single party. A great part of the drunkenness with which the town has been cursed has occurred among their number. They have also furnished a large proportion of the saloon-keepers, — a fact which would not of itself be so much to their disgrace, perhaps, if it

were not true also that the saloon-keepers have carried on their business badly.

The trade union is another factor of the life of the community with which it is hard to deal fairly. It is not too much to say, however, that in the shoe-shops of Brompton, as wherever the trade union exists, notably in England, the ripe result of the organization of labor has made just as surely for industrial peace as the groping, feeble beginnings of its organization made for industrial disturbance. This is a peace like the armed neutrality of Europe, it is true, based on the fear which the strength of each party inspires in the other; nevertheless it is a peace to be counted on. Thus, in the later seventies, during the days of the raw and badly organized Knights of St. Crispin, there were serious labor troubles at Brompton, leading to riot and to personal violence; but since the genuine, closely organized trade union has become powerful enough to be feared, labor adjustments have been achieved without strikes, as a rule, and when strikes have occurred, they have been of short duration and free from violence. Under the present régime of factories so large that employers cannot have personal knowledge of their employees and take a personal interest in them even if they wish; of indifferent, non-resident employers who would not take notice of their employees even if they could; and of a rapidly growing contempt for labor, and social ostracism of the laboring man, the trade union is for the Brompton shop-worker an absolutely indispensable weapon of self-defense.

In illustration of the changes taking place in manufacturing New England, I have chosen to present a shoe town, partly because the shoe town employs a comparatively high grade of labor, and partly because I am familiar with its life and growth. The history and present status of Brompton are typical,

however, not only of the shoe towns, but, *mutatis mutandis*, of all the manufacturing communities of New England; the only important difference between them and the mill towns, for instance, being, that in the mill towns the social changes have been effected more rapidly, and are consequently more complete.

The social stratification of the large cities admits of no question. Now, if it be true that the tendency in the rural districts is towards the development of an "aristocracy" attached to the land, through the gradual transformation of the summer visitor into the permanent resident; and if it be true also that the manufacturing communities, which practically constitute the residue, are, like Brompton, in a process of social stratification, is it too bold to suggest that for New England as a whole — which, after all, is not greater in extent than many a single State, nor greater in population than the city of London — a highly civilized society, so clearly stratified as to have pronounced types like the civilizations of the Old World, may be the final and not too remote outcome?

Why not? Is there any good reason why such an outcome should be deplored? May it not be that class distinctions are an inevitable product of civilization? Surely, social democracy, except in new, raw pioneer communities such as Brompton once was, is as yet a pretty dream which has never been realized. One must needs be doctrinaire indeed to be sure that a clearly stratified, highly civilized society is necessarily inferior — unless too much virility be lost in taking on the graces — to a socially democratic but unlovely pioneer society, if the two be measured in all their bearings. Each may be the best for its time. It may be a question simply of age, after all. Stratification is among the marks of maturity, and New England is getting old enough to have some of the characteristics of maturity.

Alvan F. Sanborn.

BUTTERFIELD & CO.

IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

FOR nearly a hundred years "Butterfield's" was as well known in the town of Slumborough as the post-office, and almost as much frequented. Before the war the firm was represented by Joseph Butterfield, a most comfortably prosperous, mild man, who had succeeded to the honors of his house as hereditary grocer there. Nominally a grocer, but if any feminine stranger had chanced to be in pressing need of, say, a hoopskirt, of the kind in vogue then, she would probably have been directed to Butterfield's, where she would have found some of these elegant and indispensable articles of dress swinging gracefully from hooks in the doorway of the store. For "Hang the hoops in the do' of the sto'" was one of the orders of the head of the firm, given as regularly as the day came and the "sto'" was opened. Had any masculine stranger wished to provide himself with a book, it was to Butterfield's that he would have been sent by almost anybody in the town, — either there or to the chemist's; and he would have found, on a shelf flanked by ginger jars and all the spices of Arabia, perhaps, or above a meal-bin, very likely, his Bunyan, or his Doddridge, or his Shakespeare, or even the last elegant Book of Beauty or annual in the time of the third Joseph, who had a fondness for books, — or rather, affected one, — and wore a velvet ribbon above his queue on Christmas Day and at Michaelmas and Easter, in imitation of the local gentry. Did any child, native or foreign, need a doll, a whip, a pair of skates, a top, or a ball, it was still Butterfield who supplied it, and threw in one of the large, yellow, toothsome squares of gingerbread baked every Saturday by Mrs. Butterfield in the seclusion of the back premises.

From this it will be seen that Butterfield's had a scope and range that made it of far more value to a country town than if it had confined itself rigidly to what Mr. Butterfield called "its prime line;" and it must be further recorded that the business was conducted not only "on the fair and on the square, let angels say to the contrary," again to quote Mr. Butterfield, but in a spirit of generosity which was uncalculating and genuine, and the best advertisement that could have been framed. It was the only one, too; for if there was a thing that Mr. Butterfield was violently opposed to, it was advertising. Ordinarily as soft and yielding as his own butter in the month of July, he became adamant the moment the question of advertising was brought up. "It ain't respectable, to begin with," he said. "We ain't never done it. We ain't never going to do it. And it ain't no use, either. Everybody knows what we've got in the sto'; and if they don't, they can find out mighty quick by asking; and when they want anything they are going to ask for it, — they ain't too modest for that."

Mr. Butterfield's family was made up of his wife — whose gingerbread has been mentioned already, and whose principal claim to his affection lay in her having borne him a son "to carry on and hold up and be ekil to Butterfield's," as he put it — and that son. Kind and affectionate in his ordinary relations with his "Jinny," he petrified into the head of the firm, and instantly ceased to be merely the head of the family, when it came to the "sto'." Anything in her conduct that militated against or injuriously affected that institution was sternly rebuked. She was up long before the sun rose every day, reprinting butter, right-

ing the "sto'," scrubbing, dusting, making ready for "the opening," of which she spoke and which she regarded as a great and solemn function, although it consisted only of taking down a wooden shutter and opening a small green door, hanging the hoopskirts, and arranging a tasteful heap of tomatoes, potatoes, and the like beneath, — always excepting the window. This Mr. Butterfield would not have trusted her, would not have trusted any living person but himself, to arrange.

It is not too much to say that all his life long he had seen everything around and about him through the medium of that window's dozen green panes. What would look well in it, what would never do for it, what might be adapted for it, what disfigured and spoiled it, — these were the questions into which most other questions resolved themselves in the alembic of the Butterfield mind; and the only time in all his life that his wife ever saw him "turrible" was when he marched into her kitchen, one morning, and passionately flung down a loaf of her baking, saying, "I found this here thing in Butterfield's winder! Do you call it fit to set there? Give it to the pigs, and never do you put the like there agin, the longest day you live." She had profaned a hallowed spot with her bad bread, and it was not until she had invented and popularized a bun that Judge Barton (the gourmand of the little community) declared to be the best he had ever put into his mouth that she was quite forgiven.

A flourishing institution, too, was Butterfield's; that is, for Slumborough. "We've ordered from Baltimore as often as twict in one week," said the head of the house. "We've sold imported pickles over that counter, and sugar by the barrel, without a grain of sand in it from head to bottom. Before I would let a pound of sugar leave Butterfield's mixed with anything, if it was gold-dust, Jinny, I'd starve, and let the boy starve, which is more."

The business methods of the firm, however, were not those generally adopted at present throughout the country. They would be considered remarkable, nowadays, I am afraid, not to say eccentric. Mr. Butterfield knew every creature in Slumborough, black and white, to begin with. He was full of the milk of human kindness. He did not so much buy and sell as sit in his gates, like a Spanish alcalde, and adjudicate upon the claims and demands presented to him. Did Miss Sally Brown, who was sixteen, and kept house, after a fashion, for an invalid mother, come in and want to buy five pounds of candles, Mr. Butterfield would say, "Why, Miss Sally, what kind of a housekeeper are you, anyway? Your ma's got a whole box of candles down from Baltimore. I saw them in the cart in front of her do' last Saturday. You don't want no candles; you go home and look in the storeroom, and I reckon you'll find them there," — which would end the transaction, certainly, but was not likely to make a "corner" in spermaceti. Did Widow Lester come in, and, after casting a hungry, humble look about the place, deprecatingly ask for "rice, two pounds, and never mind about the weevil," or the red herrings and corn meal on which she chiefly nourished her orphan brood of six, what did Mr. Butterfield do but give her four pounds of the best "Carolina," and perhaps a string of fresh fish, and always a parcel of something as "a little extry." But when the judge bought his month's stores of "goodies" of all kinds, Mr. Butterfield was severe with his weights and balances, though always careful to stick to market prices in his charges. "The rich is them that ought to pay, mother, for the poor's victuals, and I know when and where to skimp, — well, not *skimp*, either, but *even up*, — and when and where to throw in and not see good," he would say to his wife, his head on one side and his mouth rigidly focused over his scales.

As to children, it was preposterous, or would have been to the hard-fisted, to see Mr. Butterfield's dealings with them in the guise of a business transaction. "Take this box of figs and go 'long, honey, go 'long home; your ma's done sent here twict already this morning fur yer. Take your five cents, too, Looisy; there ain't room in the till for no more silver." Some inveterate youthful habitué of the place falling asleep here or there, on bale or box, on warm days, Mr. Butterfield would carry the child into the back bedroom and lay him on his own bed, put a net over him to keep the flies from "pestering" him, and tip back to the store, leaving him to enjoy a comfortable nap. Several times in every season, when the skies were cloudy and the weather "just right," Mr. Butterfield, who loved a boy and loved to fish, would shut up the store, and go off with "the youngsters" down the valley to catch bass; and customers, coming to the shop door to buy something much needed, would find the stout green planks adorned with no weak explanation of that gentleman's defection. Butterfield's belonged to Mr. Butterfield, and not to the public; to go or to come was the inherent right of a citizen generally public-spirited enough to be a fixture behind his counter, but quite at liberty to leave it if he were so disposed.

Somehow nobody ever dreamed of taking offense, much less of resenting these commercial eccentricities. Mrs. Perkins, one of the first ladies of the place, would cheerfully wait two weeks for something that Mr. Butterfield was "out of" rather than buy elsewhere; and all the "regulars," to a woman, showed the most delicate consideration for Mr. Butterfield's feelings. When his jars and boxes began to run low, they would apologetically ask for "barely enough to get along with" until his supplies should be replenished, and would actually blush if, by some thoughtless order, the very last fig was torn from the drum, and the bareness of

Butterfield's stood revealed to the scoffer of the opposition, a patron of Leeky's.

Little Miss Bradley, whose grandmother had "bought everything at Butterfield's," always got near-sighted when anything went wrong there, and turned her back on empty barrels as if they had been so many parvenues, and "would not lower herself so far" as to try in tea the molasses bought there, as her friend Miss Mastin (of the opposition) strongly advised. Both these ladies lived at the other end of the town, and usually came down together in the car, a lumbering ex-omnibus, that crawled down the main street at somewhere about the same time every day. There were people who complained that it did not run oftener and faster, but they were strangers, and mostly from the North. Slumborough folks were quite content with it. Its pace was the pace of Slumborough, indeed, and suited them perfectly; for it would certainly have been most disconcerting to go rushing along on general and absurd principles, simply in order to get over so much ground in a given time. It was altogether more convenient for Miss Bradley to doze comfortably on through the outskirts, and when the principal thoroughfare was reached to call out to the driver, "Are those sweet potatoes at Finlay's? Get off, will you not, if you please, Hobson, and let me know the price?" When he returned she would quietly make up her mind about the potatoes, and either get off with Cynthia (a small maid with a big basket, and a very long and very white pinafore buttoned up the back, the sole attendant of Miss Bradley) and make her purchases (the car waiting the while), or decline to do so, saying, "Hobson, they look frost-bitten; you can go on, thank you." It often happened that Cynthia would waylay the car, as it were, later in the day, on a return trip, and would shake her kinky locks at Hobson threateningly if he showed symptoms of moving on after fifteen minutes' or so vain attendance on

Miss Bradley, protesting, "You ain't goin' widout Miss Ellen, is you? Don't you know she takes dis here car always? She 's just gone round home a minute to see her ma, and den to see 'bout gittin' my shoes and to buy some sponge cake for supper; she 'll be along presently." And sure enough, presently Miss Bradley would come in sight, and advancing at her usual pace would climb up the step with Hobson's assistance, saying, "I'm afraid I have kept you waiting, Hobson. I am obliged to you." To this he would reply, "Lor', no, ma'am, you ain't! I give Bill and Bob [the horses] a bite, and I ain't pressed for time;" while the passengers would all hasten with one accord to assure the dear little lady that they also had not minded in the least, and were not pressed for time either. It was one of the beauties of Slumborough that everybody had as much time as the patriarchs, and had nothing to do that interfered with everybody's being always perfectly courteous to everybody else.

There were occasions when Mr. Butterfield's views as to times and seasons were fully as placid, and opposed to anything like slavish observance of routine or unseemly haste. In the spring, for instance, when he was deeply interested in a small garden at the back of his lot, which he cultivated himself, nothing made him so angry as to be summoned by his wife to wait on a customer; and if it turned out to be a man, he would say, "What kind of a sort of a feller air you, anyway, to come asking for herrings, with my peas waiting to be stuck?" or (after ascertaining his sex) would keep him waiting for half an hour, while he transplanted his tomatoes in a leisurely fashion, and shaded them from the sun. Everything planted in "Uncle Jo's" garden thrived and flourished. (It was as "Uncle Jo" that he was known to half of Slumborough.) Everything that he touched succeeded, during these years of plenty, and trouble or want of any kind

seemed only the shadow, seen in other lives, of a brilliant prosperity attending everybody connected with Butterfield's.

Yet trouble there was, and to spare, ahead of them all; though on the surface it would have appeared that hearts and lives like theirs, so innocent, so kindly, so useful, would present no target for the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. It came with the war, that fruitful source of all manner of woes for all manner of people. Mr. Butterfield had no more military spirit or fire in him, to begin with, than one of his own firkins. The whole political situation, indeed, with him, resolved itself into saving Butterfield's, not the country. For six months the milky sweetness of Uncle Jo's thoughts was curdled by a grave and painful doubt. Ought he to go into the army, or ought he to stick to the "sto'"? That was the question. But when man after man of his acquaintance, friend after friend, neighbor after neighbor, caught the fever; when people took to hinting that he was "able-bodied," and talked scornfully of "stay-at-homes," and wanted to know what he gave his substitute "to get killed for him;" when his minister asked him earnestly if he was doing his duty by his home and his country, this doubt became a sad burden, and assumed every shape that a question could. Was he letting other men give their lives for Jinny and little Jo and Butterfield's, while he stayed at home and made money? Was he a coward? Was he doing his duty? At last this mildest and least bloodthirsty of men could stand it no longer. He shut up the store for a day, and gave out that he had gone fishing. He went out into the country, and lay down behind a haystack flat on his back, looking up into the sky for more hours than he ever realized; and when he arose and dusted himself off, that afternoon, and removed telltale straws lest they should show which way the wind had blown, he had come to a conclusion. He announced it that even-

ing to his wife, in tones not in the least like those of Boanerges, Son of Thunder.

"Mother," said he, "don't you say a word. It won't be no use. I'm settled, and bent, and determinated. I'm going to this here war, though I ain't no soldier, and you've got to carry on Butterfield's."

"My sakes alive! have you gone plum crazy, Jo? *Me* carry on Butterfield's!" she shrieked, feeling as if the universe had suddenly been handed over to her to "carry on."

But that was just what he had meant, and he declined to discuss the subject of his plans with her. That very night he drew up a sort of Code Butterfield for the regulation and continuation of the business, and two days later volunteered to go with the Slumborough Guards to the front, before his wife had sufficiently recovered from her amazement to combat vigorously such an extraordinary resolution. His last words to her were not much like those accredited to the world's heroes, but they would have done no discredit to any of them, for they were the words of an honest man.

"Mother," said he, with his arms around his boy, while his comrades waited at the door, "do you always give 'em the worth of their money every time. Good goods at fair prices is what it's always been at Butterfield's; and *ef* I was to die, I could n't rest in my grave if I thought there was a mite of sand in a single pound of sugar sold over this counter, or a bar'l of flour wheeled over that there doorsill that warn't sugar-house Looisiany. And don't you never go distressing of the poor, — remember; nor troubling them that ain't got it to pay, — that ain't Butterfield's; nor keeping open on Sundays, — that ain't Butterfield's; nor falling low in qualities, nor skimping in quantities, — that ain't Butterfield's. And if I never come back, bring up Jo, here, to know what Butterfield's has been, and always was, and always has got to be. . . . Good-by, now,

Jinny. I've got my orders, and you've got yours. Go 'long with your ma, now, Jo."

To this his wife made copious answers, weeping the while, and vowing fidelity and obedience as solemnly as she did on the day of her marriage.

With Mr. Butterfield's career as a soldier we have nothing whatever to do, except to say that he did his duty in a way scarcely to have been expected of a man of his peaceful character, training, and occupation. And his wife did hers. She bought, and sold, and baked, and cooked, and cleaned, like the faithful, industrious creature that she was, and would have held it a shameful thing not to keep in spirit and letter to the instructions left by her husband. It was not so much the business as the religion of her life to carry them out. She showed tact and skill in her management of things and people, judgment and shrewdness in her purchases, — a whole host of qualities that had lain dormant in her character, overshadowed by the authority of her spouse. If anybody could have "carried on," made, saved, extended, and perfected Butterfield's, it would have been Jane Eliza, the devoted and indefatigable. But alas! and alas again! Eighty-seven times was Slumborough captured and recaptured during the next four years! Five times was Butterfield's raided by friend and foe. The sixth time, Jane, cowardly woman creature that she was, stood in the door with an axe and successfully warded off ruin. Three times was the store set on fire, with other houses in that part of the town, and it was Jane who got help and put out the flames. Over and over again she bolted and barricaded herself and little Joseph in for ten days at a time, until it was safe to take down the shutters.

But luck and pluck, — though they do a great deal and wear through many a rough day, — and even experience hardly

learned, cannot do everything, and so it happened that a soldier succeeded in putting the torch to Butterfield's, one bitter winter's night, and utterly consuming it. Jane, seizing her son by the hand, had barely time to escape before the house fell with a crash that to her was more awful than the fall of an empire. Butterfield's was no more! Half distraught with grief and rage, the poor soul haunted the spot for weeks afterwards, staring at the charred beams and timbers and bricks, poking in the ashes in a vain hope of recovering some of the money that she had left in the till, — something, anything, that might have escaped the flames. The neighbors, many of them oppressed by woes of their own, took pains to draw her from the spot, gave her and her son a shelter, and did what in them lay to soothe and comfort her. But trouble was to be the worthy woman's portion for many a day, for Joseph (now grown a tall lad) was given employment in a cloth-mill, and shortly after was caught in the machinery and killed. His mother never held up her head after this, but was always pitifully repeating, "He left the business and the boy to me, and they are both gone! gone! gone!" Three months later she sickened and died.

So it came about that a battered and tattered veteran, returning with other veterans in no better case to Slumborough after Appomattox, was to find how much harder it is to have a bleeding heart than feet that "track" the snow. He had hopefully, if painfully, hobbled for many a weary mile with blood oozing from the strips of old carpet that served him for shoes, without uttering such a groan of despair as burst from him when he again stood upon the spot that had once been home. Communication between himself and his wife had been interrupted, and he had no knowledge of what had happened. Good husband though he was, and good father, I am bound to say that the thing which brought a sickening sense

of collapse, that made his head reel and the world seem as unreal as the smoke of a battlefield, was the fact that Butterfield's was no more. For domestic bereavements his simple mind had perhaps been prepared, but this was Night, Chaos, Anguish!

Honest tears did Mr. Butterfield shed over his wife and son in the Slumborough churchyard, but the bitterest came one day when he stumbled upon a blackened tomato-can among the débris of what had once been the "sto'." Habit, affection, regret, the hopes, pride, illusions, honorable ambitions, and hereditary prejudices of his whole life and the lives of his father and grandfather before him, were all in that can, and his hands shook as he picked it up and looked at it with tragic intentness, then flung it from him, and fell upon the earth, with his face in the ashes of what had constituted his world. He was still lying there, when old Mrs. Nicodemus, leaning on her stick, came slowly by, and stopped to see what such a sight might mean.

"Get up, Joseph, get up from there, and come along home with me; I'm feeble and need help," she said, with her woman's wit in such matters not in the least dulled by age. "I don't know what's come to me; I've very near fell twice this week, and three times last. People are always telling me to give over going about; but how'd they like it, is what I say. Give me your arm; no, not this side, the other side, man!" And pretending to make of him a prop, this artful, kindly old granny bore off the defeated and despairing one to her tiny cottage, and forthwith announced one thing: "You're to live here with me, Joseph, and take care of me, till my son that you was brought up with, and has been friends with you all your life, comes home. And I don't mean to keep you long; mercy, I ain't a fool! You'll get the money somehow, and build the sto' up again before long, and have to mind it, of course; but not too soon, if I am

asked to give my say, for I won't be left alone, and I tell you that flat, with no pardons asked. Why don't you get me a chair? Don't you see me standing here? When I was young, old people did n't have to beg and pray for chairs to be given them; they was offered. Hang up your hat on that nail, Joseph, and make up the fire, and we'll have a bite of something together; and that little place next ain't much more than a cupboard, but I reckon you've slept in worse in the army, now ain't you? And I'll make you comfortable."

Thus taken possession of, and comforted, and bullied, and encouraged, as a man never is or can be except by a woman of the right sort, poor Uncle Jo gave a meek sigh and did as he was bid; and presently he was drinking some coffee,—yes, and enjoying it, too,—and the despairing mood of the morning was gone, and life had again become—possible. A new motive power had been put into him: Butterfield's should be rebuilt. All was not lost, and he had still something to live for; consideration of ways and means he left to the future.

After this came a short season of healing quiet and comfort, in which it often seemed to the old soldier as if he were again a child, and Mother Nicodemus, peremptory, benevolent, full of all kindly care and thought for him, the mother whom he dimly remembered. He called her "Mother Nicodemus," and for her he never was or could be more than six years old,—the age at which she had first made his acquaintance. But all the same he had no better friend, and kinder treatment of a different sort would not have been half as good for him; her bark was indeed just the tonic that he most needed, mixed as it was with a real tenderness for him. Her bright old eyes were not long in discovering that he would relapse into his melancholy if he long remained dependent upon her bounty. So after much thought she concluded, one day, to consult her

lifelong patron, Miss Bradley. The very next time that Miss Bradley came to see her, therefore, she essayed to speak, although it was not an easy task. Fluent and even aggressive with her equals, she had a respect so great for her "betters" that, beyond rising and curtsying repeatedly and receiving their orders, she generally preserved a silence that made them consider her "a most respectful and self-respecting quiet creature." She was just tying on her plain poke bonnet (guiltless of plumes and flowers) to go to Wednesday afternoon service, when Miss Bradley came to the door.

It was while they were discussing a new set of caps for Miss Bradley, which were to have rosettes in front, but "not too high, for that would look positively fast, I fear," that Mrs. Nicodemus introduced the matter of Butterfield's; for she had it in mind to resurrect that commercial Phoenix somehow through Miss Bradley's influence. That lady was now in an enviable position, for Slumborough; that is, a few thousand dollars had been invested for her before the war, in Baltimore, and she was consequently enjoying a small but fixed and fairly comfortable income.

"Something must be done, I quite agree with you, Mrs. Nicodemus; it will never do to let Butterfield's be wiped out by the Federals," she answered, as if "the late unnatural and fratricidal" had been inaugurated and pursued solely with a view to the annihilation of that establishment. "Yes, something shall be done. It shall indeed, I assure you. I have no control of my money; my nephew in Baltimore manages everything for me. But there must be something that I can do, and I shall most certainly take the matter up, and see if I cannot put it before our leading families in a way that will insure action. Make the frills full at the back, if you please, Mrs. Nicodemus. Cynthia does not mind the trouble of getting them up, and is quite vexed if they are so plain as to be unbecoming.

And she thought two lilac ribbons of different shades for the morning-caps would look well."

The little old lady pattered away home, her mind full of her new mission; and for many a day afterward she found pretty employment in it. But just then the leading families were having very hard work of it to restore their own waste places and altars. After much correspondence with the hard-headed nephew in Baltimore, who would not let her give any of her own money, she one day bethought herself of a certain Colonel Jackson. Miss Bradley was a good Southerner and a loyal one, but she was a better Christian, and this had led her to take into her house and nurse a wounded Federal officer, of whom she was wont to say, "Of course it is very sad, his being a Federal, but we should remember that our place of birth, our youthful associations, and the prejudices of a whole community will affect any man's nature, however just and upright, and warp it from the truth. I have no doubt that Illinois is a highly respectable State; it was once a part of Virginia. And I will say that he has, under trying circumstances, ever comported himself like the true gentleman. And so he has become my valued Friend." Miss Bradley seemed always to talk in capitals, like one of Bulwer's essays.

To the misguided colonel, then, with whom she had preserved an affectionate relation, Miss Bradley poured out her complaint, in spite of Cynthia, grown the real ruler of the house, a benevolent despot, who interested herself in all that her *soi-disant* mistress did.

"He ain't gwine give you nothin' for no white man, Miss Ellen," said Cynthia. "He's one er dem Bobolitionists. You tell him it's to edgercate me, and den

you'll git some *sure*; and den you kin spend it to suit yerself. You ain't smart, Miss Ria!"

"I, a Bradley, tell a deliberate falsehood! I get money under false pretenses!" exclaimed Miss Bradley, aghast at this result of all her efforts to make Cynthia "respectable" and "high-principled." "Leave my presence, Cynthia! Go!"

"If she had set her heart on restoring Kenilworth, the dear old lady could not write in a more historical, poetical, plaintive vein," thought the colonel, when he got Miss Bradley's lengthy appeal. "But since she has asked a kindness of me — for the first time" —

Well, Miss Bradley got her cheque; and upstairs, in a secret compartment of an ancient chest of drawers, though no one knew it, Miss Bradley had some gold that helped matters on. In a month, a little building, half house and half shanty, fitted for a store and having a sort of shed attachment at the back, was put up. It is hard to say whether Miss Bradley, or Mrs. Nicodemus, or Uncle Jo was the happiest for seeing it there! Butterfield's *redivivus*! It was a great, a delicious moment for them all. Miss Bradley was so afraid of being thanked that she scuttled off home as soon as she had given up the key. Cynthia was not so precipitate. She stayed behind and filched a basket of eatables from the counter.

Mrs. Nicodemus talked over the great possibilities of the place, seated on an inverted lime-bucket left by the workmen, and Uncle Jo laughed out for the first time since Appomattox. They sang Miss Bradley's praises, antiphonally, with all their hearts, to Cynthia's Selah, "Dat's so!"

Frances Courtenay Baylor.

STRIVINGS OF THE NEGRO PEOPLE.

BETWEEN me and the other world there is ever an unasked question: unasked by some through feelings of delicacy; by others through the difficulty of rightly framing it. All, nevertheless, flutter round it. They approach me in a half-hesitant sort of way, eye me curiously or compassionately, and then, instead of saying directly, How does it feel to be a problem? they say, I know an excellent colored man in my town; or, I fought at Mechanicsville; or, Do not these Southern outrages make your blood boil? At these I smile, or am interested, or reduce the boiling to a simmer, as the occasion may require. To the real question, How does it feel to be a problem? I answer seldom a word.

And yet, being a problem is a strange experience, — peculiar even for one who has never been anything else, save perhaps in babyhood and in Europe. It is in the early days of rollicking boyhood that the revelation first bursts upon one, all in a day, as it were. I remember well when the shadow swept across me. I was a little thing, away up in the hills of New England, where the dark Housatonic winds between Hoosac and Taghannic to the sea. In a wee wooden school-house, something put it into the boys' and girls' heads to buy gorgeous visiting-cards — ten cents a package — and exchange. The exchange was merry, till one girl, a tall newcomer, refused my card, — refused it peremptorily, with a glance. Then it dawned upon me with a certain suddenness that I was different from the others; or like, mayhap, in heart and life and longing, but shut out from their world by a vast veil. I had thereafter no desire to tear down that veil, to creep through; I held all beyond it in common contempt, and lived above it in a region of blue sky and great wandering shadows. That sky was bluest when I

could beat my mates at examination-time, or beat them at a foot-race, or even beat their stringy heads. Alas, with the years all this fine contempt began to fade; for the world I longed for, and all its dazzling opportunities, were theirs, not mine. But they should not keep these prizes, I said; some, all, I would wrest from them. Just how I would do it I could never decide: by reading law, by healing the sick, by telling the wonderful tales that swam in my head, — some way. With other black boys the strife was not so fiercely sunny: their youth shrunk into tasteless sycophancy, or into silent hatred of the pale world about them and mocking distrust of everything white; or wasted itself in a bitter cry, Why did God make me an outcast and a stranger in mine own house? The "shades of the prison-house" closed round about us all: walls strait and stubborn to the whitest, but relentlessly narrow, tall, and unscalable to sons of night who must plod darkly on in resignation, or beat unavailing palms against the stone, or steadily, half hopelessly watch the streak of blue above.

After the Egyptian and Indian, the Greek and Roman, the Teuton and Mongolian, the Negro is a sort of seventh son, born with a veil, and gifted with second-sight in this American world, — a world which yields him no self-consciousness, but only lets him see himself through the revelation of the other world. It is a peculiar sensation, this double-consciousness, this sense of always looking at one's self through the eyes of others, of measuring one's soul by the tape of a world that looks on in amused contempt and pity. One ever feels his two-ness, — an American, a Negro; two souls, two thoughts, two unreconciled strivings; two warring ideals in one dark body, whose dogged strength alone keeps it from being torn asunder.

The history of the American Negro is the history of this strife, — this longing to attain self-conscious manhood, to merge his double self into a better and truer self. In this merging he wishes neither of the older selves to be lost. He does not wish to Africanize America, for America has too much to teach the world and Africa; he does not wish to bleach his Negro blood in a flood of white Americanism, for he believes — foolishly, perhaps, but fervently — that Negro blood has yet a message for the world. He simply wishes to make it possible for a man to be both a Negro and an American without being cursed and spit upon by his fellows, without losing the opportunity of self-development.

This is the end of his striving: to be a co-worker in the kingdom of culture, to escape both death and isolation, and to husband and use his best powers. These powers, of body and of mind, have in the past been so wasted and dispersed as to lose all effectiveness, and to seem like absence of all power, like weakness. The double-aimed struggle of the black artisan, on the one hand to escape white contempt for a nation of mere hewers of wood and drawers of water, and on the other hand to plough and nail and dig for a poverty-stricken horde, could only result in making him a poor craftsman, for he had but half a heart in either cause. By the poverty and ignorance of his people the Negro lawyer or doctor was pushed toward quackery and demagoguism, and by the criticism of the other world toward an elaborate preparation that overfitted him for his lowly tasks. The would-be black savant was confronted by the paradox that the knowledge his people needed was a twice-told tale to his white neighbors, while the knowledge which would teach the white world was Greek to his own flesh and blood. The innate love of harmony and beauty that set the ruder souls of his people a-dancing, a-singing, and a-laughing raised but confusion and doubt in the soul of the

black artist; for the beauty revealed to him was the soul-beauty of a race which his larger audience despised, and he could not articulate the message of another people.

This waste of double aims, this seeking to satisfy two unreconciled ideals, has wrought sad havoc with the courage and faith and deeds of eight thousand thousand people, has sent them often wooing false gods and invoking false means of salvation, and has even at times seemed destined to make them ashamed of themselves. In the days of bondage they thought to see in one divine event the end of all doubt and disappointment; eighteenth-century Rousseauism never worshiped freedom with half the unquestioning faith that the American Negro did for two centuries. To him slavery was, indeed, the sum of all villainies, the cause of all sorrow, the root of all prejudice; emancipation was the key to a promised land of sweeter beauty than ever stretched before the eyes of wearied Israelites. In his songs and exhortations swelled one refrain, liberty; in his tears and curses the god he implored had freedom in his right hand. At last it came, — suddenly, fearfully, like a dream. With one wild carnival of blood and passion came the message in his own plaintive cadences: —

“Shout, O children!

Shout, you're free!

The Lord has bought your liberty!”

Years have passed away, ten, twenty, thirty. Thirty years of national life, thirty years of renewal and development, and yet the swarthy ghost of Banquo sits in its old place at the national feast. In vain does the nation cry to its vastest problem, —

“Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble!”

The freedman has not yet found in freedom his promised land. Whatever of lesser good may have come in these years of change, the shadow of a deep disappointment rests upon the Negro people,

— a disappointment all the more bitter because the unattained ideal was unbounded save by the simple ignorance of a lowly folk.

The first decade was merely a prolongation of the vain search for freedom, the boon that seemed ever barely to elude their grasp, — like a tantalizing will-o'-the-wisp, maddening and misleading the headless host. The holocaust of war, the terrors of the Kuklux Klan, the lies of carpet-baggers, the disorganization of industry, and the contradictory advice of friends and foes left the bewildered serf with no new watchword beyond the old cry for freedom. As the decade closed, however, he began to grasp a new idea. The ideal of liberty demanded for its attainment powerful means, and these the Fifteenth Amendment gave him. The ballot, which before he had looked upon as a visible sign of freedom, he now regarded as the chief means of gaining and perfecting the liberty with which war had partially endowed him. And why not? Had not votes made war and emancipated millions? Had not votes enfranchised the freedmen? Was anything impossible to a power that had done all this? A million black men started with renewed zeal to vote themselves into the kingdom. The decade fled away, — a decade containing, to the freedman's mind, nothing but suppressed votes, stuffed ballot-boxes, and election outrages that nullified his vaunted right of suffrage. And yet that decade from 1875 to 1885 held another powerful movement, the rise of another ideal to guide the unguided, another pillar of fire by night after a clouded day. It was the ideal of "book-learning;" the curiosity, born of compulsory ignorance, to know and test the power of the cabalistic letters of the white man, the longing to know. Mission and night schools began in the smoke of battle, ran the gauntlet of reconstruction, and at last developed into permanent foundations. Here at last seemed to have been dis-

covered the mountain path to Canaan; longer than the highway of emancipation and law, steep and rugged, but straight, leading to heights high enough to overlook life.

Up the new path the advance guard toiled, slowly, heavily, doggedly; only those who have watched and guided the faltering feet, the misty minds, the dull understandings, of the dark pupils of these schools know how faithfully, how piteously, this people strove to learn. It was weary work. The cold statistician wrote down the inches of progress here and there, noted also where here and there a foot had slipped or some one had fallen. To the tired climbers, the horizon was ever dark, the mists were often cold, the Canaan was always dim and far away. If, however, the vistas disclosed as yet no goal, no resting-place, little but flattery and criticism, the journey at least gave leisure for reflection and self-examination; it changed the child of emancipation to the youth with dawning self-consciousness, self-realization, self-respect. In those sombre forests of his striving his own soul rose before him, and he saw himself, — darkly as through a veil; and yet he saw in himself some faint revelation of his power, of his mission. He began to have a dim feeling that, to attain his place in the world, he must be himself, and not another. For the first time he sought to analyze the burden he bore upon his back, that dead-weight of social degradation partially masked behind a half-named Negro problem. He felt his poverty; without a cent, without a home, without land, tools, or savings, he had entered into competition with rich, landed, skilled neighbors. To be a poor man is hard, but to be a poor race in a land of dollars is the very bottom of hardships. He felt the weight of his ignorance, — not simply of letters, but of life, of business, of the humanities; the accumulated sloth and shirking and awkwardness of decades and centuries shackled his hands and feet. Nor was

his burden all poverty and ignorance. The red stain of bastardy, which two centuries of systematic legal defilement of Negro women had stamped upon his race, meant not only the loss of ancient African chastity, but also the hereditary weight of a mass of filth from white whoremongers and adulterers, threatening almost the obliteration of the Negro home.

A people thus handicapped ought not to be asked to race with the world, but rather allowed to give all its time and thought to its own social problems. But alas! while sociologists gleefully count his bastards and his prostitutes, the very soul of the toiling, sweating black man is darkened by the shadow of a vast despair. Men call the shadow prejudice, and learnedly explain it as the natural defense of culture against barbarism, learning against ignorance, purity against crime, the "higher" against the "lower" races. To which the Negro cries Amen! and swears that to so much of this strange prejudice as is founded on just homage to civilization, culture, righteousness, and progress he humbly bows and meekly does obeisance. But before that nameless prejudice that leaps beyond all this he stands helpless, dismayed, and well-nigh speechless; before that personal disrespect and mockery, the ridicule and systematic humiliation, the distortion of fact and wanton license of fancy, the cynical ignoring of the better and boisterous welcoming of the worse, the all-pervading desire to inculcate disdain for everything black, from Toussaint to the devil, — before this there rises a sickening despair that would disarm and discourage any nation save that black host to whom "discouragement" is an unwritten word.

They still press on, they still nurse the dogged hope, — not a hope of nauseating patronage, not a hope of reception into charmed social circles of stock-jobbers, pork-packers, and earl-hunters, but the hope of a higher synthesis of civilization

and humanity, a true progress, with which the chorus "Peace, good will to men,"

"May make one music as before,
But vaster."

Thus the second decade of the American Negro's freedom was a period of conflict, of inspiration and doubt, of faith and vain questionings, of *Sturm und Drang*. The ideals of physical freedom, of political power, of school training, as separate all-sufficient panaceas for social ills, became in the third decade dim and overcast. They were the vain dreams of credulous race childhood; not wrong, but incomplete and over-simple. The training of the schools we need to-day more than ever, — the training of deft hands, quick eyes and ears, and the broader, deeper, higher culture of gifted minds. The power of the ballot we need in sheer self-defense, and as a guarantee of good faith. We may misuse it, but we can scarce do worse in this respect than our whilom masters. Freedom, too, the long-sought, we still seek, — the freedom of life and limb, the freedom to work and think. Work, culture, and liberty, — all these we need, not singly, but together; for to-day these ideals among the Negro people are gradually coalescing, and finding a higher meaning in the unifying ideal of race, — the ideal of fostering the traits and talents of the Negro, not in opposition to, but in conformity with, the greater ideals of the American republic, in order that some day, on American soil, two world races may give each to each those characteristics which both so sadly lack. Already we come not altogether empty-handed: there is to-day no true American music but the sweet wild melodies of the Negro slave; the American fairy tales are Indian and African; we are the sole oasis of simple faith and reverence in a dusty desert of dollars and smartness. Will America be poorer if she replace her brutal, dyspeptic blundering with the light-hearted but determined Negro humility; or her coarse, cruel wit with lov-

ing, jovial good humor ; or her Annie Rooney with *Steal Away* ?

Merely a stern concrete test of the underlying principles of the great republic is the Negro problem, and the spiritual striving of the freedmen's sons is the tra-

vail of souls whose burden is almost beyond the measure of their strength, but who bear it in the name of an historic race, in the name of this the land of their fathers' fathers, and in the name of human opportunity.

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois.

WITHIN THE WALLS.

ON the green lawn in front of the white stone hospital a man stood leaning against a tree. Beside him, on the grass, stretched out in one of the cradle-like couches used for sunning the patients, lay a white-robed figure, which might have belonged to either sex, had it not been for the smoothness of the pallid cheeks and the long black hair spread tangled on the pillow.

"So you are all well again," the woman said languidly. "Does your knee hurt you at all ?"

"Not much," the man answered lightly ; "and it would n't be well even by now," he continued, smiling, "if you had n't been here to put me in such excellent spirits when we enjoyed the sun together."

"It has been a very pleasant time for me also," the woman said. "I don't think I shall ever have as pleasant a one again. The doctor does n't give me very much time, so if it does come, it will have to be soon."

She spoke despondently, in even tones, as though what she said had been so often the subject of her thoughts that it had ceased to retain her interest, and remained merely the cold, inevitable fact against which, she had learned long ago, it did no good to complain.

"Oh, come, come," he said cheeringly, "it is n't as bad as that. You'll be out of here in less than six weeks."

"No, I'm afraid not," the woman answered, slightly shaking her head. "But

thank you all the same." She stopped as she looked up at him, and saw in his eyes the expression of deep concern. "Don't bother about me, please," she continued quickly ; "there are other things outside — those things you told me about — that will need all your attention. So tell me, when do you go ?"

"This afternoon."

"This — Why, how glad I am !"

She tried to laugh, to make him think she was ; and in its purpose the laugh succeeded, for the man, suddenly aroused to interest in the active life he was soon to resume after his two months' idleness, rushed eagerly ahead in his plans and prospects away to an after-life. The woman listened dejectedly, running her finger in a careless way along a fold in the covering sheet. The man broke off abruptly in the midst of his grand career.

"There," he said, "I tire you ; and besides, it is time for me to be going."

He reached down and held her hand for a moment.

"I—I wish you luck," she said slowly.

When he had walked away a few steps, he turned with a sudden impulse and came back to her.

"I thought you might like these. My brother brought them to me this morning."

As he spoke, he took from his button-hole a small bunch of violets and handed them to her with a bow of laughing gallantry. A light tinge of color showed in her cheeks as she took them from him,

and again he started to walk across the grass toward the gate.

And she, lying behind in her narrow wooden bed, looked sadly over the curve of her pillow at the slow-moving figure of the man. When at last he disappeared through the gateway, she still gazed after him for several minutes, as though he were yet there; then she turned her eyes to the bunch of purple flowers she held, and brushed their heads back lightly with her hand.

Not until then, with the lonesomeness of her own poor existence fresh upon her, did she realize that he had gone, — gone into that outer world where she would never follow. During the last few weeks, with him to talk to and amuse her, she had at times almost forgotten her pitiful condition in the little pleasure it afforded, and had grown to regard her afternoon sunning as the one bright spot in the weary day. He had so often lain beside her there in the sun, and sat beside her when he was better, that half involuntarily she moved her head, as if to nod back her appreciation of some bright jest or compliment, only to see the empty lawn stretching clear to the hospital wall.

But even in its emptiness it was yet the place where she had laughed with him from pure happiness alone, and she smiled faintly at the leaves above her as she thought of being brought out here day after day, until — until that time, so near at hand, when it would be necessary no longer.

"Come," said a soft voice, "it is time for you to go in."

The woman looked up quickly into the nurse's face.

"Can't I stay here a little longer?" she asked. "I should like to very much."

"But it's growing damp, and it's bad for you."

"Bad for me?" the woman said slowly. "Why should that make any difference? It's all the same in the end, and I want so much to stay."

The nurse seemed puzzled for an instant, but seeing the flowers in the wasted hand she nodded her head quietly as though thinking to herself, and then moved silently away.

So he had gone. The woman wondered if he would ever think of her, now that he was outside the walls: two or three times to-day, perhaps, once to-morrow, and then no more. But to her these last few weeks had been so great a part of the short time she had yet to live, that whereas formerly in her sickness her memories were all of her earlier life, now she would look no farther back than the time when he was there. And so she thought whilst the remembrance lived vivid in her mind, and the long, distorted shadows crawled across the lawn as the sun dropped down behind the hospital.

Then as the afternoon drew to a close she was carried in, and put to bed in her room in the quiet ward.

"I think," she said wearily to the nurse, "I'll go to sleep. I don't care for any supper to-night." She finished speaking with her eyes already closed, and as unconsciousness stole upon her and her breathing softened down, the hand that was holding the violets relaxed, letting the flowers fall scattered to the floor.

When the nurse, a half-hour later, came in and saw them lying there, she gathered them deftly, and stuck them, one by one, in the grasp of the half-closed, sleeping fingers.

Guy H. Scull.

OUT OF BONDAGE.

I.

FRIEND LEMUEL VARNEY urged his well-conditioned but tired mare along the highway with a more impatient voice than he was wont to use; for the track was heavy with the deep, unbeaten snow of a recent storm, and Lemuel was in a hurry to deliver an article of value which had been entrusted to his care. Except that the article was somewhat bulky, nothing could have been guessed of its character from the irregular rounded form vaguely shown by the buffalo skin which covered it and the legs of the driver, — and for the latter it left none too much room in the ample bread-tray-shaped body of the sleigh. The high back of this conveyance hid from rearward observation all the contents except Lemuel's head, over which was drawn, for the protection of his ears, a knit woolen cap of un-Quakerly red, — a flagrant breach of discipline which was atoned for by the broad brim and the hard discomfort of the drab beaver hat which surmounted and overshadowed it.

The light of the brief winter day, further abbreviated by a cloudy sky, was fading, and the pallid dusk of the longer night was creeping over the landscape; blurring the crests of woodlands against the sky, blending their nearer borders with the dimmed whiteness of the fields, and turning stacks, barns, and isolated groups of trees to vague, undistinguishable blots upon the fields, whose fences trailed away into obscurity.

Friend Lemuel carefully scanned the wayside for landmarks by which to note his progress, but looked more anxiously behind when the jingle of sleigh-bells approaching from that direction struck his ear. It was a pleasant and cheerful discord of high and low pitched tones of Boston bells, but it seemed to have a

disquieting effect upon his accustomed placidity.

"There comes the stage, sure enough. I did hope I could git tu where we turn off tu Zeb'lon's afore it come along," he said, with some show of irritation, and not quite as if speaking to himself or to the mare, which he now addressed as he vigorously shook the reins: "Do git up, thee jade, why don't thee? I say for it, if I had a whip, I should be almost tempted tu snap it at thee. But I know thee's tired, poor creatur', and I had n't ort tu blame thee, if I be tried."

In response to the threat or the expression of sympathy the mare mended her pace, as Lemuel cast another glance behind and saw the stage and its four horses, vaguely defined, moving briskly down the descending road. He slightly raised the edge of the buffalo, and, bending toward it, said in a low voice, "Thee'd better fill thyself up with fresh air as quick as thee can, for the stage is comin', and I shall have tu cover thee pretty clust till it gits past."

There was a slight movement under the robe, but nothing became visible except some quickly recurring puffs of vapor steaming out upon the cold air. After a moment Lemuel replaced the robe and gave it a cautionary pat. "Now thee must keep clust, for there's no tellin' who may be a-lookin' at us out o' that stage."

The stage-sleigh, roofed and curtained, was close behind him, the muffled driver shouting imperative orders to the private conveyance to get out of the road. Lemuel pulled his mare out of the track at some risk of a capsize, for the packing of successive snowfalls had raised the beaten path considerably above the general level of the road.

"Git aout o' the road, ol' stick-in-the-mud!" the driver called, as his horses

came to a walk and the merry jangle of the bells fell to a soberer chime.

"Thee 'll hafter give me a little time," Lemuel urged mildly; "it 's consid'able sidelin', an' I dare say, if thee had a bag of pertaters in thy sleigh, thee would n't want 'em upstot in the snow, this cold night."

"Oh, blast your 'taters!" the other said. "What 's 'taters compared tu the United States mail I've got under my laigs?" And then, in better humor as the bread-tray sleigh, after a ponderous tilt, regained its equilibrium, "There, I e'n git by naow, if ye 'll take off your hat an' turn it up aidgeways. Say," continuing his banter in a tone intended only for the Quaker's ear, as he leaned toward him from his lofty perch and cast a scrutinizing glance upon the sleigh, "your 'taters hain't niggertoes, be they?"

Lemuel gave an involuntary upward look of surprise, but answered quietly, as the driver touched the leaders with his long lash and the heavy passenger sleigh swept past, "No; long Johns."

He was chuckling inwardly at the hidden meaning of his ready answer, as the mare climbed the bank to regain the track at a steeper place than she had left it, when the lurching sleigh lost its balance and turned over upon its side, tumbling out all its contents into the snow. Lemuel was upon his feet almost instantly, holding up the frightened mare with a steady hand and soothing her with a gentle voice, while the buffalo robe seemed imbued with sudden life, tossing and heaving in strange commotion as a smothered, alarmed voice issued from it: "'Fore de Lawd, marse, is we done busted?" and then the voice broke in a racking cough.

"Keep quiet, John," Friend Lemuel said in a low tone, "an' git behind the sleigh as quick as thee can. The stage hain't out o' sight." As he righted the sleigh, a tall, stalwart negro, creeping from under the robe, took shelter behind the high back till the path was regained,

and then resumed his place and was again covered by the robe.

"'Fore de Lawd, Marse Varney," he whispered hoarsely, venturing his head a little above the robe, "I was dat skeered I 's jus' shook to pieces."

"John," exclaimed Lemuel, with severity, "thee must n't call me or any other man 'master,' as I've told thee more than once. I am thy friend and brother, and thee must n't call me anything else."

"'Pears like I could n't get useter dat away, nohow, Marse Frien' Varney."

"But thee will," said Lemuel decidedly, "when thee gets used tu the fact that thee is thy own master, with no one over thee but thy heavenly Father, the Lord and Master of the highest and the lowest of mortals. Now take a doste of this hive surrup an' cover up thy head, for this cold air won't help thy cough a mite." So saying, he drew forth a vial from the inner breast pocket of his tight-fitting surtout and held it to the negro's lips, then covered his head carefully, and urged forward the tired mare.

II.

"What was it you were saying to that old chap about niggahs?" asked a dark, keen-eyed man who shared the box with the stage driver.

"Niggers? Oh, niggertoes was what I said," the driver laughed, and went on to explain: "That 's the name of a kin' o' 'taters they hev raound here. Pooty good kind o' 'taters they be, tew, — good yielders, an' cook up mealy; but some folks spleen agin 'em 'caount o' the' bein' black, but I don't. I've knowed some tol'able dark-complected folks — yes, rael niggers — 'at was pooty good sorter folks."

"Co'se," assented the passenger. "Niggahs are all right in their place. I would n't object to ownin' a hundred likely boys."

"Wal," considered the driver, "I do' know ezackly 'baout ownin' so many folks. One 's 'baout all I c'n manage, an' he 's gin me consid'able trouble sen I come of age. Ownin' other folks kin' o' goes agin my Yankee grain." Hearing no answer, he recurred to the opening of the conversation: "That was ol' Uncle Lem Varney, an' I was jes' a-jokin' on him a leetle. They say 'at he hes dealin's wi' the undergraoun' railroad, an' I was tryin' tu make him think 'at I s'mised he hed a runaway nigger 'n under his buffalo, but I hed n't no sech a idee."

The traveler turned in his seat and looked back interestedly, while the driver continued:—

"I do' know 's I should keer if he hed, fer kerryin' that kind o' passengers don't interfere much wi' my business. The' was tew on 'em, though, on my stage las' summer, jest the cutest. One on 'em was as light-complected as what you be, an' a turrible genteel lookin' an' actin' feller, an' he made b'lieve he was master tu t'other one, which he was so black a coal would make a white mark on him; an' they rid right along as grand as Cuffy, nob'dy s'pectin' nothin' till a week arter. Then they was arter 'em hot-foot f'm away daown tu Virginny; but Lord! they was safe beyund Canerdy line days afore."

"And you people gen'ally favor that sort o' thing?" the stranger asked.

"Wal, no, not tu say favor. The gen'al run don't bother 'emselves one way ner t'other, don't help ner hender; an' then agin the' 's some 'at 's mean 'nough tu du anythin' fer pay."

"And they help the niggahs?" suggested the traveler.

"Bless ye, no. They help the ketchers; 'he hain't no money in helpin' niggers."

The other only said "H-m-m" in a tone that might imply doubt or assent, and seemed inclined to drop the conversation, and the driver, after mentally wondering for some time, commented,

"One of them blasted Southerners." The stranger's speech was unfamiliar, softening the r's too much for a Yankee of the Champlain Valley, and not as deliberately twisting the vowels as a Yankee of any sort does, but giving them an illusive turn that type cannot capture, midway between the nasal drawl of the New Englander and the unctuous roll of the New Yorker.

The lights of a little hamlet began to glimmer along the dusky road, and presently the steaming horses were haloed in the broad glare of the tavern bar-room and came to a halt before the wide stoop, where the bareheaded landlord and lantern-bearing hostlers bustled forth, with a more leisurely following of loungers, to welcome an arrival that lost nothing in interest or importance through semi-daily occurrence.

The driver threw down the mail-bag, tossed the reins to a hostler, and, clambering from his seat, stamped straightway into the bar-room. The landlord opened the door of the coach, and invited the passengers to alight while the horses were changed,—an invitation which was accepted with alacrity by all. He ushered them into the welcome indoor warmth, closed the door behind the last guest, and fell to feeding the fire within the huge box stove with a generous supply of wood. With this clatter and the roar of the opened draught he mingled comments on the weather and words of hospitable intent, and then made the most of the brief time to learn what he might of his guests, whence coming and whither going, according to the custom of landlords in those days, when the country tavern had neither the name nor the register of a hotel.

The outside passenger invited the company to drink at his expense, and every one accepted save a stalwart Washingtonian; for it was before the days of prohibition, when many otherwise goodly people drank unadulterated liquor publicly in Vermont inns, without shame or

fear of subpœnas. The stranger called for Bourbon, to the bewilderment of Landlord Manum.

"Borebone? That must be some furrin drink, suthin' like Bord O, mebby?" he queried, with a puzzled face, half resentful of a joke.

"Never heard of Boobon whiskey, sir, the best whiskey in the wauld, sir?" asked the stranger.

"Wal, if it's good whiskey you want, I've got some Monongerhely 'at's ten year ol';" and the stranger accepted the compromise with a look of approval, while each of the others, according to taste or predilection, warmed his interior with Medford, Jamaica, gin, brandy, or wine.

Then the driver began to muffle his head in a voluminous comforter and slowly to draw on his gloves, and when he announced, "Stage ready, gentlemen," there was a general exodus of the company, but the outside passenger did not remount to his place.

"Just chuck me my valise. I reckon I'll stop heah a day or so."

A cylindrical leathern portmanteau, such as was in common use by horseback travelers, was tossed down upon the stoop. The driver tucked himself in, gathered up the reins, cracked his whip, and with a sudden creak the sleigh started on its course and went jangling away into the dusk. The landlord and the hostlers watched it intently, as if to assure themselves of its actual departure; then of one accord retreated from the outer chill into the warmth of the bar-room. The host helped the guest to rid himself of his overcoat and hung it on a hook, where it impartially covered the last summer's advertisements of the Champlain steamers and of a famous Morgan stallion. The three or four remaining idlers resumed their accustomed places. The hostlers diffused an odor of the stable as they divested themselves of their coats and began their ablutions at the corner sink, where a soiled roller towel

and the common comb and brush, attached to a nail by a long string, hung on opposite sides of a corrugated little looking-glass. The landlord closed the draught of the stove, subduing its roar to a whisper, and then blew out one of the lights. The other two seemed to burn more dimly, the smoky atmosphere grew heavier, and the room took on again its wonted air of dull expectancy that rarely received a higher realization than the slightly varied excitements of the stage arrivals.

Having performed all other duties, the landlord, who was also postmaster, now took the mail-bag from the floor where it had been tossed and had remained an object of secondary interest, carried it into the office adjoining the bar, and began a deliberate sorting of the mail, curiously watched through the narrow loopholes of the boxes by several of the loungers. The Washingtonian drummed persistently on the window of his box till he was given his copy of the county paper, which he at once began reading, after comfortably seating himself, with legs at full length, on the bunk which was a table by day, a bed by night. Others receiving their papers pocketed them to await more leisurely digestion at home. One who was given an unexpected letter studied the postmark and address a long time, trying to guess from whom it came, and then putting it in his pocket still sat guessing, oblivious of the conversation going on about him.

A traveler who "treated" was one whose acquaintance was worth cultivating by the bar-room loungers, and they had already made some progress in that direction when the landlord's announcement of supper dispersed them reluctantly to their own waiting meals, from which they returned as soon as might be, with reinforcements.

The free-handed stranger gave them to understand that he was a Pennsylvanian, making a winter tour of the North-

ern States and Canada for his own pleasure and enlargement of information, and he quite won their hearts by his generous praise of their State, its thrift, its Morgan horses, its merino sheep, and especially the bracing sub-arctic atmosphere, in which all true Vermonters take pride.

The Washingtonian, still sitting on the bunk, was so absorbed in the county paper, read by the light of the small whale-oil lamp, that he took no part in the conversation till he had finished the last item of news and glanced over the probate notices. Then he laid the paper across his outstretched legs and took off his spectacles, but kept both in hand for the contingency of immediate need, as he remarked, with an inclusive glance of the company, "Wal, it does beat all haow they be a-agitatin' slav'ry, an' what efforts they be a-makin' to diabolish it. They 've ben a-hevin' a anti-slav'ry convention up to Montpelier, an' they raised a turrible rookery an' clean broke it up. I jest ben a-readin' a piece abaout it here in the paper."

"Sarved 'em right," declared a big, burly, red-faced fellow who occupied a place by the stove opposite the stranger. "Blast the cussed Aberlitionists, they 'd ort to be 'bleeged tu quit meddlin' wi' other folks' business."

"Wal, I do' know," said the reader, laying aside the paper and putting his spectacles into his pocket as he swung his legs off the bunk. "It 's a free country, an' folks has got a right to tell what they think, an' to argy, an' hev the' argyments met wi' argyments. Rotten aigs hain't argyments, Hiel."

"Good 'nough argyments fer cussed nigger-stealin' Aberlitionists," Hiel declared, "a - interferin' wi' other folks' prop'ty."

"Sho, Hiel, they hain't interferin' wi' nobody's prop'ty. They b'lieve it hain't right to hol' slaves, an' they say so, — that 's all," the other replied.

"Don't they?" Hiel sneered. "They

're al'ys a-coaxin' niggers tu run away, an' a-helpin' on 'em steal 'emselves, which is the same as stealin'. Look of ol' Quaker Barclay over here, Jacup Wright. I'll bet he everiges a dozen runaway niggers hid in his haouse ev'y year 'at goes over his head. Damn him! he don't du nothin' else only go tu nigger-huggin' Boberlition meetin's."

"Exceptin' when he 's a-raisin' subscriptioners to git caows fer folks 'at 's lost theirn," said Jacob quietly.

"I never ast him tu raise no 'scriptioners fer me, a caow," said Hiel James quickly.

"He done it jest the same, a-headin' on 't wi' five dollars," Jacob replied.

"Wal, if folks is a mineter gi' me a caow, I hain't fool 'nough tu refuse it," Hiel said, dismissing the subject with a coarse laugh. "Blast the runaway niggers! Let 'em stay where they b'long. I 'd livser help ketch 'em an' take 'em back 'an tu help 'em git away."

"Oh, sho, Hiel! No, you would n't nuther, Hiel! That would be pooty mean business fer a V'monter. 'T hain't never ben in their line to send slaves back to the' masters."

During the conversation a stalwart young man had entered the room, and after including the company in a common salutation, he got his mail from the office, and stood at the bar to read a letter. He had a brave, handsome face, and his well-formed figure was clad in garments of finer fashion, more easily worn, than was the wont of young farmers. Yet a shrewd guess would place him as a prosperous member of that class. He took no part in the conversation nor gave it apparent heed, yet joined in the general murmur of approval with which Jacob's remark was received by all but the non-committal landlord, the silent stranger, whose keen, deliberate eyes roved over the company, and Hiel, who stoutly asserted, "I 'd jest as soon du it as send a stray hoss er critter back tu the' owner. Yis, sir, jest as soon airn a dollar

a-ketchin' a nigger as any other sort o' prop'ty."

"I think you would, Hiel," said the newcomer, in a tone that for all its quietness did not conceal contempt; and then he went out, and his sleigh-bells were already jingling out of hearing when Hiel's slow retort was uttered:—

"That 'ere Bob Ransom cuts consid'able of a swath, but he 'll be consid'able older 'n he is naow 'fore he gits ol' Quaker Barclay's darter. Ketch him lettin' his gal marry anybody aoutside o' the Quaker an' Boberlition ring."

In some way, the brawny, coarse-featured Hiel seemed more than others to attract the regard of the stranger, who held him in casual conversation till the rest had departed, and warmed his heart with a parting glass of the landlord's most potent liquor.

III.

The stage-coach had left Lemuel far behind when he turned into a less frequented road, which led him, after a mile of uninterrupted plodding, to a group of farm-buildings that flanked it on either side, and clustered about a great square unpainted house. From the unshuttered lower windows broad bands of light shone hospitably forth into the dim whiteness, revealing here the furrows of a newly beaten track, there a white-capped hitching-post, and above, a shining square of snowy shed-roof, beneath which the mare made her way without guiding. Lemuel, disembarking noiselessly, looked cautiously about before he uncovered his passenger, and whispered to him to follow into the stable, whither he led as one familiar with the place even in the darkness. Opening the door of an inclosed stall, and assuring himself by feeling that it was filled with straw, he gently pushed the negro in.

"Now thee cover thyself up an' keep

still till thee hears thy name called. Put this medicine in thy pocket, and don't let thyself cough. Thee 'll be made comfortable as soon as possible, but thee must be patient."

With these whispered injunctions Lemuel silently closed the door upon his charge, and, after blanketing the mare, entered the house without other announcement than the stamping of his snowy feet. The family were at supper in the large kitchen, which was full of the light and warmth of a wide fireplace, and the savor of wholesome fare that the chilled and hungry guest sniffed with appreciative foretaste.

Zebulon Barclay, a man of staid, benevolent mien, with kindly keen gray eyes, sat at the board opposite Deborah, his wife, a portly woman, whose calm face, no less kindly than his own, wore the tranquil dignity of self-conquest and assured peace of soul. Beside her sat their daughter Ruth, like her mother in feature, and with promise of the attainment of the maternal serenity in her bright young face, yet with some harmless touches of worldly vanity in the fashion of her dress. There were also Julia, the hired girl, a brisk spinster of thirty-five, and Jerome, the hired man, a restless-eyed Canadian, both of whom were of the world's people; the one shocked their employers by her levity, and the other with his mild profanity.

"How does thee do, Deb'ry?" said the visitor, advancing straight to the matron with outstretched hand, as she turned in her seat and recognized him. "Keep thy settin', keep thy settin'," he protested against her rising to greet him, and then bustled around to Zebulon, who arose to give him welcome, and a glance of intelligence passed between him and his wife which the daughter caught and understood.

"Why, Lemuel," said the host heartily, "how does thee do? And how are Rebecca and the children?"

As Lemuel replied he mumbled in an

undertone, "I left a package in the stable for thee."

"Oh, Rebecca is well, is she?" Zebulon remarked with satisfaction, and without apparent notice of the other information. "And is it a general time of health among Friends in your Quarter? Well, lay off thy greatcoat, and have some supper as soon as thee's warm enough. Jerome will put out thy horse directly."

Lemuel hesitated, but began the arduous task of getting off his tight surtout as the Canadian arose from the table and took the tin lantern from its hook.

"I b'lieve I hain't seen thee afore, Jerome. Is thee tol'able well? And I say for it, if that hain't thee, Julia! Thee stays right by, don't thee? Wal, that's clever." He paused in the struggle with his surtout, when the Canadian went out, to ask, with a nod toward the door that had closed behind him, "Is he a safe person, Zeb'lon?"

"I'm not quite clear, but I fear not," said Zebulon, laying hold of the stubborn coat. "We'll be on our guard. While he's out, Ruth, thee'd better carry some victuals up to the room, and when he comes in I'll get him out of the way till we get our package upstairs. Has thee had it in thy keeping long, Lemuel?"

"Goin' on a week, an' would ha' ben glad tu a spell longer, for he's got a turrible cold an' cough; but we 'spected they was sarchin' for him, an' we dassent keep him no longer, an' so I started at four o'clock this mornin'; an' I tell thee, I found tough travelin' most o' the way."

"Well, I'm glad thee's got here safe, Lemuel. Now sit right down to thy supper. Thee'll have a chance to step out and bring in thy goods."

The Canadian entered hastily and in evident trepidation. "Say, Mésieu Barcle," he burst out, "you s'pose ghos' can cough, prob'ly?"

"What's thee talking about, Jerome?" Zebulon asked in surprise.

"Yas, sah, bah jinjo, Ah'm was hear

nowse in de barn zhus' sem lak somebody cough, an' Ah b'lieve he was ghos' of dat hol' man come dead for 'sumption on de village las' week 'go."

"Nonsense, Jerome; it was a cat sneezing that thee heard. Don't put out the lantern, but come down cellar with me and get some small potatoes for the sheep."

"Cat? Bah gosh, you'll got cat sneeze lak dat, Ah'm ant want for hear it yaller, me," Jerome retorted, as he led the way down cellar.

Lemuel's hand was on the latch, when there was a sound of arriving sleigh-bells.

"What be we goin' tu du?" he asked, turning a troubled face to the women. "That poor creatur' must n't stay aout in the cold no longer. Who's that a-comin' in, wi' bells on the horse?"

"Let me go," said Ruth, blushing red as a rose. "I can bring the man in safe."

"Oh, it's some friend of thine that's come?" Lemuel asked; but the shrewd twinkle of his eyes showed that he needed no answer. "Well, go intu the box stall and call for John, and bring in the one who answers."

Ruth hastily put on a hood and shawl and went out. A tall figure advanced from the shed to meet her with outstretched hands, which she clasped for an instant as she said in a low voice, "Don't speak to me. Don't see me, nor any one I may have with me; and wait a little before thee comes in, Robert," and she disappeared in the dark shadows of the building.

Presently she came out with the shivering negro almost crouching behind her, and led him into the house. In the kitchen her mother met him with an assuring word of welcome, and guided him from it so quickly into a narrow staircase that it seemed to the others as if they had seen but a passing shadow, gone before they could catch form or feature.

When Zebulon Barclay returned from the cellar, Lemuel was quietly eating

his supper, waited upon by the nimble-handed Julia, Ruth sat by the fireplace in decorous, low-voiced conversation with Robert Ransom, and the quiet room gave no hint of a recent unaccustomed presence. Lemuel pushed aside his plate and supped the last draught of tea from his saucer with a satisfied sigh before he found time for much conversation.

"I s'pose thee's heard what turrible goin's-on the anti-slavery meetin' hed tu Montpelier, Zeb'lon?" he asked.

"Heard?" his friend replied, his calm face flushing and his eyes kindling. "I saw it with my own eyes, and a shameful sight it was to see in the capital of this free State. Deborah and I were there."

"Thee don't say so! And was it as bad as the papers tell for?"

"Even worse than any papers but our own report it. The Voice of Freedom and the Liberator tell it as it was. Several of the speakers were pelted with rotten eggs, and there were threats of laying violent hands upon some."

"But the' wa'n't nobody r'ally hurt?"

"No, but Samuel J. May was seriously threatened; and I don't know what might have happened if Deborah, here, had n't taken his arm and walked out through the mob with him. That shamed them to forbearance."

"Thee don't say so!" Lemuel again ejaculated. "But I guess if Jonathan Miller was there, he was n't very do-cyle?"

"Well, no," rejoined Zebulon, "Jonathan is not a man of peace, and he called the rioters some pretty hard names, and faced them as brave as a lion."

Lemuel rubbed his hand in un-Quakerly admiration of this truculent champion of the oppressed, and said, with a not altogether distressed sigh, "I'm afeard he would n't hesitate tu use carnal weep-ons if he was pushed tew fur. He has been a man of war, an' fit in Greece."

"W'at dat?" asked Jerome, who had been listening intently as he slowly cut

the sheep's potatoes, and now held his knife suspended and stared in wide-eyed wonder. "He was faght in grease? Ah'm was hear of mans faght in snow, an' faght in water, an' faght in mud, but bah jinjo, faght in grease, Ah ant never was hear so 'fore, me."

"Why, Jerome," explained Zebulon, with an amused smile, "thee don't understand. Greece is a country, away across the sea, where this brave man went, according to his light, to help the people war against their oppressors, the Turks."

"Bah jinjo," said the Canadian, resuming his occupation, "dat mus' be w'ere de folkses leeve on de fat of de lan', sem Ah'ms hear you tol' of sometam. An' dey got turkey too, hein? Ah'ms b'lieve dat was good place for go, me."

"When it is quite convenient, Zeb'lon," Lemuel said, after some further talk of anti-slavery affairs, diverging to the most economic means of procuring free-labor goods, "I want an opportunity tu open my mind tu thee an' Deb'ry consarnin' certain weighty matters."

"Come right in the other room," responded the host, rising and leading the way. "I think Deborah is there."

The Canadian, presently finishing his task and his last pipe, lighted a candle and climbed the stairs to his bed in the kitchen chamber, and Julia, having set the supper dishes away and hung her wiping-cloths on the poles suspended from the ceiling by iron hooks, with a satisfied air of completion, discreetly withdrew, and the young people had the rare opportunity of being alone.

"Ruth, you must give me a glimmer of hope," Robert Ransom pleaded.

"How can I when it would grieve father and mother so to have me joined to a companion who is not of our faith, and has so little unity with us on the question of slavery? If thee could but have light given thee to see these matters as they are so clearly shown to us!"

"If I would pretend to be a Quaker, and meddle with affairs that don't con-

cern me," he said bitterly, "I should be all right, and they would give me their daughter. But I can't pretend to believe what I don't, even for such a reward. As for the other matter of difference, you know, Ruth, that I would n't hold a slave or send one back to his master; but slavery exists under the law, and we have no more business to interfere with the slaveholders' rights than they with ours."

"There can be no right to do wrong, and it is every one's business to bear testimony against evil-doing. Thee knows, Robert, I would not take thee on any pretense of belief. But if thee could only have light!"

"Oh, Ruth, you will not let these differences of belief keep us apart? What are they, to stand in the way of our love?"

"It would not be right to deny thee is very dear to me, Robert, and that I pray the way may be opened for us, but I cannot see it clear yet." Ruth's eyes met his with a look that was warmer than her calm words.

"But you will, Ruth," he said, with suppressed earnestness; and then a stir and louder murmur of voices were heard in the next room. "The Friends have 'broke their meeting,' as your people say, and it's time for me to go. I want to caution you, though, to keep a certain person you have in the house very close. I'm afraid there are parties on the lookout for him not far off."

"Oh, thank thee, Robert. Why does thee think so?" she asked in some alarm.

"From something I heard in the village to-day, I think there's a party of slave-hunters prowling around in this part of the State, and I saw a stranger at Manum's to-night who is likely enough to be one of them. It's an odd season for a man to be traveling for pleasure here. There may be nothing in it, but tell your father to be careful. Good-night."

Under cover of the noise of Ransom's exit Jerome closed the disused stovepipe hole in the chamber floor, at which he

had been listening, crept into bed, and fell asleep while puzzling out the meaning of what he had overheard.

Ruth Barclay lost no time in imparting the caution to her parents and their trusty friend Lemuel, and her father's thoughtful face was troubled as he said, "Our poor friend must have rest. Thy mother has been ministering to him, and says he is a very sick man. He cannot go farther at present, but I wish he was nearer Canada. Well, we will watch and wait for guidance. Perhaps to-morrow night I can take him to thy uncle Aaron's, and then we can count on his safety. I hope thee has not been indiscreet in letting Robert into our secret, my child?"

"Thee need not fear, father," Ruth answered, with quiet assurance. "Robert is faithful."

"I am not quite clear," and the father sighed. "Robert is not light or evil-minded, but his father is a Presbyterian and a Democrat, and very bitter against Friends and anti-slavery people. I am not quite clear concerning Robert."

IV.

The next morning Jerome was encouraging the fire newly kindled from the bed of coals on the hearth, and tip-toeing between it and the wood-box in his stockings, when Julia made her appearance in the kitchen, holding between her compressed lips some yet unutilized pins while she tied the strings of her check apron.

"Morny, Julie," he saluted cheerily. Her speech being restrained by the pins, she nodded, and he went on interrogatively, as he seated himself and began mellowing his stiff boots with thumb and fingers: "Ah'ms tol' you, Julie. W'at you s'pose kan o' t'ing was be raoun' dese buildin' for scairt me so plenty?"

"Why, J'rome?" Julia, like a true Yankee, answered with a question, when she had found a place in her dress for

the last pin. "What hes ben a-scarin' of you, I sh'd like tu know?"

"Ah'ms can' tol' you, 'cause Ah'ms can' see; Ah'ms only zhus' hear. Las' naght w'en Ah'ms go on de barn, Ah'ms hear some nowse lak somebody cough, cough, an' dere ant not'ing for see. W'en Ah'ms go on de bed, Ah'ms hear it some more upstairs, cough, cough, zhus' de sem. Ah'ms b'lieve it was ghos'."

Julia searched his face with a quick glance, and compelled her own to express no less fear and wonder. "Good land o' massy! You don't say!" she exclaimed in an awed undertone. "Where did it 'pear tu be, J'rome?"

"Ah don' know if it be in de chimbley or behin' de chimbley, me. Ah'ms 'fraid for ex-amine."

"Examine! Ketch me a-pokin' behind that 'ere chimbley, if I c'd git there, which it's all closed up these I do' know haow many year. No, sir, not for all this world, in broad daylight, I would n't!" Julia protested, with impressive voice and slow shakes of the head.

"Bah jinjo! W'at you s'pose he was?" Jerome asked, under his breath.

"I've hearn tell 't the Injuns er the British killed some hired man there, 'way back in Gran'fther Barclay's day," Julia whispered; and then, in a more reassuring tone, "But you may depend it hain't nothin' 'at 'll hurt us, if we let it alone, J'rome."

"W'at for Zeb'l'on try foolish me wid cat-sneeze w'en he know it was be'ghos'? Ah'ms ant s'pose Quaker mans was tol' lie, prob'ly. Ah'ms hear dat Ramson tol' Rut' he 'fraid somet'ing. Ah don' know, me." And having pulled on his boots after a brief struggle, he lighted the lantern and went out to his chores.

"I wonder haow much the critter heard," Julia soliloquized, as she leaned on the broom and looked with unseeing eyes at the door which had just closed behind him, "an' if he mistrusts suthin'? I would n't trust him no furdur 'n I'd trust a dog wi' my dinner."

When Deborah Barclay came into the kitchen her usually placid face was troubled, and it was not lightened when Julia told her suspicions, ending with the declaration, "You can't never trust a Canuck, man or womern, an' this 'ere J'rome loves colored folks as a cat loves hot soap. He's al'ys an' forever a-goin' on abaout 'em."

"Ah me!" Deborah sighed. "The way seems dark this morning. Zebulon was taken with one of his bad turns in the night and is n't able to get up, and Lemuel is obliged to go home at once. We heard last night that there are slave-hunters about, and if it is needful to remove our poor friend upstairs to a safer place we have no one that we can trust to do it, — if indeed he can be removed without endangering his life; for he's in a miserable way, and needs rest and nursing. But perhaps the way will be made clear to us. It always has been in these matters."

Friend Lemuel reëmbarked on his homeward voyage, in the huge bread-tray, soon after the early breakfast, and the Quaker household fell into more than its wonted outward quiet. This was scarcely disturbed when, in the afternoon, Jehiel James drove past, and halted a little for a chat with Jerome to discuss the merits of the colt the latter was breaking. It did not escape Julia's sharp eyes that the two had their heads together, nor did her ears fail to catch Hiel's parting injunction: "Come over tu the tarvern in the evenin' an' we 'll strike up a dicker for the cult."

"I guess suthin' 'll happen so 's 't you won't go tu no tarvern tu-night," she said to herself. "I b'lieve there 'll be a way pervided, as aour folks says, tu hender it," and she went about her work considering the possible ways of Providence.

Not long afterward Jerome came in, and on some pretext went up to his sleeping-room. Julia, listening intently while he moved stealthily to and fro, or

maintained suspicious intervals of silence, thought she detected once the cautious opening of a door. When he reappeared there was an ill-concealed gleam of triumph in his beady black eyes, and they furtively sought hers as if to read her thought.

"Ah'ms t'ink Ah'ms ant mos' never goin' fan mah tobac," he said, ostentatiously biting off a corner of a plug, and then asked, "Haow was be Zeb'lon? He ant goin' be seek, don't it?"

"I do' know, J'rome. He's putty bad off. He's got a burnin' fever an' a turrible pain acrost him. I should n't wonder if you hed tu go arter the dark-ter this evenin'."

"Ah'ms can' go dis evelin'," he answered hastily. "Ah'ms gat some beesinees, me. W'at for Ah can' go gat doc-ter 'fore de chore, hein?"

"You'll hafter go right past the tavern tu git the Thompsonian darkter, which aour folks won't hev no other," she answered irrelevantly.

"More Ah'ms t'ink of it," Jerome said, after a little consideration, "more Ah'ms t'ink Ah'm could go."

"If I only hed sperits enough," Julia communed with herself meantime, "I'd git you so all-fired minky, you would n't know where tu go, an' would n't git there if you did. But Mis' Barelay would n't le' me hev enough tu du that, not tu save all Afriky. Mebby, though," with a flash of inspiration, "she'd le' me hev a good doste for medicine."

"J'rome," she said aloud, "what's the mottor ails ye? Ye hain't a-lookin' well."

"Me? Ah'm was feel fus'-rate."

"But you hain't well, — I know you hain't. You look pale 's you can, com-plected as you be, and you're dark 'n under your eyes. I must git you suthin' tu take. Mebby I c'n git a doste o' hot sperits f'm Mis' Barelay."

Jerome's face was comical, with its mixed expression of satisfaction and simulated misery. "Bah jinjo, Julie, Ah'ms

ant felt so well Ah'ms t'ink Ah was. Ah'ms gat col' come, w'en Ah'ms chau-pin'. Dey ant not'ing cure me so fas' lak some whiskey."

"Don't you say nothin', an' I'll see if I c'n git you a doste afore supper."

Ruth was in close attendance upon her father while her mother ministered to the hidden fugitive, so the handmaiden had little opportunity for speech with either till toward nightfall. At the first chance, in a beguiling tone, she besought Deborah: "I du hate tu ask you, but I be so tuckered an' kinder all gone, I wish 't you 'd gi' me a rael big squileh o' sperits."

"Why, surely, thee poor child, if thee needs it, thee shall have it. I'll give thee the bottle, and thee can help thyself. I know thee 'll be prudent," and Deborah passed up the narrow staircase with a steaming bowl of gruel.

When possessed of the spirits, Julia fortified herself with a moderate dram, "jest tu keep my word good," she said to herself. "Now I'll see what I can du for the benefit of your health, Mr. J'rome," and she poured out a bountiful draught of the ripe old Jamaica, and added to it, from a vial, a spoonful of a dark liquid, carefully stirred the mixture, and tasted it with critical deliberation.

"That tinctur' o' lobebe does bite, but my sakes, he won't never notice. There you come," as she heard Jerome stamping at the threshold. "I hope this 'ere won't kill ye, not quite, but you'll think it's goin' tu if you never took no lobebe afore. My senses!" and she made a disgusted face as she recalled her own experiences of Thompsonian treatment. A few minutes later she covertly handed Jerome the glass, and with a sense of righteous guilt watched his eager draining of the last drop.

"Oh, Julie," he whispered hoarsely, with resounding smacks of satisfaction, "you was good womans. Dat was cure me all up."

"I du hope it'll du good," she responded, and mentally added, "an' keep you f'm tellin' tales out o' school."

Warmed by the potent spirits, and without the calm restraint of his employer's presence, Jerome was more than usually garrulous at the supper-table, till suddenly his tongue began to falter and a ghastly pallor overspread his dark face.

"Oh!" he groaned, as his glaring eyes sought imploringly the alarmed countenances of the women, lingering longest upon Julia's, "w'at you s'pose hail me? Oh, Ah'ms goin' to dead! Mah hinside all turn over! Oh, Julie, was you pazzin me wid bugbed pazzin?" He pushed himself from the table and staggered toward the door, whither he was anxiously followed by Deborah and Ruth.

"What is it, Jerome? Is it a sickness or a pain?" Deborah inquired with concern. "Shall I give thee some pepper tea, or salt and water? Thee'd better go upstairs and lie down."

"Oh, sacre, mon Dieu!" he groaned. "All Ah'ms want was for dead, so quick Ah can! Oh, Ah'ms bus' open! Ah'ms bile over! Ah'ms tore up! Dat damn hol' gal Julie spile me all up!" and he floundered out of doors, retching and groaning.

Deborah was about to follow him, when she was withheld by Julia. "Don't you stir a step arter him, Mis' Barclay. He'll come all right plenty soon 'nough. I know what ails him. I only give him a little doste o' medicine."

"Julia Peck," said Deborah severely, "what has thee been doing?"

"I'll tell ye the hull truth, Mis' Barclay, as true as I live an' breathe. I was jes' as sure as I stan' here that him an' that 'ere Hiel James was a-connivin' tu help take that man we've got in aour chamber, an' Jerome was a-peekin' raoun' this very arternoon tu find aout if he was here; an' I know by the look of him he did find aout, an' he was a-goin' tu the tarvern tu-night tu let 'em

know, an' I jest put a stop tu it; for what was we a-goin' tu du, with Mr. Barclay sick abed, an' nob'dy but us women? Naow, I don't think he'll go jest yit."

Deborah smiled while she tried to express a proper degree of severity in her words and voice. "Julia, I fear thee has done wrong. I do hope thee has n't given the poor misguided man anything very injurious?"

"As true as I live an' breathe, it hain't nothin' but tinctur' o' lobebe, an' it'll clear aout his stomach an' du him good."

"We will hope for the best. But ah me, we are sore beset. We have no way to get our friend to a place of safety to-night, and to-morrow the slave-hunters may be here, and they will search the whole house. Besides, the poor man's cough would betray him wherever we hid him. What can we do?"

"Would n't Mr. Weeks help, if we c'd git him word? I c'd cut over there in no time, if you say so," and Julia made a move toward her hood and shawl behind the door.

"Thee's very kind. I've thought of him, but he's gone across the lake to visit Friends, and won't be back till Seventh Day. And he's the only Friend here that's in full unity with us in these matters," and Deborah sighed.

"Could n't I take Tom and get the man to uncle Aaron's before morning, mother?" asked Ruth.

"Oh, my child, if thee could, he is not able to ride so far. No, dear; yet I know not what to do or which way to turn," said the mother, and she walked to the window, and stood looking out, as if some guidance was to come to her out of the growing shadows of evening.

"Mother," said Ruth earnestly, after an unbroken silence of some length, "I will get some one to help us. Julia, will thee help me harness Tom? Don't ask me any questions, mother, but thee trust me."

"I do trust thee, my child. But I can't think who thee can get."

"I'll harness or du anything, Reuth; but if that Canuck does turn hisself wrong side aout an' die, don't you tell of me. But I guess he wa'n't borned tu die of Thompsonian medicine; an' there he comes. I'm glad, for I al'ys did spleen agin findin' corpses layin' raoun' permiscus."

Jerome came into the room, and, woe-begone of countenance and limp of form, too sick to notice any lack of sympathy, he crept ignominiously on all fours up the stairs to bed. Julia gave a sigh of relief as she closed the door behind the abject figure.

"There, thanks be tu goodness and lobebe, he's safte for this night. Naow, Reuth, we'll harness the hoss."

V.

The faithful old family horse seemed to understand the necessity of a swifter pace than was employed in his jogging to First Day and Fifth Day meetings, and he took a smart trot with little urging by his young mistress. The half-buried fences and the trees drifted steadily past, and the long shadows cast in the light of the rising moon swung slowly backward, while the jagged crests of the distant hills marched forward in stately procession; yet in her anxiety the progress was slow to Ruth, the way never so long. It was shortened by the good fortune of meeting Robert Ransom a half-mile from his home, and she counted it no less a favor to be saved the awkwardness of seeking an interview with him.

She was not disappointed in his response to her appeal, and it was not long before he was at her father's bedside. A short consultation was held concerning the best means of baffling the slave-hunters whose descent upon this suspected hiding-place of the fugitive might occur at any time.

"I'll carry the man anywhere you say, Mr. Barclay. Mrs. Barclay says he's too weak to go far, and I'll tell you my plan. It's to take him to our sugar-house. No one ever goes there till sugaring-time, after the wood is hauled, and that's just finished. It's warm and there's a bunk in it, so that by carrying along some buffaloes and blankets he can be made almost as comfortable as in any house."

"I don't know a safer place, for no one would ever think of looking for a runaway negro on thy father's premises," said Zebulon, with due deliberation, yet with a humorous twinkle in his eye, and then added, "My! what would he say?"

"I don't think it necessary to ask him, and I'll take the man there at once, if you say so." The young man's kindly face expressed an earnestness in which there was no guile.

"I think thy plan is the only one we can adopt, and the sooner we do so the better. The women folks will provide thee with blankets, and there must be food and medicine. Deborah, does thee think he will be able to keep his own fire and wait on himself?"

"He is not fit to leave his bed," she answered; "but he must, long enough to get to a place of safety. Does thee think I should go with him, Zebulon? I don't see the way clear to leave thee, my dear, nor to let Ruth go, though she would not shrink from it if it seemed best."

Robert's face flushed, and he hastily said, "Ruth go to nurse a sick" — The offensive name "nigger," forbidden in that household, though familiar enough in his own, was barely withheld. "No, it would n't be right for either to go, Mrs. Barclay. I will take care of the man."

Zebulon bestowed a grateful look upon him, and stretched forth his hand to clasp that of the young man. "Robert, I never thought to look to thee for help in such a case. Thee is very kind, and

I shall not forget it in thee. If it is ever in my power to serve thee, thee must feel free to call on me."

Robert blushed almost guiltily as he silently thought of the reward he most desired, and quietly thanked the sick man for his kindly expressions.

"Now, I think thee would better be about the matter at once. Look out for Jerome, and be sure that no one is watching the house when thee starts, Robert. Farewell."

Deborah stayed a moment to administer a dose of Thompsonian medicine known as "No. 6," when Zebulon said, getting his breath after the fiery draught, "Well, help has come in an unexpected way. I did not expect so much from Neighbor Ransom's son."

"It is indeed a favor," and there was a hope in the mother's heart that the way might also become clear for her daughter's happiness.

The Canadian had fallen into such a deep sleep from the reaction of Julia's heroic treatment that he was not aroused by any stir around the house. The fugitive was taken from his hiding-place, a snug little chamber back of the great warm chimney, which had given safe and comfortable shelter to many escaping slaves, a use to which it was devoted. With the help of his ready-handed female assistants Robert soon had his charge in the sleigh, with bedding, provisions, and medicines.

When the sick man was carefully wrapped in blankets and hidden under the buffalo, Robert drove along the highway, swiftly and silently, till at last he turned through a gap into a pathless field, across which he made slower progress to the dusky border of the woods. Guided by familiar landmarks, he came to the narrow portal of a wood-road that wound its unbeaten but well-defined way among gray tree-trunks, snow-capped stumps and rocks, and thick haze of undergrowth. Inanimate material forms and impalpable blue shadows assumed shapes

of fearful living things to the strained imagination of the negro, who was now permitted to free his head from the robe. He shrank as if struck when a tree snapped under stress of the cold, — a noise unaccountable to him, but like the click of a gun-lock, or the shot of a rifle, or the crack of a whip.

With calm manner and reassuring words Ransom again and again quieted the often reawakened fears of the fugitive, till at last they reached the sugar-house. It was a picture of loneliness and desertion, with smokeless, snow-capped chimney and pathless approach. When they entered, the bare interior revealed by the light of a candle was dismal and comfortless. The blankets and pillows were soon arranged upon the bunk, and, having made his guest as easy as possible, Ransom kindled a fire in the great arch over which the sap was boiled, and put the stock of provisions into the rude corner cupboard.

The yellow light of the candle and the red gleams of the fire were reflected by some tin utensils that hung on the wall, by an old musket leaning in a corner, and by the piled tier of sap-buckets; the dancing shadows tripped to a less solemn measure; a genial warmth began to pervade the room, and soon the place assumed the cheerful homeliness of a snug winter camp.

The troubled face of the negro brightened as he looked around, watching his companion's preparations with languid interest.

"Dis yere 's a mighty nice place fur layin' low," he said in a hoarse voice. "You 's powerful good to fetch me here, marster, an' I 's 'bleeged to ye."

"That 's all right, my man," Robert replied, as he set an inverted sap-tub by the bunk and placed a bottle of medicine upon it. "Now here 's the medicine for you to take, and my watch to show you when to take it. Keep quiet, and I 'll be back in a couple of hours;" and after replenishing the fire, he departed to take

the horse home, and finally returned on foot to his self-appointed post.

Perhaps the secrecy of the service, the relish of baffling eager search, and the possible chance of adventure made Ransom's task more congenial than the mere sense of duty could have done, and he plodded his way back over the snowy road with a cheerful heart. When he had ministered to his patient's needs and fed the fire, he rolled himself in his blankets and fell asleep.

VI.

Morning found Jerome recovered from the last night's illness, but not restored to good humor. He had satisfied himself that the negro had been removed from the house, but how or where he could not conjecture, and he was savagely disappointed that the chance and reward of betrayal had slipped beyond his reach. As he plied his axe in Zebulon Barclay's woodlot, the strokes fell with spiteful vigor; and when a great tree succumbed to them and went groaning to the final crash of downfall, he gloated over it as if it were a personal enemy. As the echoes boomed their last faint reverberation and left him in the midst of silence, his ear caught the sound of distant axe-strokes; and when, across the narrow cleared valley that lay between him and the next wooded hillside, he saw a column of smoke rising above the tops of the maples, after a long, intent look he asked himself, "W'at you s'pose somebodee was do on hol' Ramson sugar-place, dis tam de year?"

Unable to answer except by unsatisfactory guesses, he resumed his chopping; but the itch of curiosity gave him no rest, for he was as inquisitive as any native of the soil; and when it could no longer be endured, he struck his axe into a stump, and set forth in quest of the certain knowledge which should be its cure. As he cautiously drew near the sugar-

house, in its rear, under cover of the great maple trunks that stood about it on every side, he heard low voices in broken conversation, and a moment later a racking, distressful cough which excited his suspicions.

Stooping low, he crept from the nearest tree to the one window, whose board shutter was swung open for the admission of light, and peered stealthily in. The brief survey revealed Robert Ransom looking anxiously down on the ghastly face of the negro. There was no softening touch of pity in the malignantly triumphant gleam of the Canadian's snaky eyes as he returned to the cover of the trees, gliding from one to another till he regained the valley, and then resumed his chopping.

Throughout the day, at the sugar-house, the winter stillness was unbroken save by the small voices of the titmice and nuthatches and the subdued tapping of the industrious woodpeckers, sounds that harmonized with it and but intensified it. The place seemed as secure from enemies in its complete isolation as it was remote from the reach of medical aid, which Ransom felt was needed, and of which he was often on the point of going in quest. The sick man was racked with pain at times, his mind wandered, and he talked incoherently.

"It's mighty good to be free, Marse Ransom, 'deed it is dat. Oh, but it's col' up dis away. Oh, de snow! I's wadin' in de snow de hull endurin' time! It's freezin' on me! I's comin to de sunshine! I kin feel it a-warmin'! I's in de eberlastin' snow, an' de dogs is arter me! I can't git ahead none! Fur de Lawd's sake, don' let 'em kotch me!"

"Don't be afraid. Nothing shall harm you. We're safe here," Ransom would repeat again and again in reassuring tones, while great beads of perspiration gathered on the dusky face, ashen gray with sickness and terror, and the stalwart form would now be shaken with ague, now burned with fever.

"Take a drink of hot stuff, John, and let me cover you up warm and good," Ransom urged, bringing a steaming cup of herb tea from the fire, saying to himself, "It's old woman's medicine, but it's all I have."

In the afternoon the sick man became easier, and fell into such a quiet sleep that his nurse began to think the rest and the simple remedies were working a cure. When night fell and the multitude of shadows were merged in universal gloom, he closed the window shutter, lighted the candle, and made needful preparations for the lonely night-watch. As he sat by the bunk, ready to attend to any want, there was no sound but the regular labored breathing, the crackling fire, the fall of a smouldering brand, and the slow gnawing of a wood-mouse behind the tier of tubs. He felt a kind of exhilaration when he realized that he was so interested in the welfare of this poor waif that he thought nothing of his own weariness or trouble, but only how he could best serve the forlorn stranger.

After the passing of some hours, his charge still sleeping peacefully, Ransom thought he himself might take a little rest. He noiselessly replenished the fire with the last of the wood, and quietly stepped outside for more. He paused on the log step a moment, listening for one pulse of sound in the dead silence of the winter night. Not a withered leaf rustled in the bare treetops, not a buried twig snapped under the soft footfalls of wandering hare or prowling fox. Ransom loosed his held breath and was about to step into the moonlight, when he detected a stealthy invasion of the silence, and recognized the sharp screech of sleigh-runners and the muffled tread of horses. His heart leaped at the probability of coming help, for it could hardly be aught else. Yet he would not be too sure, and, reëntering the house, he closed the door softly.

He slipped aside the covering of a small

loophole in the door, made to afford the sugar-maker the amusement of shooting crows when time hung heavy on his hands, and looked out upon the scene. The full moon had climbed halfway to the zenith, and its beams fell in broad bands of white between the blue shadows of the tree-trunks and full upon the open space in front of the sugar-house. Presently a sleigh came into the narrow range of his vision. It halted, and three men alighted. He started back in dismay, for at the first glance he recognized the burly form and coarse features of Hiel, and the dark-visaged traveler whom he had seen at the tavern, while the third figure was unknown. He hurriedly fastened the door, for there could be no doubt as to the purpose of the visitors.

Who could have betrayed the fugitive's hiding-place? Escape was impossible, and successful resistance no less so. What could he do? As the unanswered questions rapidly revolved in his mind, his heart grew suddenly sick with the thought that the Barclays might suspect him of treachery. The fugitive's safety had been entrusted to him on his own offer. He was sharply recalled from these swift thoughts by a stir in the bunk. Aroused by the noise and instinctively divining danger, the negro had started up in terror and was staring imploringly at Ransom.

"Dey's arter me, marse. Don' let 'em git me. Dey'll wollup me. Dey'll jes' cut me to pieces. Don' let 'em kotch me."

"No, they shan't get you. Lie down and keep quiet," said Ransom in a low, reassuring tone, still engaged with watching the movements of those outside.

The negro sank back submissively, with deep sighs and incoherent mutterings.

The door was now violently tried and loudly beaten upon, and a voice demanded that it should be opened.

"Who's there?" asked Ransom.

"Never mind. You jest open the door an' let us in," Hiel's voice answered.

"What do you want?"

"We want the nigger. Open the door, or we'll bust it. Come, naow, no foolin'."

"I won't open the door," said Ransom firmly; "break it in if you dare."

As his eyes searched the room almost hopelessly for some means of defense or deliverance, they fell upon the old musket in the corner, and in the same glance he saw that a great and sudden change had come upon the face of the negro. The shock of fright had been too great, and the stamp of death was already set upon the drawn features. After the first instant a strange exultation sprang up in Ransom's heart. An invisible ally would snatch the prey from their grasp, if he could but hold the hunters at bay for a while. He seized the musket and ran to the door. Looking out from his coign of vantage, he saw the three men advancing, carrying a heavy stick from the woodpile with the evident purpose of using it as a battering-ram. He thrust the rusty gun-muzzle through the loop-hole and called out, "Drop that, or I'll send a charge of shot into you!"

The assailants hesitated only a moment when they saw the threatening muzzle, and then Ransom heard the log drop in the snow. Soon, after some consultation, there was a sound of stealthy footsteps in the rear of the shanty, as of some one reconnoitring in that quarter; then the silence was broken by the gasping breath and whispers of the dying man. Ransom set the gun by the door and went to him.

"I's mos' ober de ribber — de dogs can't kotch me. De sun shinin' — de birds singin' — de bees hummin'. Good-bye, marse, I's gwine."

The massive chest ceased its labored heavings. The look of terror faded out of the face, to give place to that expression of perfect rest which is the hopefullest solution to the living of the awful mystery of death.

Suddenly there were heavy blows on the shuttered window, which crashed in at once. At the same moment with this diversion in the rear came an assault upon the door. Ransom undid the fastening and threw it open. "You can come in," he said quietly.

Hiel and the stranger whom Ransom had first seen at the tavern entered cautiously, as if suspecting a trap, the latter with a cocked pistol in his hand.

"Don't be afraid, Hiel," Ransom said contemptuously; "the gun has n't been loaded for a year."

"Damn putty business fer Square Ransom's son, stealin' niggers is," Hiel declared. "Where's yer nigger, anyway?"

Ransom pointed to the bunk, and the stranger, drawing a pair of handcuffs from his pocket, advanced toward the motionless figure. "Come, boy," he said sharply, "the little game is up, an' it's no use playin' 'possum. Hold out your hands." He roughly seized one of the lifeless hands. "What the hell!" he exclaimed, recoiling from the icy touch. After an intent look at the quiet, peaceful face of him who had escaped from all bondage, he turned to Ransom, who stood calmly regarding him. "Well, Mr. Ransom, I reckon you've played it rather low down on us, but you've won the game and the niggah's yours. I reckon I don't want him. Come, boys, let's be off."

Rowland E. Robinson.

THE HOLY PICTURE.

It is most curious how many untold stories go to make up the sum of a single story told, a single song sung, a single painting completed. I was thinking of this the other day as I stood before a certain picture in the gallery of an art exhibition. It was a very gentle, quiet picture, and yet, after they had gone the rounds of the rooms, people were quite sure to turn back for another look; and often as they stood before it tears rose unbidden to their eyes, not because the picture was sad, but because it was beautiful.

The title given in the catalogue read, "And our Lord came to the Gateway of the Little Garden."

"Whose little garden?" I heard some one ask; and some one else replied, "Oh, don't you know? That is a quotation from a poem." And the second speaker added she was quite sure she should be able to find the poem, and they would look for it that evening.

I could have spared the vain search, only what I knew about the picture was altogether too much to tell in a public place and at a moment's notice; its story being made up of three others,—that of my brother Edward, that of his friend Janet, and that of Mary Morrison, "the Winsome Lady."

Edward has his studio on the upper floor of an old brick house halfway down a crooked street: a most respectable street, having only one saloon to its four corners; a picturesque street, on account of the bend and of the curious collection of carts drawn up along the sidewalk toward evening and on Sundays and holidays; a merry, amusing street, always something going on,—little boys and girls playing, older boys and girls dancing to the music of a hand-organ, scissors-grinders, fishmongers, buyers of old rags, venders of fruit, vegetables, small wares,

and plants in bloom, continually passing and repassing.

On specified occasions the little girls and boys climb the stairs to my brother's studio, and look through the portfolios of prints and photographs kept for their especial entertainment. On other occasions the men and women of the neighborhood come, and the older children: more pictures are shown and discussed, light refreshments are passed, perhaps a lantern-slide exhibition is held, or it may be a concert is improvised by the guests.

Edward is poor, naturally, being a painter; still, he is rich enough to do as he pleases, which, all things considered, is wealth indeed, and it pleases him to paint in a manner as refined and delicate and out of date as that of a Raphael Madonna, and to live in what he calls a "studio settlement."

His friend Janet occupied, until the other day, two back rooms on the floor below, and, as part of her busy life, took charge of my brother's domestic concerns. By profession, according to her own definition, she was a "poor old scrub;" otherwise expressed, a washerwoman. Edward had a habit of alluding to her as a washerwoman by mistake, and of insisting that her position admirably illustrated the general upside-downness of the world; that nothing made him more uncomfortable than to see such a dainty little old lady trudging abroad with her heavy bundles, whatever the wind or the weather; and that it was his fixed intention to offer, on stormy nights, his personal assistance in carrying home the wash,—an intention which, I believe, at various times he attempted to put into execution, thereby causing himself to be seriously reprimanded for what Janet termed a lack of sense of propriety.

To go back half a century and more in the little Scotchwoman's history, there

was then, twenty-four miles out from Glasgow, a wee whitewashed cottage looking toward Ben Lomond; and by the kitchen window, within, the mother's wheel went humming, and under the window, without, a little brook went rippling. Here Janet was born, and having grown up to "a bonnie lassie O," she wandered away and across the sea; met Robin with the blue eyes, the fair hair, and the smile and bow that made one feel as if it were a May morning and some one had brought in a nosegay; and in due course of time Janet promised to marry Robin for richer for poorer, it proving to be always for poorer.

Once married, they built them a nest in the old brick house of the crooked street, and there lived bravely on through many a toilsome year, until, in the home country, the mother's wheel had long been silent, the little brook had run dry, a railroad was speeding its way over the spot where the whitewashed cottage had stood, and their own youth and middle life had been spent; until a moment came when Robin was taken ill and carried to a hospital, where he died, and in the early afternoon before New Year's Day the church gave him his burial, he having neglected to follow Janet's prudent advice and example, and having made no previous provision for this last emergency.

On the evening of New Year's Day Mary Morrison knocked at Janet's door, bearing in her hand a jar of marmalade, which she had brought on the general principle that it is easier to make a visit of condolence if one carries some offering. She found Janet seated by the table, the lamp lighted. Behind the latter, neatly piled against the wall, were her Bible, Prayer Book, Hymnal, and a little gilt-clasped, gilt-edged, morocco-bound copy of the New Testament, a souvenir of girlish days in Scotland, with time-tinted pages, and having in the back the Psalms of David in metre "more plain, smooth, and agreeable than any heretofore," and

a collection of such old tunes as Kilmar-nock, New Lydia, St. Mirrins, Tranquillity, and Stroudwater. On top of the little old book lay a rose. Edward had placed it there that the room might seem less sorrowful, toward which purpose the rose helped, perhaps, in some slight degree, and the jar of marmalade assisted.

Janet was gazing toward the wall above the books on the table. "I am thinking of death and the judgment," she said to her visitor. "I am peering, as it were, into eternity. I strain and I strain my eyes, and I discover nothing."

Then she told of a custom inherited from parents and grandparents through many generations, — that of opening the Bible at midnight on the eve of such great festivals as Christmas, New Year's, Easter, and Whitsunday, preceding the opening of the book by repeating, "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen," — fervently believing that the verse on which the eye first rested would be one of especial significance. The verse to which she had turned on the night before had been, "In my Father's house are many mansions." And she said she feared Robin would never be content in a mansion; he was used to having things compact and cosy.

"If there are many of them," observed Mary Morrison, "they are probably of many kinds, some large and some small."

"A wee whitewashed cottage is what I should prefer," said Janet, brightening for a moment; "and it must be overgrown with roses, and on the hearth a turf fire and a cricket to sing."

"And outside," suggested Mary Morrison, "a little garden with bluebells and heather."

"And a hawthorn hedge," Janet added, "and a sweetbrier bush, and a bed of mignonette. Robin was always fond of a sprig of mignonette for his button-hole. And there must be cabbages and onions."

Mary Morrison said she hardly thought there would be cabbages and onions in heaven, though of course there might be.

"Nor shall I need them there," returned Janet. "The spirit does not eat." She spoke in a tone of severity, like one suddenly realizing and rebuking an irreverent turn in conversation, and, folding her hands, seemed trying to again concentrate her mind on the subject of her interrupted reflections.

This attempt she repeated evening after evening, thereby growing more and more thought-entangled, helpless, and bewildered, until, notwithstanding the fact that she considered Mary Morrison wholly unreliable in her views touching a future state, she came at last to seek moments of refuge and distraction in the fancy presented, and to talk of the pretended existence of the little garden in heaven, — disapprovingly, to be sure, but still with evident interest: and in this way she spoke of it to Edward, at the same time telling him something of Mary Morrison herself, — that she was always putting the most foolish ideas into one's head, and that one could never be quite sure whether she half believed what she was saying, only, being such a winsome lady, one was obliged to listen to her.

Shortly after this, in an idle moment, Edward painted a picture of the Little Garden with the hawthorn hedge about it; and within, the wee cottage, with its roses and a sweetbrier bush growing by the doorway, and under the window a touch of green which he said was *mignonne*. He made the picture purposely of some size, that it might cover as much as was possible of that portion of the wall toward which Janet was accustomed to gaze when she sat down, after the day's work, and attempted to peer into eternity.

But when he proposed to hang it above the table, Janet answered quickly, "Not there, — that place is reserved; hang it to one side."

Then it appeared that Janet had a long-cherished plan concerning this par-

ticular place, and had for years coveted, and still hoped to possess, a holy picture that should hang above her holy books, thus converting the back of the table into a sort of altar; and that for this purpose she had once been given a head of Christ, which she had returned, not finding the expression agreeable. "The face of our Lord," said Janet, "should always be a pleasant one."

The front of the table served as a humble board from which were dispensed the loving sacrifices of a never failing and never lessening hospitality. At present the guests especially favored were, first, pretty Barbara, a young orphan girl, getting along as best she could, with no one of her own to watch over and mother her; secondly, Sarah Milligan, to whom the occasional use of a corner of Janet's table offered a highly desirable change in conditions of light and air at meal-times, Sarah's abode being a small dark bedroom, — in Janet's words, no better than a clothes-press, and she did n't know what Sarah meant by treating herself in such an un-Christian manner; thirdly, Mrs. McNulty, who occupied a portion of the basement, and was in most necessitous circumstance, made still more complicated by the possession of what Janet described as a "noble spirit," every effort to keep her from the verge of starvation having to be conducted with extreme discretion and delicacy. Then there were numberless others, all wanting something: it might be a little washing and ironing for which they were unable to offer remuneration, or perhaps a little sympathy, a little advice, a friendly word, a welcome by a warm fireside.

"Why do they all come to you?" I asked one day, having discovered pretty Barbara, and Sarah of the dark bedroom, and Mrs. McNulty of the noble spirit, socially partaking at Janet's table of tea and toast and herring.

"Possibly," was the reply, "because I am good to them. When you are good to

people, it is likely to keep them coming as long as grass grows and water runs."

It was a hard winter, — little to do and little money. Janet had work, it was true, and pretty Barbara, who pasted labels on bottles; also Mary Morrison and Sarah Milligan in their respective professions, of whose nature we were ignorant, they being silent on this subject. It was surmised, however, by Edward and myself, that Mary Morrison had work of some literary character, and it was surmised by Janet that her friend Sarah was connected with a certain downtown theatre in the way of either mending or cleaning. Mrs. McNulty had no work, and Mrs. McNulty's case represented one in thousands.

A sad state of things, verily! Through dying Robin had escaped much that was pitiful.

There were two experiences in that dreary winter which, as I now recall them, stand out by themselves with the fairness of mountain harebells growing in some rocky crevice. They were very simple experiences, things to feel rather than to tell, to love rather than to show. One was more particularly Edward's, the other more particularly mine. Edward's was a discovery. After hanging the Little Garden in Heaven on old Janet's wall, he began to stroll unconsciously and always farther and farther into old Janet's heart, until he chanced upon a nook where no one had been for many a year, not even the owner herself, and there found safely stored a treasure of old tales, old songs, superstitions, reminiscences, and border ballads, fresh and ready for his coming, — quite as if he had brushed away a weight of dead leaves, and beneath a sonsie brook ran rippling, having its own violets to bend over it, its own mavis to sing.

And now, when professional duties or neighborly kindnesses brought my brother and Janet together, they were sure to forget in a twinkling the weal and the woe of the world about them, to for-

get who was who and what was what; and Janet would call Edward "dearie" and "darling" without the slightest suspicion of thus addressing him, since they were both in their thoughts off and away, perhaps in the Highlands, perhaps in the Lowlands, perhaps remembering Robin, as far even as there where "the day is aye fair in the Land o' the Leal," — off and away following Prince Charlie, he of the fair yellow locks flowing over his shoulders; or else it might be in Rob Roy's cave at a gathering of the clans, or listening to the good Presbyterians singing psalms in their hiding-places, or parting with Highland Mary, or assisting at the episode of Lord Ullin's daughter, and Janet would exclaim, exactly as if she had been present, "Oh, what a terrible night it was! how it thundered and lightened!" and then very likely they would repeat in concert: —

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?''
O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.'"

Like the music of old Scotch melodies, the sound of their voices comes back to me across the recollection of that sorrowful winter, and closely following is the memory of my own experience, the meeting and learning to know Mary Morrison, Janet's Winsome Lady.

On evenings when it best suited our convenience Edward and I were in the habit of dining together at some pet Bohemian restaurant; on other evenings I went alone to the pleasant little hotel of St. Margaret, a sort of worldly convent, being intended only for women, the tables of whose dining-room were daintily spread, each for four persons. As a more or less frequent guest I soon appropriated to myself an especial corner, and before long noticed that another guest as regularly occupied the seat opposite. She was a slender, girlish woman, having a face of singular grace and tenderness. Our companions at the ta-

ble varied with every meal. They were strangers engaged in shopping and sight-seeing, or college girls enjoying the freedom of a too brief vacation, or dressmakers from out of town unfolding across the table the merits of sundry establishments where one might behold the most modern creations of feminine attire; or they were artists full of comment and criticism, or teachers, authors, musicians, journalists, or now and then women in the picturesque garb of some sisterhood, or followers of the Salvation Army in the brave red and blue.

Thus incidentally, my opposite neighbor and I found ourselves attaining a mutual store of most varied and extensive information. The next development of our acquaintance came through the Torrey Botanical Society, to one of whose meetings Edward had invited me to accompany him. We were a little late, and as we entered heard the name of a new member voted upon and accepted, the name being Mary Morrison. The paper that evening treated of rhododendrons, and in its discussion the question was asked how far north they grew, whereupon some one directly behind us replied that she had found them on the shores of Lake Sebago in Maine. The speaker proved to be Mary Morrison, the new member; proved likewise to be my opposite neighbor at dinner, and also Janet's Winsome Lady, as Edward discovered in the social period after the discussion.

And now when Mary Morrison and I met at St. Margaret's we fell into a way of prolonging our dinner hour to a second hour of rambling through favorite streets, or of viewing the world from the amusing position afforded by the top of a Fifth Avenue stage; or, taking a trolley to the Battery, we watched the lights in the ferry-boats, for the spring days were at hand, and the twilights long and tempting; and we talked of the books we had read, the places we had seen, the people we had observed in the dining-room of

the little hotel, — talked of the Torrey Botanical Society, and of the shores of Lake Sebago in Maine; and perhaps for lack of time, perhaps for some other reason, we did not speak of Mary Morrison herself.

Sometimes Edward joined us, and we took longer rambles. On one of these occasions — it was our last of the season — we were just starting forth from the old brick house in the crooked street, which happened that day to be the rendezvous, when on the steps we found Alice and Josephine, two of the neighborhood children, bending over a dead canary. Alice, the younger, was weeping bitterly.

"She wants it to sing again," said Josephine. "You can't sing again if you are dead. My grandfather died the other day. I went to the funeral."

Mary Morrison sat down by the chief mourner, explaining how the song had gone away, how the bird in the child's hand was only something which had held the song. There was a sound in her voice that brought comfort and conviction. Alice, being in sore need, accepted both, although not immediately.

In the mean time, at Mary Morrison's suggestion, Edward had gone up to his studio, and returned with a small box and a bit of cotton-wool, to which he had added a violet bloomed out that morning in a diminutive fragment of country field which he was cultivating on the balcony of his fire-escape; it being my brother's custom, as soon as the spring appeared in New England, to send thither for a yard square of native earth stocked with sample specimens of hepaticas, violets, ferns, grasses, buttercups, — all for the joy and enlightenment of the children in the crooked street, who were for the most part unknowing of wild flowers. We made a soft bed and laid the canary upon it, the little head nestling against the New England violet. Then we took a last look, this being Josephine's suggestion. At her grandfather's funeral

every one had taken a last look. After this Mary Morrison led us away from Edward's street for the length of a block or two; at a corner drug-store she went in, and reappeared with a key. Just beyond, in a low stone wall, was a door, which Edward and I had passed hundreds of times without suspecting that it concealed what was left of a long-forgotten graveyard, — a door to which few came now, and behind which nothing happened except the flitting of light and shade, and the fall of the rain and snow.

"Very conveniently for us," said Mary Morrison, unlocking the door in the wall, "I was sent this way once to look up some old inscriptions; and so, in our present need, I knew about the place and where the key was kept."

We went in, and Edward dug a little grave under a rose-bush.

"They say things at funerals," observed Josephine, when the box had been hidden from sight.

"Listen," said Mary Morrison, as a bird alighted on the wall and began to sing, "listen; things are being said now. It's a thrush; it's on its way to the woods in the North. I think it must have stopped to sing at the canary's funeral."

The children thought so, too, and Josephine wished to know where North was.

"North is Maine," replied Edward. "Rhododendrons grow there on the shores of Lake Sebago."

Then it became necessary to explain at some length about Maine, and about rhododendrons, and about the shores of Lake Sebago; and thus pleasantly conversing we conducted the children to within sight of their doorway, and left them wonderfully cheerful considering the circumstances, the chief mourner being able to kiss her hand to us with a smile.

Summer was at hand now, with its changes of abiding-places. We did not see Mary Morrison again until the following November, when the irregular

dining together at the little hotel was renewed; and now and then we met at the Torrey Botanical Society or had a cup of tea in Edward's studio.

On one of the easels, generally covered from sight, being unfinished, was a study of the man Christ Jesus. As we were looking at it one day, Mary Morrison said she always wondered over a work of art in the same way that she wondered over a flower, and she thought a true painter must be very much like a true gardener, — a man who worked industriously, waited patiently, lived honestly, kindly, lovingly, until at the proper season he would produce again and again things so beautiful that no one could look upon them unmoved; and it would be said they were done in a moment of inspiration, whereas they were the result of an unfolding as gloriously natural and as gloriously mysterious as the blooming of a flower.

"And suppose you were a painter," said Edward, "waiting for the blooming of your flower, — to use your own little simile, — and suppose you had attempted, as I have, the subject on the easel, how would you think it out? What would be your conception of it?"

"First of all," said Mary Morrison presently, "I should try to make my mind realize some very simple circumstance into which our Lord might come, — as for instance he might come to the gateway of Janet's Little Garden in Heaven to welcome her, perhaps, after her toilsome journey; and as I painted I should think of him familiarly, as of one who would enjoy the hawthorn hedge, and the sweetbrier bush, and the mignonne."

"And after that?" said Edward.

"And after that I should think of various sorrowful things connected with Janet's life, — things which she has often tried to tell me, but could never finish to the end, they being too full of bitterness for utterance; and I should think that when our Lord came to the Little Gar-

den, it would be like the coming of One who knew all that one had ever feared and suffered, all that had been in one's heart since the beginning, and there would be perfect understanding with no pain of explanation. Of course you don't believe in any Little Garden in Heaven," Mary Morrison went on more lightly, — "you are too intelligent; and Janet does n't believe in it, either, though she does believe in the judgment-seat; and I suppose we all believed once, more or less, in golden crowns, and harps, and girdles, and candlesticks, and never fading flowers, and fields of living green."

"But I do believe in the Little Garden," said Edward obligingly; "that is, in a general way. I believe in something pleasant, and what is there pleasanter than a garden? Moreover, I believe it's a great mistake to be what you call intelligent in these matters. One loses too much. Besides, how can one be intelligent about that 'which passeth all understanding'? It is n't possible, any more than that a child should think the thoughts of a man."

The winter went by, and still no more than Janet knew of her friend Sarah Miligan's private life did we know of our friend Mary Morrison's. Indeed, we had long ceased to consider that she had any life other than that which we in our minds had bestowed upon her. Chance, however, was now to enlighten us. My brother happened to be passing through a street, one of whose houses stood sadly silent, its curtains drawn and a sign of mourning on its door. As he approached the house a woman came out, in whom he recognized Mary Morrison. Two other women followed. Edward was nearer now, and heard one of them say that never before had she seen things done with such thoughtful and tender appreciation of every circumstance; that it was like having a very dear friend appear unexpectedly in a moment of sorrow.

"It was more like an angel sent from heaven," the other woman answered.

The words awakened a train of thought in my brother's mind, vague at first, but gradually assuming shape until it reached back as far as the canary bird's funeral. He went into a shop and consulted a directory, and a little later found his way to a door bearing the names "Morrison & Morrison," and which Janet's Winsome Lady had entered just before him.

"I have been hearing about you," he said to her, "and I have come to hear more. Have you time to tell me now, and will you begin at the very beginning?"

"Then I must tell you first about father and uncle," Mary Morrison replied, offering him a chair, and seating herself in the one opposite. Briefly narrated, this is the account she gave: —

"Father and uncle and I lived in a little village not far from the shores of the lake where the rhododendrons grow. Father and uncle kept the village store, put on the village double windows in the autumn, took them off in the spring, mended people's furniture and furnaces, — mended everything, in fact, except the people themselves: the village doctor did that when he could; when he could n't, and the minister had said what he had to say, father and uncle did what was left to do, they being the village undertakers, — notwithstanding which no one ever thought of connecting them with things sad and gloomy, but rather with a sense of security and peace.

"I had a curious childhood as far as surroundings were concerned. I kept my dolls in a large roomy box acquired by way of business, and marked in staring letters 'Bon Jour Shrouds.' From that inscription I learned my first French lesson. Back of the store stood an old abandoned Methodist meeting-house, bought and moved thither by father and uncle, and adapted by them as a place of storage for the hearse and coffins. To us village children the coffins meant going to bed to sleep until the coming of the angel of the resurrection.

"I remember asking father what the angel would say, and father asked uncle, and uncle said it might be, 'Awake, thou that sleepest, arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.' We children thought it would be very beautiful to have that said to us, only it seemed a pity to be obliged to sleep so long; we felt that we had hardly time to sleep at all, there was so much to do. Consequently, we were not particularly interested in the coffins, but we were delighted with the hearse. It made such a capital place in which to play hide-and-seek.

"When I grew older I went to the academy of the neighboring town, and from there to college, and then accompanied a family abroad to take charge of the studies of two young girls. With the latter I spent a number of pleasant years, at the end of which father and uncle both fell asleep, to wait, as they were accustomed to say of others, for the coming of the angel. I returned home shortly after this, feeling very sad and lonely. One day I met John Morrison, a cousin of father's and uncle's, who was also an undertaker. He told me, among other things, of the death of his partner, and how he was looking for some one to replace him, and he asked, half seriously, how I would like the position.

"I thought hard for a moment. I knew the world to be filled to superfluity with women teachers and women in almost every occupation, but I had never heard of a woman following John Morrison's profession. I remembered, too, how once, when a little English child had died in a foreign hotel, and I had been able to render the mother assistance in the spirit of father and uncle, she had said what a comfort it would be if always at such a time there were some woman upon whom one might call, whose presence would be like that of a friend. And so I accepted John Morrison's offer. That was five years ago.

"And now I have told you everything, just as you asked me."

For the first time in her long life old Janet was very ill; "almost ready to go to the Little Garden in Heaven," she observed, as she lay down apparently to die.

The doctor and the minister, speedily summoned, arrived, and administered each according to his profession. Mrs. McNulty gave up such desultory occupation as she was able to procure, and, assuming the vacant place at the wash-tub, saved inconvenience to every one concerned, and to the little household in particular any diminution of income; for not one penny would Mrs. McNulty accept in recognition of services rendered. Sarah of the dark bedroom saw to it that Mrs. McNulty was supplied with nourishing food, and Edward that the basement rent was paid; pretty Barbara and the Winsome Lady appeared regularly and helpfully, as did other people; in short, the world, notwithstanding its well-established reputation for ingratitude, conducted itself in a thoroughly commendable manner.

Thus two weeks went by, and in the little inner room old Janet awaited the coming of that supreme moment when she should straighten her own limbs and close her own eyes, according to a previously announced determination; which latter, being generally known, kept those about her in constant apprehension, and some one continually stealing into the room to see if anything had happened, until Janet herself most unexpectedly relieved the strain of the situation by saying, "I will inform you, children, when the end is at hand."

During the two weeks she remained for the most part in a sort of stupor, seldom speaking or rousing of her own accord, except when my brother entered the room. Then she generally had some dream to relate, — of once upon a time in Scotland. One was of losing some money at a fair, the sum of a year's economies, saved it may have been to buy some longed-for trinket or a bunch of blue ribbons.

"A basket of posies,
A garland of lilies, a gift of red roses,
A little straw hat to set off the blue ribbons."

Another dream — and this one had the peculiarity of repeating itself — was of a pair of wee shoes made for the child Janet by her father, he being a shoemaker, from a bit of the finest of fine kid left over after making the Sunday shoes of the six young ladies at the "grand house." We had long known about the six young ladies: that their names were Mary and Flora and Jessie, and Charlotte and Ellen and Elisabeth; that when their fortunes were dissipated by the wild young men of the family, they had been obliged to go out as governesses; and we had often deplored their fate, but never before felt so near them as now through this frequent mentioning of their Sunday shoes. In Mrs. McNulty's words, "it was as if Janet had shoes on the brain."

On the evening before Good Friday, my brother had come in to make his usual visit, and Mrs. McNulty, taking advantage of his presence, had run down to the corner grocery for some needed article.

Janet seemed to be sleeping. Suddenly she opened her eyes and said in quite the old voice that she believed she was improving, that she should like a good bowl of barley broth, and that she felt as if the swelling had gone out of her feet.

"Then you will soon be able to wear your new shoes again," returned my brother, referring, not to the wee ones of her dream, of course, but to another pair, the immediate need of which, and whose intended purchase, supposed by every one to have been successfully accomplished, had been discussed among us just before Janet's illness.

"I have no new shoes," said Janet, in rather a reluctant and shamefaced fashion.

"But I met you going out to buy them," insisted Edward, — "don't you remember?"

Yes, Janet remembered. She also remembered.

membered having met Mrs. McNulty a few moments later; and Mrs. McNulty being in great need, she had given her a portion of the sum she had gathered, and the next day a trifle more, and the same the next, and the next, until the wherewithal for the purchase of new shoes had completely vanished. "And never shall I forget," continued Janet, "how my feet ached with the cold the last time I went out, although I walked on the sunny side of the street, and how when I came where there was a fire I stood so close as to burn the leather of the old things I was wearing without once perceiving the heat; and I am quite well aware that I have fallen ill and made great trouble on account of having been too accommodating. Still, what is one to do? Has not our Lord enjoined upon us to be kind to one another?" And then she added, commentingly, one could be kind, but it was not necessary to overstep.

When Edward went back presently to his studio, he had in his hand the picture of the Little Garden. He had taken it from the wall as he passed through the outer room, with a vague idea of making some tall white lilies to bloom in it for Easter morning. But the next day, as he sat down before it, thinking half consciously of Janet's gentle life, its courage, its absence of bonnie things, its fullness of weariness, its sweet consistency with one of her own quaint sayings, — that trouble is sent to us to see how gracefully we can bear our cross, — instead of the lilies he commenced the outline of a figure standing at the gateway; intending to make the figure that of an angel bringing it might be a message, and to give it a certain resemblance to Mary Morrison. The thought of the latter suggested other thoughts. Words drifted through his mind, spoken that day in the studio before the still unfinished study of the man Christ Jesus: "I should think of him familiarly, as of one who would enjoy the hawthorn hedge, and

the sweetbrier bush, and the mignonette. . . . I should think that when our Lord came to the Little Garden, it would be like the coming of One who knew all that one had ever feared and suffered, all that had been in one's heart since the beginning."

My brother put aside the picture taken from Janet's wall and began another, and, forgetting himself in his work, painted all day until the light faded. When he carried what he had done to Janet, she asked how it was that he could paint our Blessed Lord just as one would think he must have looked, having never seen him, and said her room was no place for a picture like this, — it should rather hang in a church; only then there would be the danger of distracting the attention of the worshipers, who would be always wondering about it, no mention being made in the sacred Scriptures of a Little Garden with a hawthorn hedge and a bonnie wee house half hidden under roses.

My brother, however, left it hanging over the table, above the holy books, where, for fear of injury, it was always kept carefully covered except on Sundays and in the evening.

Janet was right when she said she believed she was improving. Not many weeks after Easter she found herself able to put on the strong new shoes which had been provided for her recovery, and to resume her customary calling. And life went on as before in the old brick house of the crooked street, except that after a little the painter's studio was closed, it being the time of summer holidays, — the time when, according to popular parlance, every one is out of town and no one in town, which really means, when one counts numbers, that two or three people are away and millions are left behind.

Mary Morrison took her vacation, this year, in late September and early October. On one of these early October days she and Edward were straying together

along a wooded road, — my brother having wandered so far north as the shores of Lake Sebago in Maine, — when a boy came running toward them with a message sent by Mrs. McNulty; entirely on her own responsibility, as she explained later, because she felt, if any one ought to be notified, it was the painter.

The painter read the message, and Mary Morrison read it. Then they turned back to the village, breaking off as they went along little branches of fir and pine and bay with leaves turned crimson, and stalks of goldenrod and purple asters. In the village they found a bed of lady's-delights, from whose flowers Mary Morrison made a bonnie bunch by themselves.

There had been no particular illness; "a general breaking up" was what the doctor had pronounced it; when one has worked early and late for nearly seventy years, there naturally comes a time when all things wear out together. Janet's own diagnosis was given in the quiet remark, "The oil has gone out of my joints, and I know of no place to get more."

Her last words had been to call Mrs. McNulty a foolish woman, advising her to lie down and have a good night's rest: this was when the latter declared her intention of sitting up to watch. "In fact," said Mrs. McNulty, "she appeared quite displeased with me, but I was well enough acquainted with her to know that the displeasure was only outward." The day before her death she had partaken of the Blessed Sacrament, and also given certain directions. The Holy Picture was to be returned, carefully covered, to the painter's studio, and with it her copy of Robbie Burns's poems, Janet's one worldly book, which she hoped the painter would be pleased to accept as a keepsake. For the painter's sister was to be set aside the little New Testament with the old tunes in the back, and for the Winsome Lady a rosewood work-

box containing various girlish trinkets, souvenirs of more prosperous days, precious kept through days of poverty. Then, after suitable disposition had been made of Bible, Prayer Book, Hymnal, flat-irons, articles of clothing, and furniture, came the final bequest, — that the sum of five dollars and seventy-five cents, gathered toward the next month's rent, be entrusted to the painter, and by him bestowed on some needy and religious old woman.

This last will and testament, faithfully recorded in Mrs. McNulty's mind, and from there transmitted to my brother as he laid the bonnie bunch of lady's-delights on his old friend's heart, and above her feet the goldenrod and pur-

ple asters, the little branches of fir and pine and bay with leaves turned crimson, was duly reported to Mary Morrison that night, with the amendment, "The Holy Picture is yours. It was always yours, painted by me in translation of your thought, lent to Janet for a season."

These are the three stories of three lives which go to make one story, and which passed through my mind as, that day at the art exhibition, standing before the picture whose title in the catalogue read, "And our Lord came to the Gateway of the Little Garden," I overheard some one ask, "Whose little garden?" and some one else reply, "Oh, don't you know? That is a quotation from a poem."

Harriet Lewis Bradley.

THE PAUSE IN CRITICISM — AND AFTER.

WE are most of us conscious of an insufficiency in literary criticism to-day. Never were more opinions printed about books than now; the publishers' lists swarm with the titles of manuals, essays, compendiums; our schools, our colleges, pride themselves on providing instruction in literature; even the daily press rescues an occasional column from the chronicles of crime and politics, and devotes it to notices of current publications. And yet, despite all these evidences of apparent critical activity, we are conscious of a lack, which few of us define. Amid a babel of conflicting utterances, we listen for an authoritative voice, but we hear none. Why is this?

One might dismiss the question with the remark that great critics, like masters in any sphere, are rare, and that this happens to be a time when none flourish; but it may be possible to indicate a reason, more general in its nature and less dependent on chance, which accounts in part for the present condition of crit-

icism, without reference to the dearth of great critics. Genius regarded singly can never be explained, but from the principles which guide workers we can often deduce helpful conclusions as to the success or failure of their work.

About the middle of this century, men began to apply the methods of the evolutionist to the study of literature. That application gave a most salutary impetus to criticism, but the time has come when the stimulus has about spent itself. The change wrought by the evolutionist method can be understood at a glance, if we remember that fifty years ago critics were disputing over the relative rank of authors, — whether Homer were superior to Dante, Wordsworth to Byron, Molière to Calderon; and in the long run it appeared that the verdict rested, not on established laws, but on the taste of the individual critic. "Is it not wonderful," asks Fitzgerald, after reading the *Life of Macaulay*, "how he, Hallam, and Mackintosh could roar and bawl at one an-

other over such Questions as Which is the Greatest Poet? Which is the greatest Work of that Greatest Poet? etc., like Boys at some Debating Society?"

The evolutionist treatment put an end to such questions, and busied itself in tracing the historic development of literature, and in discovering the heredity and environment of individual authors. It inquired where a man belonged in the historic series, whom he came after, whom he preceded, — quite unconcerned as to his standing on an arbitrary rank-list. It compiled literary pedigrees, — works which have a value similar to that of herd-books and stud-books. Its investigations have been immensely profitable, leading to the classification in proper chronological order of the various world-literatures, — a classification in which both the serial interdependence of individual authors, and the mutual relations between different literatures are clearly set forth. To such good purpose has a generation of scholars devoted itself to this task that now the thinnest manual suffices to contain the chief literary pedigrees, and the formulas which were strange and hard only a little while ago are the commonplaces of our schoolrooms to-day. A Freshman can tell you just where each poet or novelist fits into his sequence; how Tennyson derives from Keats and Wordsworth, and Aldrich from Tennyson; how Realism in fiction descends from Stendhal to Zola; how the Italian Renaissance inspired first Wyatt and Surrey, who communicated the inspiration to Sidney and Spenser, through whom it kindled one Elizabethan after another, until its last bright glow in Ben Jonson's Faithful Shepherdess and in Milton's Comus.

Thus have the masterpieces of literature been reëdited, the annals rewritten, the conditions of production carefully surveyed. A latter-day tyro can visualize the skeleton over which each literature has worn a body; nay, with the evolutionist formula to direct him, he can take

the skeleton apart, and mount it again, bone by bone, in exact articulation. Cuvier confidently reconstructed an extinct animal from a single fossil vertebra; the archæologist will deduce a vanished civilization from two fingers and a toe of an otherwise destroyed statue: not less skillful than these, the literary anatomist would not despair of reconstructing the entire literature of a bygone race from but one of its books. Skeptics, indeed, — men who perceive that "our knowledge is as a drop, and our ignorance is as an ocean," — may be surprised that any one can be so learned in details where every one must be so ignorant of ultimates; but even skeptics heartily recognize the great benefit which the application of the evolutionist method to literature has brought. The gain has been precious; it will be permanent; for it has reduced to convenient form many facts which criticism may use for a further advance.

But progress never long pursues a straight line. After going a certain distance in one direction, it turns and moves in the opposite. The curve not more exactly typifies beauty than the zigzag represents progress. The course changes from generation to generation, but the men of all generations have a common characteristic in that they believe their own course to be all-important. Theology and science, classicism and romanticism, authority and self-government, — these are some of the ideals towards which the ship of Progress has steered on its tacks over the sea of life, yet not one of them has led to the final haven. After a while, it may be centuries, the wind changes, the helm must be put about, and again all on board thrill with the belief that this new course surely will bring them into port.

To apply this figure to criticism, can we not discern in the present conditions a sign that the evolutionist method has sped us almost as far as it can, and that we must soon look for a favoring breeze from another quarter? Is it not evident

that a process which seeks to prove the continuity of a long series will pay greater heed to those points of resemblance which enable each part to be fitted into the series than to those qualities by which each part differs from the rest? If you give an anatomist a heap of bones to mount, he exerts himself to find where the humerus joins the scapula or the tibia the femur, without regard to their special functions. In like manner, the evolutionist critic not only emphasizes the lines of junction or blending, whereby he hopes at last to show the structural continuity of literature, but he also magnifies resemblances, and takes as little note as may be of differences. He even supplies missing links, hot from the forge of analogy. And he labors so successfully that his system, emerging out of the mists of theory, stands visible to us all.

When knowledge has reached this stage, where it can be packed into formulas, one of two things happens: either the formulas are easily learned and repeated mechanically, which leads to petrification, or they serve as new points of departure from which the untrammelled spirit sets out on a higher quest.

Of the former case we need no better example than rhetoric. I do not recall that a single master in literature mentions his obligation to the rhetoric books as aids by which he moulded his style; yet the biographies of men of genius are full of acknowledgments of their indebtedness to the poets and thinkers, the romancers and essayists, who fired their imagination, spurred their ambition, or taught them by example the art of utterance. Is there in the non-professional works of the expounders of rhetoric a single passage, except perhaps a page here and there in Whately, which rises above self-conscious mediocrity? Read but a little in any of them, and presently the vision of an egg-dancer, painfully, cautiously, picking his intricate way, will float before your eyes. Take up Longinus, and you will soon perceive that here

is the undertaker come to measure the corpse of classic literature for its coffin. Could you set Rudyard Kipling at one table, and a coalition of all the rhetoric teachers extant at another, from which should you expect, at the end of a given time, a vigorous, clear, charming, original sketch? Assuredly, all this does not mean that the facts or laws of rhetoric may not, conceivably, be of some use, or that the rhetoric teacher may not be a worthy member of society, — no one denies the respectability or the usefulness of the undertaker, — but it illustrates how, when the laws of an art or of a science have long been formulated, petrification is likely to supervene. And in passing be it remarked that the rhetoric teacher can no more impart the secret of living literature than can the dissector who operates to such good purpose on a cadaver create a living soul. The dissector, indeed, never pretends that he can create living beings, but nearly all rhetoric teachers harbor the delusion that they possess not only the art of dissection, but also the secret of creation.

How different is the aspect of those sciences and arts in which classification neither implies arrested development, nor marks the limit beyond which progress cannot be made! We need cite as an illustration only the mathematics, one of the branches of knowledge in which fixed laws were earliest formulated, and the science above all others in which absolute accuracy can be attained at every step: age for it does not mean senility; rules are not shackles. The laws of his science lift the mathematician into the very empyrean of knowledge. They enable the physicist to bridge the Mississippi and to harness Niagara. They give the astronomer wings wherewith he follows comets in their courses, tracks the constellations weaving their patterns on the floor of heaven, and moves a freeman among the wonders of sidereal space and through the vistas of incalculable time.

Let us ask, now, to which of these examples the evolutionist study of literature should be likened. Can there be any doubt that, having demonstrated the process of development, the structural growth, the serial continuity, of literature, the evolutionist has accomplished nearly all that his method is fitted to accomplish in this field? Evolution led us out of the old and sterile formalism; but what will that avail us if it leaves us in a formalism of its own? Merely to go on repeating results which nobody denies cannot help us, — that is petrification, not growth. Along which road, then, can we advance? One way beckons very clearly, and it is this. Equipped with the knowledge of the general growth of literature which the evolutionist supplies, let us proceed to the interpretation of representative masters as individuals. Instead of laying chief stress on the analysis of externals, — of form, of structure, of the accidents of time and place, — let us seek to penetrate the inner meaning, the spiritual significance, the absolute value, of authors.

Many persons will doubtless urge that the interpretative method has never been abandoned; they will assert that teachers and critics of literature employ it at least as often as the evolutionist method, and they will quote one contemporary writer or another to fortify their assertion. But the evidence is against them: the evidence, first, of the literary manuals and commentaries, which are always valuable indications of prevailing, accepted methods, because orthodoxy alone is permitted in the schools; next, the evidence of such recent critical essays as may be regarded as typical; and finally, the evidence furnished by the very lack of an authoritative voice, the tone of uncertainty, and the inharmonious mingling of various methods, observable in a great part of our current criticism. Moreover, the way in which men trained in one school practice the principles of an opposite school can never

do full justice to the latter. The quality of the interpretation in recent works must, accordingly, have been affected by the evolutionist sources from which it sprang. But in truth, since Lowell and Arnold died, what great interpreter, writing in English, has arisen? In France, — unless we except M. Brune-tière, — have the successors of Taine, the man of letters who, it seems to me, got the richest possible results from the evolutionist method, turned away from his brilliant example? Long is it since Germany has bred a critic of international reputation, but you need examine only a small fraction of the commentaries poured out each year by the painstaking German scholars in order to detect the methods which dominate them. The heredity and environment of an author, and his place in his series, are still the chief concern of criticism.

Interpretation, — that, then, to state much in a single word, is the means by which advance is to be sought. The evolutionist, aspiring to formulate general laws, rightly investigates the common characteristics of great masses, and extends his scrutiny over long periods. But literature is the expression of individuals, — the domain where masses do not count, the highest example of an undebased aristocracy. By no addition or multiplication of masses can you produce the equivalent of Shakespeare. To understand him, you must approach him as an individual, and not merely as a writer occupying a certain place in the development of the Elizabethan drama. To know his structural significance is interesting, and may be important, but it is not indispensable. Only by treating him absolutely, as a poet of individual utterance, who produces a different effect on you than any or all others produce, can you interpret him. Your interpretation, moreover, will measure yourself not less than him: it will reveal to us how much of Shakespeare you are capable of holding. After all,

the test of utterance is, How does it affect us? The academic world is populous with men who can assign his proper place to every author from Homer to Hugo, but who have been stirred by none, — a barren erudition! For to know where Burns belongs in the pedigree of literature is as irrelevant to the effect his songs produce on you as to know the ornithological pedigree of the oriole who showers his inimitable lyrics from the elm by your roadside. Who will deny that this absolute treatment is the natural treatment? You do not look upon yourself, and your father, and your friends as simply units in a sequence, but as distinct persons, each possessing qualities which create for him an absolute individuality. Neither can the great companions to whom literature introduces us be comprehended until they mean more to us than mere links in a chain.

It follows, therefore, that to the two objects of criticism promulgated by Taine, and still pursued by most of the critics of literature, we must add a third: besides the *moment* and the *milieu*, we must seek to understand the *message*. Otherwise we cannot rise from the plane of classification to that of interpretation.

The models left by the best critics admonish us that this is the true method. Goethe and Coleridge, Carlyle and Lowell and Arnold, were interpreters: some of them lived and died before the doctrine of the milieu and the moment had been broached, and yet their criticism still stands. To Goethe, bent on penetrating to the very heart of Hamlet and drawing out its message, such questions as Shakespeare's place in the development of the English drama, or who were his ancestors, or what he ate and wore, had but a casual interest, — such an interest as he might have felt, when he listened to a violoncello concerto, in knowing what wood the instrument was made of, or the maker's name and date. In like manner, the interpretative critic chooses to expound for us Dante's theo-

logy, rather than to add another to the many discussions of how much of his theology Dante borrowed from Thomas Aquinas. To this method, also, we owe Carlyle's wonderful essay on Samuel Johnson, and Emerson's transcendental exposition of Plato and Montaigne; out of this came Arnold's revelations — for such, indeed, they are — of Marcus Aurelius and Joubert and Heine. Criticism of this supreme sort is as the rod wherewith Moses smote the rock in Horeb and living waters gushed forth.

I need not dwell here upon the rare qualities demanded of the critic as interpreter. Like every one who pierces beneath the outer shows of things, he must have insight. The evolutionist's most necessary faculty is observation; the interpreter requires imagination. Scanning the masters of literature face to face, dwelling with them as an individual among individuals, he cannot regard them impassively, as he might count so many telegraph-poles or links in a chain; neither will he see in them only illustrations of abstract laws, — formulas ill concealed behind a thin veil of flesh; but he will recognize that they are the highest embodiments of varied human nature. Accordingly, his criticism will be personal, human, concrete. Evolutionist critics, on the contrary, end with a mechanical classification; they establish the series they had in view; they pay their tribute to logic; and yet they leave us conscious of the lack of creative genius in themselves, and in their system of the complexness and elasticity and surprise of life. We may be nothing but automata, society may be only a colossal mechanism operated by inflexible laws, but nature at least hides this from us in an illusion of spontaneity. Critics of the moment and the milieu, in making too visible the boiler and piston and rods, too audible the roar of wheels and the hissing of valves, fall far short of nature.

Whenever a system arrives at the conclusion that man is a machine, we may

be sure that the system itself is mechanical. For man is a spirit, and literature, the supreme form of his self-manifestation, must be interpreted spiritually. When we appeal, therefore, for a return to the method of interpretation, we do not counsel a retreat; we point to the surest road for advance. The knowledge acquired in other schools will not be wasted, but will contribute whatever it can towards a higher interpretation. We can foresee, of course, that among a large number of interpretations few will have value, and that there will seldom be unanimity, even among the best. But what of that? Every so-called law was originally only the opinion of one man. I doubt whether any universal laws will ever be deduced for literary criticism. I suspect the critic who so confidently trusts to a foot-rule. The utmost that the best critic can do for me is to show me the utmost he has found in a given author; I shall agree with him or not according as my understanding and insight and needs correspond to his. Voltaire saw little in Shakespeare; consequently his opinion of Shakespeare carries no weight among those who see much. Many readers think Don Quixote only an amusing satire on books of chivalry; Coleridge discerned in it an allegory of the conflict of the idealist with a matter-of-fact world, — and his interpretation will endure until somebody shall suggest a better. The man who tells us that Dante wrote the *Inferno* in order to have the satisfaction of taking vengeance on his enemies furnishes valuable elucidation — about himself.

That the interpretative method may bear a large crop of extravagances and absurdities argues nothing as to its validity. We do not judge a system by its worst representatives. We do not declare evolutionist criticism inadequate because it bears such works as Düntzer's *Life of Goethe*, in which the biographer, patiently striving to "explain" Goethe

by his moment and his milieu, gravely records the poet's bills of fare, and would fain describe, if space permitted, the mine which supplied silver for the poet's shoe-buckles; but when evolutionist criticism, as practiced by a genius so clear and learned and alert as Taine, constructs a vast machine and assures us that this is life, — life, which is so plastic, so immeasurable, so full of surprise and mystery, — then we may well pronounce it inadequate. And we need not fear lest, having bidden forth interpreters, we have in reality hastened the coming of chaos in criticism. Better even the whims and puerilities of a method which may lead to the highest results than the orderliness of a method which does not aim at the highest.

If literature be no more to you than amusement, then will you regard its Shakespeares and Dantes as but toy-makers; if it be but a verbal quarry, you will work in it, like the philologist or the grammarian, for material to construct a schoolhouse; if it be but the record of serial development, then you will make of it a museum like that wherein the naturalist exhibits specimens, fossil or recent, showing the growth of organisms. But literature is more, infinitely more, than any of these. It is the book, more enduring than tables of stone, wherein is written the revelation of mankind; it is the memory of the race, making the past present, without which the experience of all our yesterdays would profit us nothing, and we should begin, each morning, like the Papuan, a dull round of half-brutish life, incapable of advance. To every one of us, even the dullest or shallowest, come Joy and Grief, Sin and Failure and Death, each with his challenge, "What do I mean to you?" Literature embodies the replies which the spokesmen of the race have given to these supernal questioners. To interpret their replies, — that is the mission of the critic.

William Roscoe Thayer.

THE DELINQUENT IN ART AND IN LITERATURE.

FROM the very beginning art has dealt with crime and criminals, and for ages it was art alone, poetic or pictorial, that made known the physical and mental features of the delinquent. It often succeeded by a wonderful intuition, and it often failed for lack of scientific knowledge. But recently science has taken the criminal in hand for investigation, and it is the purpose of this essay to determine how accurately poets and painters have anticipated or followed, in their descriptions of some of the most famous types of criminals, the knowledge gained by the scientific study of them.

The older, or classical criminologists occupied themselves with crime, and not with criminals; treating them, with the rare exception of confirmed drunkards and deaf mutes, as average men. They worked to find the article of the penal code best suited to the case that they were considering. They made studies, not of the man, but of the violation of law of which he had been found guilty. Experimental science, on the other hand, has closely studied the diverse figures of criminals themselves, until nearly all criminologists now classify them into the five sections in which I was the first to arrange them.

The congenital criminal, the organic and psychic monster whose existence criminal anthropology has demonstrated, was long ago dimly recognized by popular intuition, even while he remained unobserved, or while his existence was denied by the teachers of religious dogmas. It is natural that this type should not often be met in artistic creations until our own time. Indeed, not even Shakespeare, nor Dostoevsky in his personal observations of Siberian criminals, nor Eugène Sue in his studies of the dregs of the Parisian mob, was able to delineate him. But no sooner had criminal an-

thropology discovered him and identified him than he became at once a subject of contemporary art, thanks especially to Zola. In these unmoral men, the congenital criminals, who lack all guiding social instincts, there is usually a great development of self-seeking impulses and of mental astuteness, leading to successful careers in a society based on free competition, which is but a species of disguised and indirect anthropophagia, and which constitutes for the honest man a hindrance rather than a help in the race of life. It is precisely their apparently normal intelligence and sentiments, masking their profound and secret moral insensibility, which make this type so difficult for any but the scientifically trained student to recognize. The mad criminal, on the other hand, was always easy to discern, and it was natural that he should appear in art; but art has generally dealt only with real madmen, rarely with those who because of some degeneration or some congenital malformation are unhinged, though they have lucid intervals; for in cases of this kind it is not easy to detect the external evidences. Infrequent, too, in art, except in those novels and plays whose chief aim is the representation of the criminal world, is the figure of the habitual criminal, inasmuch as he is an anti-social type, made by society and our prison systems. He rarely commits any great offense, but carries on a miserable existence of petty delinquency, and belongs to the large class of the socially submerged.

The artistic material in crime which has been most frequently used consists of the other two criminal types, the occasional criminal and the passionate criminal. The occasional criminal, who is almost a normal man, lends himself particularly well to artistic representation. We meet him as the adulterer, more or

less professional; the swindler, more or less circumspect; the gambler, more or less of a cheat; the defamer, more or less venomous. These characters are the stock in trade of many novels and plays constructed after certain formulæ, but, except in the hands of writers of genius, they do not offer sufficient psychological relief and contrast to warrant a profound and minute artistic analysis. Indeed, the occasional criminal belongs to the numerous mediocrities of the anti-social world, and is of an undecided quality, fluctuating between vice and virtue according to his surroundings.

But since passions and sentiments are the true materials of art, the criminal by passion has always attracted the attention of artists. They like to deal with crimes committed by men, often of wholesome life, who, stung into violence by some great injustice or some deep wrong to their affections, rush into crime in a tempestuous psychological fever; and mankind delights to follow the artist's interpretation. An intimate knowledge abides in the reader that he might be similarly tempted under the same circumstances, and artists, with their fine-strung sensibilities and highly developed nerves, feel an elective affinity with the man who has killed another for love or jealousy, or some other passion.

After this rapid survey of the most characteristic of the various types of delinquents, as revealed by the positive data of the new criminal science, let us compare them with some of the most noted imaginary figures that art has delineated with the intuition of genius. We shall find that art, just because it has remained close to life, even when the excesses of an ascetic or philosophic idealism diverted human interests from the earth to subjective contemplation of a world beyond, has portrayed in its greatest creations the most marked characteristics of the criminal type. Indeed, to his surprise, the criminal anthropologist perceives that the artist has often anticipated his most

definite observations. Thus the anthropologist finds that in Bernini's Moor on the fountain of the Piazza Navona in Rome, and in the four Moors on the noble monument erected in Leghorn to the memory of the Grand Duke Ferdinand I., the special physical traits of the Negro race are artistically recorded. Dr. Charcot found that the physical characteristics and the peculiar contortions of the hysterical and the epileptic have been reproduced in art. A remarkable example is the boy possessed of a devil, in the foreground of Raphael's Transfiguration.

Criminal types, of course, are infrequently represented in painting and sculpture. Of one hundred notable pictures, not more than one or two have for their principal theme or secondary episode the image of a criminal, and the proportion is even smaller in statues. But of one hundred popular plays no fewer than ninety elucidate some crime; and the proportion is even greater in novels. The artist is not encouraged to fix with his brush or chisel a repellent figure or deed. Then, too, the painter and the sculptor can catch only the passing act of one or more persons, and the representation of a crime is in great measure forbidden by the necessity of restricting the expression to a single moment. The emotions are best aroused and kept in tension by descriptions of the various psychological moments which the soul of the delinquent traverses. Such psychological descriptions are possible only in descriptive art, either analytic as in the novel, or synthetic as in the drama. Yet painters and sculptors have discovered some of the characteristic traits. A careful study of the busts of the Cæsars reveals as a family peculiarity the abnormal distance of the eyes from the root of the nose, and notably in the criminal Cæsars, above all in Nero and Caligula, the most common features of the criminal type. In Caligula the upper lip is raised on one side, like the lip of a wild beast about to bite. This feature has been noted by

Darwin as frequently met with in murderers.

Painting yields a richer harvest than sculpture. The pictorial representations of Cain and Abel, of Judith and Holofernes, of the Murder of the Innocents, of the Crucifixion of Christ, of the Christian Martyrs, of the Last Judgment, as well as pictures from Christian hagiology, portray murderers, executioners, traitors, and villains with the well-known traits of the criminal type, — large and angular heads, asymmetric faces, small and ravenous eyes, large square jaws, low and receding foreheads, projecting or pointed ears, abundance of stubbly hair, and thin beards. In addition to painters of pictures in which the criminal element is merely incidental, there are painters who have chosen their principal subjects from the criminal world. Goya the Spaniard, who flourished in the eighteenth century, became the court painter, so to call him, of brigands and highwaymen. In France, Prud'hon, beside a picture entitled *Allegory of Justice*, which represents a delinquent brought to court, painted *Murder pursued by Revenge and Justice*, in the conception of which he fell into the common error that remorse pursues every type of criminal. Remorse is unknown to the congenital and habitual criminal, and makes itself but feebly felt in a few cases of irresponsible and impulsive madness and of occasional crime. It is vehement only in criminals by passion. It is these who are often impelled to commit suicide immediately after the criminal paroxysm has passed. Of other French painters of criminal subjects, the most conspicuous is Géricault, whose picture *The Head of a Guillotined* is justly famous. The painter has put on his canvas all the abnormalities that belong to the sanguinary criminal type. In the famous *Kiss of Judas*, by Ary Scheffer, Judas is represented with all the characteristics of the swindler and the liar; and in the same way, Delacroix's *Hamlet* displays, not the traits of

a common criminal type, but a wandering, restless, lunatic physiognomy. Artists of all times and lands have portrayed empirically various criminal types by characteristics which science has recently found to be exact. The criminal type discovered by Lombroso, and accurately studied by the Italian criminal anthropological school, is perfectly drawn in the artistic works of many centuries.

Let us now pass from the physiognomic depiction of criminals in art to their psychological delineation in the drama and in literature. I shall disregard that great army of minor delinquents who are the material used in the manufacture of so many second-rate novels and plays, but who have been presented occasionally as a true type which has become legendary, such as the Don Juan of Byron, the Warrington of Balzac, or the Don Marzio of Goldoni. I shall omit political criminals also, for similar reasons. But it is worth remembering that the history of human progress shows how many times the mad genius or even the criminal, because less enslaved than other men by the conventionalism of mental and social habits, and because less careful of his personal profit, has given the decisive impetus to the realization of reforms which were already matured in the collective conscience, and only awaited a final impulse.

In the *Divine Comedy*, the principal theme of which may be said to be crimes and punishments, we do not find types of true delinquents, except perhaps such figures as Vanni Fucci in the canto of the thieves, and Francesca da Rimini among the adulterers. Indeed, Dante's poem deals almost wholly with political criminals. The evolution of criminality since the Middle Ages shows conspicuously the ever growing prevalence of crimes of fraud over crimes of violence, and Dante concerned himself with the crime rather than with the criminal. For the criminologists of the positive or anthropological school, who are more occupied with the criminal than with the crime, a much

richer mine of psychological observation is found in tragedies and dramas which present some decided type of criminal man.

Crimes of blood have been the staple material of the drama, and the Greek destiny which drove a man into crime was only the modern heredity. We pass over the ancient drama, which need not detain us, and come to the drama of modern times. Here we encounter the frequent delineation of the three characteristic figures, — instinctive criminals, criminals by madness, homicides by passion, the latter completing their due psychological outlines by superadding remorse and suicide.

The most marvelous description of these three types is found in Shakespeare. Macbeth is the instinctive or born criminal; Hamlet, the mad criminal; Othello, the criminal by passion. Shakespeare's artistic work is such a mine that not only students of art, but economists and even criminologists may extract from it facts and documents of vital historical interest. Criminal psychology finds in his three legendary types of homicides three human documents in which the accuracy of observation is no less wonderful than the excellence of the art. Macbeth is the type of the born criminal, a sad and monstrous offshoot from the pathological trunk of nervous and criminal epilepsy. And in Shakespeare's tragedy Macbeth is the true epileptic from his birth, — an epileptic of the least apparent type, that is called psychic or masked epilepsy, because it exists without the terrible muscular convulsions which we think of when epilepsy is named, and because it is limited to a temporary insensibility, often unnoticed, which is the psychic equivalent of muscular convulsions.

"My lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth : pray you, keep
seat ;
The fit is momentary ; upon a thought
He will again be well : if much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion,"

says Lady Macbeth to her guests, surprised at the strange attitude of their royal host. The tragedy reveals still another psychological intuition of Shakespeare, which, lying somewhat aside from the habitual rules of common psychology, is rarely noted by superficial observers. Only the intuitive art of a great genius or the patient observation of a scientific investigator would reach the truth, that in the soul of the born criminal, however much, apparently, he may resemble the normal man because he shows no marked external signs of madness, there exist psychologic attributes and habits different from those of other men. Scarcely has Macbeth killed Duncan when he bursts on the scene, brandishing his bloody weapon, and telling his wife all he felt before and after the deed. Tommaso Salvini, one of the greatest interpreters of Macbeth, called this powerful scene unnatural, because it seems contrary to the care every man takes to cover up his crime. Certainly, according to the psychology of normal men, his first act would be to hide all evidences of his guilt ; but those who have studied criminals know that the imprudent revelation of their own dark deeds, especially where murder is concerned, is one of the surest data of criminal psychology. So common, indeed, is this trait that it is through it, rather than through the miraculous sagacity of the police, so vividly described in the police novels, that murder is almost always revealed. Criminals will speak of their crime as an honest workman speaks of his labor. Yet another great genius, Ariosto, noted this trait, of which criminal annals furnish innumerable examples, in his famous lines : —

" Il peccator . . .
Che se medesmo, senz' altrui richiesta,
Inavvedutamente manifesta."

This "unnatural" Shakespearean scene, then, is quite natural.

I may remark incidentally that I know of no more fallacious criterion than that of verisimilitude, which is almost always

contrary to truth, whether met with in the halls of justice, where many errors are committed in its name, or in the daily and constantly erroneous judgments of ordinary life. A similar example of erroneous application of the criterion of verisimilitude, transporting into criminal psychology the data of common psychology, I find in the *Phèdre* of Racine, where the poet employs as Hippolytus's excuse the same argument which the criminologist Prospero Farinaccio put forward some years ago as the basis for his celebrated defense of Beatrice Cenci: —

“Examinez ma vie et songez qui je suis.

Quelques crimes toujours précèdent les grandes crimes ;

Quiconque a pu franchir les bornes légitimes

Peut violer enfin les droits, les plus sacrés ;

Ainsi que la vertu, le crime a ses degrés ;

Et jamais on n'a vu la timide innocence

Passer subitement à l'extrême licence.

Un jour seul ne fait pas d'un mortel vertueux

Un perfide assassin, un lâche incestueux.”

This method of arguing, which we do not find in the *Phedra* of Euripides, we meet in the *Cosmopolis* of Paul Bourget ; while it may hold good for criminals by acquired habit, it is not true, though it sounds plausible, of congenital criminals, who rush at once into the worst of crimes.

To return to *Macbeth*, I should like to note another psychological intuition of Shakespeare's, which is that women commit fewer crimes than men ; but when they commit them they are more cruel and more obstinately recidivist than men. Lady *Macbeth*, for example, is more inhumanly ferocious than her husband.

It is easier to deal with the other two Shakespearean murderers in accordance with criminal psychology, though even to them the criteria of common psychology have too often been applied. Thus while Hamlet is a perfect type of the criminal madman as interpreted by the data of criminal psychology, there have been critics who maintained that he became mad after feigning insanity. Hamlet is really most masterfully delineated as a criminal lunatic with lucid and even rea-

sonable intervals, — a type ignored by those untrained observers who look on all lunatics as necessarily raging and incoherent, but which the great English psychologist comprehended by intuition. The diagnosis of the psycho-pathological symptoms in Hamlet could not be more characteristic than Shakespeare's description of him, beginning with the hallucination, when he sees the ghost, which is a decisive feature of mental alienation. The very simulation of madness, which laymen interpret as a caprice or a trick, marvelously agrees with scientific observation, because it is now known that simulated madness is a frequent symptom of lunacy, in spite of the “dictum of common sense” that “he who feigns is not mad.” The madness of Hamlet belongs precisely to that form of lucid madness which permits the sufferer from time to time to realize his own insanity. In his letter to Ophelia Hamlet speaks of his sick state, and after the murder of Polonius he exclaims that “not Hamlet, but his madness,” has killed his friend. Hamlet's madness is of the kind shown by those whom the French school of criminologists calls “superior degenerates,” in distinction from idiots and imbeciles, who are called “inferior degenerates.” Another symptom of Hamlet's condition is a partial paralysis of the will. To this pathological lack of will are attributable all his hesitations in executing the vendetta of his father, together with an instinctive repugnance to murder, which, as I have shown elsewhere, survives in lunatics of moral integrity even after their intelligence has been shipwrecked. Shakespeare's observation manifests itself in showing how Hamlet, an intellectual youth, a university student, still retained, even with a clouded brain, the power to reason rightly : as, for example, in his moralizing over Yorick's skull, or in his reflection that if he killed the king while at prayer, he would send him to heaven, and so miss revenge. But, however lucid and reasonable at times, Ham-

let is none the less mad because his deed is inspired by a noble motive, and his madness makes itself plainly manifest in his gratuitous murder of old Polonius.

So true to life is Othello that he has become the typical embodiment of homicide by passion; for though he is less abnormal than Macbeth or Hamlet, he is still a true homicidal criminal. This view is confirmed by his suicide; Shakespeare, with his profound intuition, does not permit either Macbeth or Hamlet to die by his own hand. The immediate reaction toward suicide, after a homicidal attack, is a specific symptom of the criminal by passion, whose moral sense, momentarily obscured by the hurricane of his passion, regains the upper hand, and pushes him to self-destruction in his spasm of instantaneous remorse. It is just this subtle distinction, made plain by criminal anthropology, that Shakespeare perceived.

To come down to more recent times, a successful instantaneous photograph of the criminal world is found in *Cavalleria Rusticana*, where we are hurried from crime to crime in a whirlwind of rapidly succeeding events. Or turn to fiction. Some years ago, a class of novels dealing with penal law proceedings — Gaboriau's were chief among them — were much in vogue. In these penal studies the criminal takes a secondary place, and is nearly always a sort of lay figure used to represent a mysterious crime. The real hero is the police, personified in some specially astute agent who unravels the mystery. Tabaret, the best of these agents, is made, in *L'Affaire Lerouge*, to praise his own craft of man-chasing, which he declares to be much superior to animal-hunting. He deplores that great crimes are on the decrease, and that they have given place to vulgar petty delinquencies, — a very true observation, as is also his remark that criminals nowadays sign their deeds, so to speak, and leave their visiting-cards behind them, so that discovery is easy. Analogous to these nov-

els are the plays which revolve around the discovery of some crime, usually homicide, with the introduction of the usual more or less definite judicial errors. *Fer-réal*, by Victorien Sardou, is an excellent example of this type. But these penal law plays, most popular in folk theatres, have less interest for us, whose purpose it is to seek in the intuitions of art the confirmation of the positive statements of criminal anthropological science. It is therefore enough to have named them as an interesting variety and offshoot of the artistic representation of delinquent man.

A tragically acute and suggestive moment in the study of criminal man is his execution. Yet, curiously enough, art has scarcely ever attempted the representation of this most highly dramatic phase of criminal life. The exceptions are the pathetic scenes of Mary Stuart and Beatrice Cenci, and more recently, the *Dame de Challant*, by Giacosa, and the *Tosca*, by Sardou. Here, however, we are in the domain of common, not of criminal psychology, since we are dealing only with criminals by passion and political criminals. The wide sweep of emotions felt by a criminal who passes at once from the vigor of life to death, in the flower of his years, tempted the genius of Victor Hugo. In *Les Misérables* the hero is a criminal, but Jean Valjean is only a fancy criminal, whom no criminologist of the new school would have condemned to prison. And because he is a pseudo-criminal Jean Valjean does those pitiful and heroic deeds which his creator assigns to him. Victor Hugo wrote also about the last days of a criminal condemned to death; but though eloquent and artistic, the description deals only with the superficial aspects of the life of a condemned man, and in its psychology is not correct. Penal annals have already given us a number of documents bearing on criminal psychology, showing the apathetic attitude of the criminal and his congenital

physical and moral insensibility, — an attitude which writers like Victor Hugo mistake for courage.

At the middle of the present century, imaginative literature found itself compelled to choose between two supreme necessities: it had either to reconstruct itself or to perish. Balzac led the way with the luminous *Comédie Humaine*. Then followed Flaubert with his *Madame Bovary*. Both writers sought in social environment the reasons for individual character. At almost the same time, the true basis of positive science was laid by the biology of Darwin and the philosophy of Spencer. It was impossible that contemporary fiction should not be affected by such mighty and far-reaching influences. The novelists soon forsook the well-trodden conventional roads, and hastened to study the human soul under the new search-light of science. Hence arose the naturalistic and the psychological romance, some writers preferring to study the determining causes of the environment, while others were drawn rather to the analysis of the soul of the individual. All, however, were guided by the influence of the new anthropological data which they thus helped to popularize. But art is not science. Science is above all things impersonal and objective, while a work of art, as Zola says, is a corner of nature seen through a temperament. In this difference lies the chance for the artist. *Le Crime et le Châtiment*, by Dostoievsky, and *La Bête Humaine*, by Zola, are for psycho-pathology and criminal anthropology a propaganda a thousand times more suggestive than the laborious observations of science, and they are at the same time excellent artistic works; for while they paint truth boldly, they do not distort its proportions. To miss the proper proportion is the sin of inferior artists, and they miss it in the very effort to make their figures more veracious, as they think.

Zola, although in recent years he has not steered clear of a tendency to yield to

commercial influences, is one of the greatest contemporary writers. His works are of undeniable importance as studies of delinquency, notwithstanding the fact that the caprices of decadent art point to a reaction against the artistic value of the naturalistic romance. With *The Rougen-Maquart* Zola opened new horizons to art. He was the first to introduce the figure of the congenital criminal, substituting it for the worked-out figure of the mad criminal or the criminal by passion. Since his success the novelists of all lands have sought among anthropological data for a vital basis on which to build up the products of their fancy. It is curious to note how even a modern champion of the spiritual psychological romance, like Paul Bourget, has in some of his novels drawn on the sources of normal and criminal anthropology. Thus in the preface of *Cosmopolis* Bourget frankly admits that, "notwithstanding the identity of the social environment in which his idle group of cosmopolitans are found, they always bear in their feelings and in their actions the seal of the race to which they belong;" and since race is for a people what temperament is for an individual, it is easy to see that the thesis of *Cosmopolis* coincides with the fundamental conclusion of criminal sociology, — that crime is a phenomenon determined not alone by the conditions of social environment, but also by biological conditions. In *Le Disciple* and in *André Cornélis*, Bourget furnishes us with the psychological description of two quasi-delinquents. But he never goes outside of common psychology. Criminal psychology requires not only the internal inspection of one's own conscience, but the external and anatomic observation of the criminal soul, both in social life and in the prison and the madhouse. By reason of his observations Dostoievsky is among artists the Dante of criminal psychology, as well when he writes of the living sepulchre in which he passed so many years, as when he

creates the Shakespearean figure of Rascolinkopp in *Le Crime et le Châtiment*.

It is now about twelve years that southern Europe has been powerfully swayed by northern art in the drama and in the novel. Ibsen, Tolstoi, and Dostoevsky are the trio who artistically represent delinquent man, and have set the fashion. Of Ibsen's works, *Ghosts* is the drama which above all others most intensely follows the lines of human pathology as revealed by modern science, although the crime it involves is only faintly indicated, and we are left uncertain at the end whether the mother gives to her son the liberating poison craved by this victim of paternal vice. Another confirmation of "the right to die" is found in Coppée's *Bon Crime*, showing how this view is making headway among higher thinkers. Ibsen's work is inspired by a rare knowledge of scientific facts, reproduced with a more or less philosophic precision. Thus Hedda Gabler hews out as from a rude block the figure of a neurotic woman, hysterical and criminal. In *The Wild Duck* we encounter the triumphant criminal and swindler, a contemporary figure of *haute finance* now too often met with. In *The Pillars of Society* Ibsen depicts the so-called great men of politics, at once criminals and neurotics, who display in a different environment — the environment of parliamentary life — the same tendencies that influence the brigands of the roads. In *Ghosts*, wherein the author attempts to demonstrate the organic basis of crime or madness, the picture of Oswald lacks somewhat the precision of a hospital diagnosis, but the making of diagnoses is not the function of art. It suffices that it should ask of science the fundamental facts of life, and then be free to change the colors in order the better to impose its real artistic creations

on the collective conscience. This effect is attained by *Ghosts*, as it is also attained by Zola's *L'Assommoir*, which has fixed the disasters resulting from alcoholism, just as *Ghosts* has made us comprehend the hereditary transmission of paternal degeneration, even though the inexorable uniformity of this law is a little exaggerated.

Tolstoi, who has been as absurdly praised as he has been absurdly condemned, furnishes us with two types of homicides. In *The Kreutzer Sonata* we encounter the familiar jealous husband, who vindicates his violated right of property in his wife by murdering her, in accordance with the morality of those savage tribes who punish adultery with death, just as they punish theft. But the character of the criminal is not well studied. He is rather a lay figure, of which the author makes use to expound his curious thesis. Much abler and truer are the criminal figures in *The Powers of Darkness*, that graphic and vivid description of Russian peasant life. In the title he has chosen, Tolstoi, once again in agreement with science, means to signify how from the dark regions of the unconscious there springs up in the human soul the poison of those criminal thoughts, sentiments, and acts which unfortunately play so large a part in life.

I have thus rapidly passed in review a sanguinary and repulsive crowd, upon whom art has wrought, giving too much glorification to criminals. It is time it should turn its light on the great mass of suffering men and women, — ill-fed, rude, and perverted, it may be, yet simple, laborious, and unconsciously altruistic, — who, despite their misery and hunger, remain honest, and obey the human sentiment that revolts against the idea of doing violence to a fellow creature.

Enrico Ferri.

THE JUGGLER.

XIII.

WHEN this crisis supervened, Lucien Royce was at New Helvetia Springs, at the bowling-alley. His resolution that the beautiful girl, whom he had learned to adore at a distance, should never see him again in a guise so unworthy of him, of his true position in life, and of his antecedents, collapsed one day in an incident which was a satiric comment upon its importance. He met her unexpectedly face to face in the mountain woods, within a few miles of the Cove, one of a joyous young equestrian party, and riding like the wind. The plainness of the black habit, the hat, the high close white collar, seemed to embellish her beauty, in that no adornments frivolously diverted the attention from the perfection of its detail. The flush on her cheek, the light in her eye, the lissome grace of her slender figure, all attested the breezy delight in the swift motion; her smile shone down upon him like the sudden revelation of a star in the midst of a closing cloud, when he sprang forward and handed her the whip which she had dropped at the moment of passing, before the cavalier at her side could dismount to recover it. A polite inclination of the head, a murmur of thanks, a broadside of those absolutely unrecognizing eyes, and she was gone.

She evidently had no remembrance of him. His alert intuition could have detected it in her face if she had. For her he had no existence. He thought, as he walked on into the silence and the wilderness, of his resolution and his self-denial, and he laughed bitterly at the futility of the one and the pangs of the other. He need never wince to be so lowly placed, so mean, so humble, for she never thought of him. He need not fear to go near her, to haunt, like the ghost he was, her ways in life, for she would

never look at him, she would never realize that he was near; for most people are thus insensible of spectral influences.

When he sat for the first time on a bench against the wall, by the door of the bowling-alley, with two or three mountaineers whose lethargic curiosity — their venison or peaches having been sold — was excited in a degree by the spectacle of the game of tenpins, he had much ado to control the agitation that beset him, a certain sensation in his throat as if some sharp blade grazed and rasped it internally. But after this day he came often, availing himself of the special courtesy observed by the players in providing a bench for the mountaineers, as spectators who were indeed never intrusive or out of place, and generally of most listless and uninterested attitude toward the freaks and frivolities of New Helvetia. This attention seemed a gracious and kindly condescension, and flattered a conscious sentiment of *noblesse oblige*. There were other spectators, of better quality, on the other side of the long low building, — the elders among the sojourners at New Helvetia Springs, — while down the centre, between the two alleys, were the benches on which the players were ranged.

She was sometimes among these, always graceful and girlish, with a look of innocence in her eyes like some sweet child's, but wearing her youth and beauty like a crown, with that unique touch of dignity suggestive of a splendid future development, and that these days, lovely though they might be, were not destined to be her best. One might have pitied the hot envy he felt toward the youths who handed her the balls and applauded her play, and hung about near her, and talked in the intervals, — so foolish, so hopeless, so bitter it was. Sometimes he heard her responses: little of note, the

talk of a girl of his day and world, but animated with a sort of individuality, a something like herself, — or did he fancy it was like no one else? He had met his fate too late; this was the one woman in all the world for him. She could have made of him anything she would. His heart stirred with a vague impulse of reminiscent ambitions that might have been facts had she come earlier. He loved her, and he felt that never before had he loved. The slight spurious evanescent emotion, evoked from idleness or folly or caprice, in sundry remembered episodes of his old world, or evolved in the desert of his loneliness for Euphemia, — how vain, how unreal, how ephemeral, how unjustified! But she who would have been the supreme power in his life had come at last — and come too late. How truly he reasoned he knew well, as he sat in his humble garb amongst his uncouth associates on the segregated bench, and heard the thunder of the balls and the swift steps of the lightly passing figures at the head of the alley; but surely he should not have been capable of an added pang when he discerned, with a sense almost as impersonal as if he were indeed the immaterial essence he claimed to be, her fate in the identity of a lately arrived guest. This was a man of middle height and slender, about thirty-five years of age, with a slight bald spot on the top of his well-shaped head. He had a keen narrow face, an inexpressive calm manner, and was evidently a personage of weight in the world of men, sustaining a high social and financial consideration. He did not take part in the game. He leaned against a pillar near her, and bent over her, and talked to her in the intervals of her play. When he was not in attendance on her he was with her parents. His mission here was most undisguised, and it seemed to the poor juggler that the fortunate suitor was but a personified conventionality, whom no woman could truly love, and who could truly love no woman.

When once he had acquired the sense of invisibility, he put no curb on his poor and humble cravings to see her, to hear the sound of her voice albeit she spoke only to others. Every day found him on the mountaineers' bench at the bowling-alley, sometimes alone, sometimes in grotesque company, the ridicule, he knew, of the young and thoughtless; and he had no care if he were ridiculed too. Sometimes she came, and he was dreadingly happy. Frequently she was absent, and in dull despair he sat and dreamed of her till the game was done. He grew to love the inanimate things she touched, the dress she wore; he even loved best that which she wore most often, and his heart lightened when he recognized it, as if the sight of it were some boon of fate, and their common preference for it a bond of sympathy. Once she came in late from a walk in the woods, wearing white, with a purple cluster of the wild verberna at her bosom. There was a blossom fallen upon the floor after they were all gone. He saw it as it slipped down, and he waited, and then, in the absolute solitude, with a furtive gesture he picked it up, and after that he always wore it, folded in a bit of paper, over his heart.

In the midst of this absorbing emotion Lucien Royce did not feel the pangs of supplantation till the fact had been repeatedly driven home. When, returning from New Helvetia, he would find Jack Ormsby sitting on the steps of the cabin porch, talking to Euphemia, he welcomed as a relief the opportunity to betake himself and his bitter brooding thoughts down to the bank of the river, where he was wont to walk to and fro under the white stars, heedless of the joyous voices floating down to him, deaf to all save the inflections of a voice in his memory. He began gradually to note with a dull surprise Euphemia's scant, overlooking glance when her eyes must needs turn toward him; her indifferent manner, — even averse, it might seem; her disaffected languor save when Jack Orms-

by's shadow fell athwart the door. In some sort Royce had grown obtuse to all except the sentiment that enthralled him. Under normal circumstances he would have detected instantly the flimsy pretense with which she sought to stimulate his jealousy, to restore his allegiance, to sustain her pride. She had not dreamed that her hold upon his heart, gained only by reason of his loneliness and despair and the distastefulness of his surroundings, had slackened the instant a deep and real love took possession of him. She had not divined this hopeless, silent love — from afar, from infinite lengths of despair! — for another. She only knew that somehow he had grown oblivious of her, and was much absent from her. This touched her pride, her fatal pride! And thus she played off Jack Ormsby against him as best she might, and held her head very high.

The sense of desertion inflicted upon him only a dull pain. He said listlessly to himself, his pride untouched, that she had not really loved him, that she had been merely fascinated for a time by the novelty of the "readin's," and now she cared for them and him no more. He recalled the readiness with which she had forsworn her earlier lover, when his conscience had conflicted with her pride, and this seeming fickleness was accented anew in the later change. Royce tacitly acquiesced in it, no longer struggling as he had done at first with a sense of loyalty to her, but giving himself up to his hopeless dream, precious even in its conscious futility.

How long this quiescent state might have proved more pleasure than pain it is hard to say. There suddenly came into its melancholy serenities a wild tumult of uncertainty, a mad project, a patent possibility that set his brain on fire and his heart plunging. He argued within himself — with some doubting, denying, forbidding instinct of self-immolation, as it seemed, that had somehow attained full control of him in these days — that

in one sense he was fully the equal of Miss Fordyce, as well born, as well bred, as she, as carefully trained in all the essentials that regulate polite society. She would sustain no derogation if he could contrive an entrance to her social circle, and meet her there as an equal. He had heard from the fragmentary gossip mention of people in New Orleans, familiars of her circle, to whom he was well known. He did not doubt that his father's name and standing would be instantly recognized by her father, Judge Archibald Fordyce, — the sojourners at New Helvetia were identifiable to him now by name, — or indeed by any man of consequence of his acquaintance. Under normal circumstances the formality of an introduction would be a matter of course. If she had chanced to spend a winter in St. Louis, he would doubtless have danced with her at a dozen different places; he wondered blankly if he would then have adequately valued the privilege! He felt now that he would give his life for a touch of her hand, a look of her eyes fixed upon him observingly; how the utter neutrality of her glance hurt him! He would give his soul for the bliss of one waltz. He trembled as he realized how possible, how easily and obviously practicable, this had become.

For the tableaux and fancy-dress ball had been so relished by the more juvenile element of New Helvetia that the successor of that festivity was already projected. This was in the nature of a "calico ball," to be a grotesquerie in costume and mask, exclusively of facetious characters. The masks were deemed essential by the small designers of the entertainment, since the secrets of the various disguises had not been carefully kept, and these vizards were ingenuously relied on to protect the incognito of certain personages garbed, with the aid of sympathetic elders, as Dolly Varden, Tilly Slowboy (with a rag-doll baby furnished with a head proof against banging on door-frames or elbows), Sir John Fal-

staff, three feet high, Robinson Crusoe, and similar celebrities. The whole affair was esteemed a tedious superfluity by the youths of twenty and a few years upward, already a trifle blasé, who sometimes lingered and talked and smoked in the bowling-alley after the game was finished and the ladies had gone. It was from overhearing this chat that Royce learned that although the majority, tired with one effort of devising costumes, had declined to go in calico and in character, still, in deference to the style of the entertainment and the importunity of the children who had projected it, they had agreed to attend in mask. Their out-of-door attire of knickerbockers and flannel shirts and blazers ought to be deemed, they thought, shabby enough to appease the "tacky" requirements of the juvenile managers; for they were pleased to call their burlesque masquerade a "tacky party," calico as a fabric not being *de rigueur*.

Then it was that Royce realized his opportunity. The knickerbockers and flannel shirt, the red-and-black blazer and russet shoes, in which he had entered Etowah Cove, now stowed away in the roof-room of Tubal Cain Sims's house, were not more the worse for wear than much of such attire at New Helvetia Springs after a few weeks of mountain rambles. Ten minutes in the barber-shop of the hotel, at a late hour when it would be deserted by its ordinary patrons, would put him in trim for the occasion, and doubtless its functionaries who had never seen him would fancy him in this dress a newly arrived guest of the hotel or of some of the New Helvetia summer cottagers. He had even a prevision of the free and casual gesture with which he would hand an attendant a quarter of a dollar and send across the road to the store for a mask. And then — and then — he could feel already the rhythm of the waltz music beating in every pulse; he breathed even now the breeze quickening in the motion of the dance, en-

dowed with the sweetness of the zephyrs of the seventh heaven. It was she — she alone — whom he would care to approach; the rest, they were as naught! One touch of her hand, the rapture of one waltz, and he would be ready to throw himself over the bluff; for he would have attained the uttermost happiness that earth could bestow upon him now.

And suddenly he was ready to throw himself over the bluff that he should even have dreamed this dream. For all that his pulses still beat to the throb of that mute strain, that his eyes were alight with an unrealized joy, that the half quiver, half smile of a visionary expectation lingered at his lips, the red rush of indignant humiliation covered his face and tingled to the very tips of his fingers. He was far on the road between the Cove and the Springs, and he paused in the solitude that he might analyze this thing, and see where he stood and whither he was tending. He, of all men in the world, an intruder, a partaker of pleasures designed exclusively for others! He to wear a mask where he might not dare to show his face! He to scheme to secure from Her, — from *Her!* — through false pretenses, under the mistake that he was another, a notice, a word, chance phrases, the touch of her confiding hand, the ecstasy of a waltz! He had no words for himself! He was an exile and peniless. He had no identity. He could reveal himself only to be falsely suspected of a vile robbery in a position of great trust; any lapse of caution would consign him to years of unjust imprisonment in a felon's cell. He was the very sport of a cruel fate. He had naught left of all the lavish earthly endowments with which he had begun life but his own estimate of his own sense of honor. And this was still precious to him. Bereft as he was, he was still a gentleman at heart. He claimed that, — he demanded of himself his own recognition as such. Never again, he determined, as he began to walk slowly along

the road once more, never again should expert sophistries tempt him. He would not argue his equality with her, his birth, his education, the social position of his people. It was enough to reflect that if she knew all she would shrink from him. He would not again seek refuge in the impossibility that his identity could be discovered as a guest at the ball. He would not contemplate the ignoble advantage. He would not plead as a set-off against the deception how innocent its intention, how transient, how venial a thing it was. And lest in his loneliness, — for since the atmosphere of his old world had come once more into his lungs he was as isolated in the Sims household, he found its air as hard to breathe, as if he were in an exhausted receiver, — in his despair, in the hardship of his lot, in the deep, deep misery of the first true, earnest, and utterly hopeless love of his life, some fever of wild enterprise should rise like a delirium in his brain, and confuse his sense of right and wrong, and palsy his capacity for resistance, and counsel disguise, and destroy his reverent appreciation of what was due to Her, he would put it beyond his power ever to masquerade in the likeness of his own self and the status of his own true position in the world; he would render it necessary that he should always appear before Her in the absolutely false and contemptible rôle of a country boor, an uncouth, unlettered clown.

At this paradox of his conclusion he burst into a grim laugh; then — for he would no longer meddle with these subtle distinctions of right and wrong, where, in the metamorphoses of deduction, the false became true, and interchangeably the true was false — he began to run, and in the strong vivacity of his pride in his physical prowess he was able to reflect that better time was seldom made by an amateur, unless for a short spurt, than the pace he kept to the Sims cabin. He would not let himself think in the roof-room while he rolled the clothes

into a bundle. He set his teeth and breathed hard as he recognized a certain pleasure which his finger-tips derived from the very touch of the soft, fine texture of the cloth, and realized how tenuous was the quality of his resolution, how quick he must needs be to carry into effect the conclusions of his sober judgment, lest he waver anew. He was out again and a mile away before he began to debate the disposition which it would be best to make of the bundle under his arm. He thought with a momentary regret of Mrs. Sims's kitchen fire, over which doubtless Euphemia was now bending, busy with the johnny-cake for the evening meal. He dismissed the thought on the instant. The feminine ideas of economy would never suffer the destruction of so much good all wool gear, whatever its rescue might cost in the future. Moreover, it would be inexplicable. He could get a spade and bury the bundle, — and dig it up, too, the next time this mad, unworthy temptation should assail him. He could throw it into the river, and some one might fish it out, recognize it as his property, and call him to account for the mystery of its destruction.

Suddenly he remembered the lime-kiln. The greater portion of its product had been used long ago, but the residue still lay unslaked in the dry rock-house, and more than once, in passing, he had noted the great boulder rolled to the aperture and securely closing it against the entrance of air and moisture. The place was in the immediate vicinity, and somehow, although he had been there often since, the predominant impression in his mind, when he reached the jutting promontory of rock and gazed down at the sea of foliage in the Cove, that surely had once known the ebb and flow of tides other than the spring bourgeonings and the autumn desiccations, was the reminiscence of that early time in Etowah Cove when he had stood here in the white glare from the lime-kiln and watched that

strange anamorphous presentment of the lime-burner's face through the shimmering medium of the uprising heat. He seemed to see it again, all unaware that now, in its normal proportions, that face looked down upon him from the height of the cliff above, albeit its fright, its surprise, its crafty intimations, its malevolence, distorted it hardly less than the strange effects of the writhing currents of heat and air in that dark night so long ago.

The young man hesitated once more as he unrolled the garments. He had a certain conscientious reverence for property and order; it was with a distinct wrench of volition that he would destroy aught of even small value. As he seated himself on the ledge, shaking out the natty black-and-red blazer, he recognized the melody that was mechanically murmuring through his lips, — again, still again, the measures of a waltz, that waltz through whose enchanted rhythms he had fancied that he and she might dreamily drift together. He sprang to his feet in a panic. With one mighty effort he flung the great boulder aside. Hastily he dropped the garments into the rock-house, and with a long staff stirred the depths of the lime till it rose above them. More than once he was fain to step back from the scorching air and the smarting white powder that came in puffs from the interior.

"That's enough," he muttered mockingly after a moment, as he stood with his muscles relaxed, sick with the sentiment of the renunciation of the world which the demolition of the civilized garb included in its significance. "I cannot undertake to dance with any fine lady in this toggerly now; she'd think I had come straight from hell. And," with a swift change of countenance, "so I have! — so I have!"

Then, with his habitual carefulness where any commercial interest, however small, was concerned, he roused himself, wrenched the great boulder back into its

place, noting here and there a crevice, and filling it with smaller stones and earth that no air might gain admission; and with one final close scrutiny of the entrance he took his way into the dense laurel and the gathering dusk, all unaware of the peering, suspicious, frightened face and angry eyes that watched him from the summit of the cliff above.

The discipline of life had certain subduing effects on Lucien Royce. He felt very much tamed when next he took a seat upon the bench placed aside in the corner of the bowling-alley, to affect to watch the game, but in truth to give his humble despair what added pain it might call pleasure and clutch as solace, by the sight of her smiles won by happier men, the sound of her voice, the meagre realities of the day to supplement the lavish and fantastic visions of his dreams. He had reached the point where expectation fails. He looked only for the eventless routine of the alley, — the hour of amusement for the others, the lingering separation, the silence of the deserted building, and the living on the recollection of a glance of the eye, a turn of the head, a displaced tendril of hair, softly curling, until to-morrow, or the next day, or the next, should give him the precious privilege of making such observations for the sustenance of his soul through another interval of absence. Suddenly, his heart, dully beating on through these dreary days, began to throb wildly, and he gazed with quickening interest at the scene before him: the long narrow shell of a building with the frequent windows where the green leaves looked in, the brown unplastered walls, the dark rafters rising into the shadowy roof, and the crossing of the great beams into which records of phenomenal successions of ten strikes were cut by the vaunting winners of matches, with their names and the dates of the event, the year of the Lord methodically affixed, as if these deeds were such as were to be cherished by posterity. Down the smooth and

shining alley a ball was rolling. Miss Gertrude Fordyce, wearing a sheer green-and-white dress of simple lawn and a broad hat trimmed with ferns, was standing at the head of the alley, about to receive her second ball from the hands of a blond young cavalier in white flannels. Royce had seen him often since the morning when he had observed him giving his valuable advice as to the erection of the stage in the ballroom, and knew that he was Millden Seymour, just admitted to the bar, with a reputation for talent, an intelligent face, and a smooth and polished *bonhomie* of manner; he was given to witty sayings, and was a little too intent upon the one he was exploiting at this moment to notice that the pins at the further end had not been set up, the hotel functionary detailed for that duty not having arrived. She hesitated, with the ball in her hand, in momentary embarrassment, the color in her cheeks and a laugh in her eyes.

Royce sprang up, and running lightly down by the side of the alley placed the pins in readiness to receive her second ball; then stood soberly aside, his hat in his hand, as if to watch the execution of the missile.

"How very polite!" said one of the chaperons over her knitting to another. "I often notice that young man. He seems to take so much interest in the game."

This trifling devoir, however, which he had not hesitated to offer to a lady, savored of servility in its appropriation by a man. Nevertheless, he was far too discreet, too well aware of what was due to Her, to allow the attention to seem a personal tribute from him. He cursed his officiousness, notwithstanding, as he bent down to set the tenpins in place for the second player, who happened to be the smart young cavalier. Only with an effort he conserved his blithe air and a certain amiable alacrity as through a round or two of the game he continued to set up the pins; but when the flustered

and hurried bell-boy whose duty he had performed came panting in, Royce could have broken the recreant's head with right good will, and he would not restrain a tendency to relapse into his old gait and pose, which had no savor of meekness, as he sauntered up the side of the alley to his former seat beside the mountaineers, who had gazed stolidly at his performance.

Royce noted that one or two of the more athletic of the young men had followed his movements with attention. "Confound you!" he said to himself irritably. "I am man enough to throw you over that beam, and you are hardly so stupid as to fail to know it."

Miss Fordyce had not turned her eyes toward him, — no more, he said to himself, than if he had been the side of the wall. And notwithstanding the insignia of civilization thrust out of sight into the quicklime and the significance of their destruction, and the flagellant anguish of the discipline of hopelessness and humiliation, he felt this as a burning injustice and grief, and the next instant asked himself in disdain what could such a man gain that she should look at him in his lowly and humble estate?

Royce brooded gloomily upon these ideas during the rest of the game; and when the crowd had departed, and he had risen to take leave of the scene that he lived by, he noticed, with only the sense that his way was blocked, several of the young men lingering about the door. They had been glancing at him, and as one of them, — it was Seymour, — in a very propitiatory manner, approached him, he became suddenly aware that they had been discussing the appropriateness of offering him a gratuity for setting up the tenpins in the heat and dust while they played. Seymour was holding out their joint contributions in his hand; but his affability was petrified upon his countenance as his mild eyes caught the fiery glance which Royce flung at the group, and marked the furious flush which suf-

fused neck and face and ears as he realized their intention. It was a moment of mutual embarrassment. They meant no offense, and he knew it. Had he been what he seemed, it would have been shabby in the last degree to accept such friendly offices with no tender of remuneration. Royce's ready tact served to slacken the tension.

"Here," he said abruptly, but despite his easy manner his voice trembled, "let me show you something."

He took a silver quarter of a dollar from the handful of small change still mechanically extended, and, turning to a table which held a tray with glasses, he played the trick with the goblet and the bit of money that had so interested the captain of the ill-fated steamboat on the night when Lucien Royce perished so miserably to the world. It was with a good-natured feigning of interest that the young men pressed round, at first, all willing to aid the salving of the honest pride which their offering had evidently so lacerated. But this gave way to an excitement that had rarely been paralleled at New Helvetia Springs, as feat succeeded feat. The juggler was eager now to get away, having served his purpose of eluding their bounty, but this was more difficult than he had anticipated. He feared troublesome questions, but beyond a "Say, how in thunder did you learn all this?" there were none; and the laconic response, "From a traveling fellow," seemed to allay their curiosity.

After a little he forgot their ill-starred benevolence; his spirits began to expand in this youthful society, the tone of which was native to him, and from which he had long been an outcast. He began to reflect subacutely that the idea of a fugitive from justice would not occur to them so readily as to the mountaineers, who were nearer the plane of the ranks from which criminals are usually recruited, being the poor and the humble. He might seem to them, perhaps, a man edu-

cated beyond his prospects in life and his station, and ashamed of both; such types are not altogether unknown. Or perhaps he might be rustivating in this humble fashion, being a person of small means, or a man with some latent malady, sojourning here for health, and of a lower grade of society. "For they tell me," he said scornfully to himself, "that such people have lungs and livers like the best of us!" He might be a native touched by some unhallowed ambition, and, having tried his luck in the outer world, flung back upon his despised beginnings and out of a job. He might be the schoolmaster in the Cove, of a vastly higher grade than the native product, doubtless, but these young swells were themselves new to the mountains, and hardly likely to evolve accurate distinctions. He felt sure that the idea of crime would occur to these gay butterflies the most remotely of all the possible solutions of the anomalies of his presence and his garb. He began to give himself up unconsciously to the mild pleasure of their association; their chatter, incongruously enough, revived his energies and solaced his feelings like some suave balm. But he experienced a quick repulsion and a start of secret terror when two or three, having consulted apart for a few moments, joined the group again, and called upon him to admire their "cheek," as they phrased it, in the proposition they were about to make, — no less than that he should consent to perform some of his wonderful feats of sleight of hand at an entertainment which they proposed to give at New Helvetia. They explained to him, as if he had not grievous cause to know already, that the young ladies had devised a series of tableaux followed by a ball; that the children had scored a stunning success in a "tacky party;" that the married people had preëmpted the not very original idea of a *fête champêtre*, and to preclude any unmannerly jumping of their claim had fixed the

date, wind and weather permitting, and had formally bidden the guests, all the summer birds at New Helvetia Springs. And now it devolved upon the young men to do their part toward whiling away time for the general pleasure, — a task for which, oddly enough, they were not so well equipped as one might imagine. They were going to give a dramatic entertainment upon the stage erected for the tableaux in the ballroom, which still stood, it being cheaper, the proprietor remarked, to leave it there than to erect it anew; for no one could be sure when the young people would want it again. There would be college songs first, glees and so forth, and they made much of the prestige of a banjo-player in their ranks. Some acrobatic feats by the more athletic youths were contemplated, but much uneasiness was felt because a budding *littérateur* — this was again Mr. Seymour — was giving token of a total breakdown in a farce he was writing for the occasion, entitled *The New Woman*, which, though beginning with aplomb and brilliancy, showed no signs of reaching a conclusion, — a flattering tribute to the permanence of the subject. Mr. Seymour might not have it completed by the date fixed. The skill of this amateur prestidigitator would serve to fill the breach if the playwright should not be ready; and even if inspiration should smile upon him and bring him in at the finish, the jugglery would enliven the long waits while the scenes were being prepared and the costumes changed.

Royce, with a sudden accession of prudence, refused plumply; a sentiment of recoil possessed him. He felt the pressure of the surprise and the uncertainty like a positive pain as he sat perched on the high window-sill, and gazed out into the blank unresponsiveness of the undergrowth of the forest, wilting in the heat of a hazy noon. The young men forbore to urge him; that delicate point of offering money, obviously so very

nettling to his pride, which seemed altogether a superfluous luxury for a man in his position, hampered them. He might, however, be in the habit of giving exhibitions for pay; for aught they knew, the discussion of the honorarium was in order. But they had been schooled by the incident of the morning; even the quarter of a dollar which had lent itself to the nimble gyrations of *legerdemain* had found its way by some unimagined art of jugglery into the pocket of its owner, and Millden Seymour, who had a bland proclivity to smooth rough places and enjoy a refined peace of mind, was swearing by all his gods that it should stay there until more appropriately elicited.

An odd thing it was, the juggler was feeling, that without a moment's hesitation he should accept the box receipts of the show in the Cove, on which he had subsisted for weeks, and yet in his uttermost necessity he could not have brooked appearing as a juggler before the sojourners at New Helvetia Springs for his own benefit. The one audience represented the general public, he supposed, and was far from him. The other he felt as his own status, his set; and he could as soon have handed around the hat, after one of the snug little bachelor dinners he used to be so fond of giving in St. Louis, as ask remuneration for his assistance in this amateur entertainment of the young butterflies at New Helvetia.

He burst into abrupt and sardonic laughter as he divined their line of cogitation, and realized how little they could imagine the incongruities of his responsive mental processes. In the quick change from a pondering gravity to this repellent gayety there was something of the atmosphere of a rude rebuff, and a certain dignity and distance informed the manner of the few who still lounged about with their cigars. Royce hastened to nullify this. They had shown much courtesy to one of his low degree, and although he knew — from experience,

poor fellow — that it was prompted not so much by a perception of his deserts as by a realization of their own, it being the conduct and sentiment which graced them and which they owed to persons of their condition, he had no wish to be rude, even though it might seem that he owed a man in *his* position nothing.

"Oh, I'll help you," he said hastily, "though we shall have to rig up some sort of properties. But I don't need much."

The talk fell upon these immediately, and he forthwith perceived that he was in for it. And why not? he asked himself. How did it endanger him, or why should he shun it? All the Cove and the countryside for twenty miles around knew of his feats of sleight of hand; and since accident had revealed his knack to this little coterie of well-bred and well-placed young men, why should he grudge the exhibition to the few scores of ladies and children at New Helvetia, to aid the little diversion of the evening? His scruples could have no force now, for this would bring him — the social pariah! — no nearer to them than when he sat by the tenpin alley and humbly watched his betters play. The episode of the jugglery, once past, would be an old story and bereft of interest. He would have had his little day, basking in the sun of the applause of his superiors, and would sink back to his humble obscurity at the side of the bowling-alley. Should he show any disposition to presume upon the situation, he realized that they well understood the art of repressing a forward inferior. The entertainment contemplated no subsequent social festivities. The programme, made out with many an interlineation, had been calculated to occupy all the time until eleven o'clock; and Royce, looking at it with the accustomed eye of a manager of private theatricals, felt himself no prophet to discern that midnight would find the exhausted audience still seated, enjoying that royal good measure of amusement

always meted out by bounteous amateurs. Throughout the evening he would be immured with the other young men in the close little pens which served for dressing and green rooms, — for all the actors in the farce were to be men, — save for the fraction of time when his jugglery should necessitate his presence on the stage. True, Miss Fordyce, should she patronize the entertainment, might then have to look at him somewhat more discerningly than she would look at the wall, perhaps! It could surely do her no harm. She had seen worse men, he protested, with eager self-assertion. She owed him that much, — one glance, one moment's cognition of his existence. It was not much to ask. He had made a great sacrifice for her sake, and all unknown to her. He had had regard to her estimate of her dignity and held it dear. He had done her reverence from the depths of his heart, regardless that it cost him his last hope.

The powers of the air were gradually changing at New Helvetia Springs. The light of the days had grown dull and gray. Masses of white vapor gathered in the valley, rising, and rising, and filling all its depths and slopes, as if it were the channel of some great river, till only the long level line of the summit of the opposite range showed above the impalpable tides in the similitude of the furthest banks of the great stream. It was a suggestive resemblance to Lucien Royce, and he winced as he looked upon it. He was not sorry when it had gone, for the gathering mists soon pervaded the forests, and hid cliffs and abysses and even the familiar path, save for the step before the eye, and in this still whiteness all the world was lost; at last one could only hear — for it too shared the invisibilities — the rain falling in its midst, steadily, drearily, all the day and all the long, long hours of the black night. The bowling-alley was deserted; lawn-tennis had succumbed to the weather; the horses stood in the stalls. One might never

know that the hotel at New Helvetia Springs existed except that now and again, in convolutions of mist as it rolled, a gable high up might reveal itself for a moment, or a peaked turret, or a dormer window; unless indeed one were a ghost, to find some spectral satisfaction in slipping viewless through the white enveloping nullity, and gazing in at the window of the great parlor, where a log fire was ruddily aflame and the elders read their newspapers or worked their tidies, and the youth swung in rocking-chairs and exchanged valuable ideas, and played cards, and read a novel aloud, and hung in groups about the tortured piano. So close stood a poor ghost to the window one day, risking observation, that he might have read, over the charming outline of sloping shoulders clad faultlessly in soft gray cloth, the page of the novel which Miss Fordyce had brought there to catch the light; so close that he might have heard every syllable of the conversation which ensued when the man in whom he discovered her destiny — the cold, inexpressive-looking, “personified conventionality” — came and sat beside her on the sofa. But the poor ghost had more scruples than reality of existence, and, still true to the sanctions that control gentlemen in a world in which he had no more part, he turned hastily away that no syllable might reach him. And as he turned he ran almost into the arms of a man who had been tramping heavily up and down the veranda in the white obscurities, all unaware of his propinquity. It might have been better if he had!

XIV.

For there were strangers at New Helvetia, — two men who knew nobody and whom nobody knew. Perhaps in all the history of the watering-place this instance was the first. The patronage of New Helvetia, like that of many other secluded southern watering places, had

been for generations among the same clique of people, all more or less allied by kindred or hereditary friendship, or close association in their respective homes or in business interests, and the traditions of the place were community property. So significant was the event that it could scarcely escape remark. More than one of the hereditary sojourners observed to the others that the distance of fifty miles from a railroad over the worst stage-road in America seemed, after all, no protection. And around the flaring, flaring red fire, in the heart of the sad, gray day, they all hearkened with gloomy forecast to a dread tale recounted by a knowing old lady who came here on her bridal tour, sixty years ago, of the sudden prosperity, popularity, and utter ruin of a secluded little watering-place some hundred miles distant, which included the paradoxical statement that nobody went there any more, and yet that this summer it is so crowded that wild rumors prevail that they have to put men to sleep on the billiard-tables and on the piano, only because a railroad had invaded the quiet contiguous valleys. There was no railroad near New Helvetia, yet here were two strange men who knew nobody, whom nobody knew, and who seemed not even to know each other. They were of types which the oldest inhabitant failed to recognize. One was a quiet, decorous, reserved person who might be easily overlooked in a crowd, so null was his aspect. The other had good, hearty, aggressive, rural suggestions about him. He was as stiffly upright as a ramrod, and he marched about like a grenadier. He smoked and chewed strong, rank tobacco. He flourished a red-bordered cotton handkerchief. He had been carefully trimmed and shaved by his barber for the occasion, but alas, the barber's embellishments can last but from day to day, and the rougher guise of his life was betrayed in certain small habitudes, conspicuous among which were an oblivious-

ness of many uses of a fork and an astonishing temerity in the thrusting of his knife down his throat at the dinner-table.

The two strangers appeared on the evening of the dramatic entertainment among the other guests of the hotel in the ballroom, as spectators of the "Unrivalled Attraction" profusely billed in the parlor, the office of the hotel, and the tenpin alley. The rain dashed tempestuously against the long windows, and the sashes now and again trembled and clattered in their frames, for the mountain wind was rising. Ever and anon the white mist that pressed with pallid presence against the panes shivered convulsively, and was torn away into the savagery of the fastnesses without and the wild night, returning persistently, as if with some fatal affinity for the bright lights and the warm atmosphere that would annihilate its tenuous existence with but a single breath. The blended sound of the torrents and the shivering gusts was punctuated by the slow dripping from the eaves of the covered walks within the quadrangle close at hand, that fell with monotonous iteration and elastic rebound from the flagging below, and was of dreary intimations distinct amid the ruder turmoil of the elements. But a cheerful spirit pervaded the well-housed audience, perhaps the more grateful for the provision for pleasantly passing the long hours of a rainy evening in the country, since it did not snatch them from alternative pleasures; from languid strolls on moonlit verandas, or contemplative cigars in the perfumed summer woods under the stars, or choice conferences with kindred spirits in the little observatory that overhung the slopes. The Unrivalled Attraction had been opportunely timed to fill an absolute void, and it could not have been presented before more leniently disposed spectators than those rescued from the jaws of unutterable ennui. There was a continuous subdued ripple of laughter and stir of fans and murmur of talk amongst them; but al-

though richly garbed in compliment to the occasion, the brilliancy of their appearance was somewhat reduced by the tempered light in which it was essential that the audience should sit throughout the performance and between the acts, for the means at the command of the Unrivalled Attraction were not capable of compassing the usual alternations of illumination, and the full and permanent glare of splendor was reserved to suffuse the stage. The audience was itself an object of intense interest to the actors behind the scenes, and there was no interval in which the small rent made in the curtain for the purpose of observation was not utilized by one or another of the excited youths, tremulous with premonitions of a fiasco, from the time when the first groups entered the hall to the triumphant moment when it became evident that all New Helvetia was turning out to honor the occasion, and that they were to display their talents to a full house. It was only when the stir of preparation became tumultuous — one or two intimations of impatience from the long-waiting audience serving to admonish the performers — that Lucien Royce found an opportunity to peer out in his turn upon the scene in the dusky clare-obscure. Here and there the yellow globes of the shaded lamps shed abroad their tempered golden lustre, and occasionally there came to his eye a pearly gleam from a fluttering fan, or the prismatic glitter of a diamond, or the ethereal suggestion of a girl in a white gown in the midst of such sombre intimations of red and brown and deeply purple and black in the costumes of the dark-robed elders that they might hardly be accounted as definite color in the scale of chromatic values. With such a dully rich background and the dim twilight about her, the figure and face of the girl he sought showed as if in the glammers of some inherent light, reminding him of that illuminating touch in the method of certain painters whose works he had

seen in art galleries, in which the radiance seems to be in the picture, independent of the skylight, and as if equally visible in the darkest night. She wore a light green dress of some silken texture, so faint of hue that the shadows of the soft folds appeared white. It was fashioned with a long, slim bodice, cut square in the neck, and a high, flaring ruff of delicate old lace, stiff with a Medici effect, which rose framing the rounded throat and small head with its close and high-piled coils of black hair, through which was thrust a small comb of carved coral of the palest possible hue. She might have been a picture, so still and silent she sat, so definitely did the light emanate from her, so completely did the effect of the pale, lustrous hues of her attire reduce to the vague nullities of a mere background the nebulous dark and neutral tints about her. How long Royce stood and gazed with all his heart in his eyes he never knew. He saw naught else. He heard naught of the stir of the audience, or the wild wind without, or the babel upon the stage where he was. He came to himself only when he was clutched by the arm and admonished to clear the track, for at last, at last the curtain was to be rung up.

What need to dwell on the tremulous eagerness and wild despair of that moment, — the glee club all ranged in order on the stage, and with heart-thumping expectation, the brisk and self-sufficient tinkle of the bell, the utter blank immovableness of the curtain, the subdued delight of the audience? Another tinnabulation, agitated and querulous; a mighty tug at the wings; a shiver in the fabric, a sort of convulsion of the texture, and the curtain goes up in slow doubt, — all awry and bias, it is true, but still revealing the “musicianers,” a trifle dashed and taken aback, but meeting a warm and reassuring reception which they do not dream is partly in tribute to the clownish tricks of the curtain.

Royce, suddenly all in heart, exila-

rated by the mere sight of her, flung himself ardently into the preparations progressing in the close little pens on either side and at the rear of the stage. The walls of these were mere partitions reaching up only some ten feet toward the ceiling, and they were devoid of any exit save through the stage and the eye of the public. Hence it had been necessary that all essentials should be carefully looked to and provided in advance. Now and then, however, a wild alarm arose because of the apparent non-existence of some absolutely indispensable article of attire or furniture, to be succeeded by embarrassed silence on the part of the mourner when the thing in question was found, and a meek submission to the half-suppressed expletives of the rest of the uselessly perturbed company. It was a scene of mad turmoil. Young men already half clad in feminine attire were struggling with the remainder of their unaccustomed raiment, — the actors to take part in the farce *The New Woman*. Others were in their white flannel suits, — no longer absolutely white, — hot, dusty, perspiring, the scene-shifters and the curtain contingent, all lugubriously wiping their heated brows and blaming one another. The mandolin and banjo players, in faultless evening dress, stood out of the rush and kept themselves tidy. And now arose a nice question, in the discussion of which all took part, becoming oblivious, for the time, of the audience without and the tra-la-la-ing of the glee singers, the boyish tones of argument occasionally rising above these melodious numbers. It was submitted that in case the audience should call for the author of *The New Woman*, — and it would indeed be unmannerly to omit this, — the playwright ought to be in full dress to respond, considering the circumstances, the place, and the full dress of the audience. And here he was in his white flannel trousers and a pink-and-white striped blazer at this hour of the night, and his room a quarter of a mile

away in a pitching mountain rain, whither certain precisians would fain have him hie to bedizen himself. He listened to this with a downcast eye and a sinking heart, and doubtless would have acted on the admonition save for the ludicrous effect of emerging before the audience as he was, and returning to meet the same audience in the blaze of full-dress glory.

"It's no use talking," he said at last, decisively. "We are caught here like rats in a trap. There is no way of getting out without being seen. I wonder I did n't think to have a door cut."

Repeatedly there rose on the air the voice of one who was a slow study repeating the glib lines of *The New Woman*; and once something very closely approximating a quarrel ensued upon the discovery that the budding author, already parsimonious with literary material, had transferred a joke from the mouth of one character to that of another; the robbed actor came in a bounding fury and his mother's false hair, mildly parted and waving away from his fierce, keen young face and flashing eyes, to demand of the author-manager its restoration. His decorous stiffly lined skirts bounced tumultuously with his swift springs forward, and his fists beneath the lace frill of his sleeves were held in a belligerent muscular adjustment.

"It's *my* joke," he asseverated vehemently, as if he had cracked it himself. "My speech is ruined without it, world without end! I will have it back! I will! I will!" he declared as violently as if he could possess the air that would vibrate with the voice of the actor who went on first, and could put his collar on the syllables embodying the precious jest by those masterful words, "I will!"

The manager had talents for diplomacy, as well he should. He drew the irate antique-seeming dame into the corner by the lace on the sleeve and, looking into the wild boyish face, adjured him, "Let him have it, Jack, for the love of Heaven. He does it so badly, and he

is such a slow study, that I'm afraid the first act will break down if I don't give it some vim; after *you* are once on, the thing will go and I shan't care a red."

And so with the dulcet salve of a little judicious flattery peace came once more.

Royce, as he took his place upon the narrow stage, felt as if he had issued from the tumultuous currents of some wild rapids into the deep and restful placidities of a dark untroubled pool. The air of composure, the silence, the courteous attention of the audience, all marked a transition so abrupt that it had a certain perturbing effect. He had never felt more ill at ease, and perhaps he had never looked more composed than when he advanced and stood bowing at the footlights. He had forgotten his assumed character of a mountaineer, his coarse garb, his intention to seek some manner that might consist with both. He was inaugurating his share of the little amateur entertainment with a grace and address and refinement of style that were astonishing his audience far more than aught of magic that his art could command, although his resources were not slight. He seemed some well-bred and talented youth of the best society, dressed for a rural rôle in private theatricals. Now and again there was a flutter of inquiry here and there in the audience, answered by the whispered conclusions of Tom or Jack, retailed by mother or sister. For the youth of New Helvetia Springs had accepted the explanation that he was out of a position, "down on his luck," and hoped to get a school in Etowah Cove. He had gone by the sobriquet of "the handsome mountaineer," and then "the queer mountaineer," and now, "He is *no* mountaineer," said the discerning Judge Fordyce to a man of his own stamp at his elbow.

What might have been the estimate of the two strangers none could say. They sat on opposite sides of the building, taking no note of each other, both stolidly gazing at the alert and graceful figure

and the handsome face alight with intelligence, and made no sign. One might have been more competent than the other to descry inconsistencies between the status which the dress suggested and the culture and breeding which the manner and accent and choice of language bespoke, but both listened motionless as if absorbed in the prestidigitator's words.

Royce had made careful selection among his feats in view of the character of his audience, and the sustaining of such poor dignity as he might hope to possess in Miss Fordyce's estimation. There were no uncouth tricks of swallowing impossible implements of cutlery, which sooth to say would have vastly delighted the row of juvenile spectators on the front bench. Perhaps they were as well content, however, with the appearance of two live rabbits from the folds of the large white silk handkerchief of an old gentleman in the crowd, borrowed for the purpose, and the little boy who came up to receive the article for restoration to its owner went into an ecstasy of cackling delight, with the whole front row in delirious refrain, to find that he had one of the live rabbits in each of the pockets of his jacket, albeit the juggler had merely leaned over the footlights to hand him back the handkerchief. The audience applauded with hearty good will, and a general ripple of smiles played over the upturned faces.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the juggler, picking up a small and glittering object from the table, "if I may ask your attention, you will observe that each chamber of this revolver is loaded" —

With his long, delicate, deft white hands he had turned aside the barrel, and now held the weapon up, the two parts at right angles, each cartridge distinctly visible to the audience.

But a sudden authoritative voice arose. "No pistols!" called out a sober paterfamilias, responsible for four boys in the audience.

"No pistols!" echoed Judge Fordyce.

There had been a momentary shrinking among the ladies, whose curiosity, however, was greater than their fear, and who sustained a certain doubtful and disappointed aspect. But the shadowy bullet-heads of the whole front row were turned with one accord in indignant and unfilial protest.

Royce understanding in a moment, with a quick smile shifted all the cartridges out into his hand, held up the pistol once more so that all might see the light through the empty chambers, then with an exaggerated air of caution laid all the shells in a small heap on one of the little tables and the pistol, still dislocated, on another table, the breadth of the stage between them; and with a satiric "Hey! Presto!" bowed, laughing and complaisant, to a hearty round of applause from the elders. For although his compliance with their behests had been a trifle ironical, the youths of New Helvetia were not accustomed to submit with so good a grace or so completely.

The two elderly strangers accommodated the expression of their views to the evident opinion of those of their time of life, applauding when the gentlemen about them applauded, maintaining an air of interest when they were receptive and attentive. Was it possible, one might wonder in looking at them, that they could conceive that differences so essential could be unremarked — that it was not patent to the most casual observer that they were not among their kind? The perspicacity of the casual observer, however, was hampered by the haze of the pervasive obscurity; from the stage each might seem to the transient glance merely a face among many faces, the divergences of which could be discerned only when some intention or interest informed the gaze.

Lucien Royce saw only that oasis in the gloom where the high lights of her delicately tinted costume shone in the dusk. He was keenly mindful of a flash of girlish laughter, the softly luminous glance

of her eye, the glimmer of her white teeth as her pink lips curled, the young delight in her face. How should he care to note the secret, down-looking countenance of the one man, the grizzled stolid bourgeois aspect of the other?

The manager, keenly alive to the success of the entertainment, advanced a number of the programme since the pistol trick was discarded. He handed through the wings a flower-pot filled with earth for a feat which it had been his intention to reserve until after the first act of *The New Woman*.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," said the juggler, "oblige me by looking at this acorn. It is considered quite harmless. True, it will shoot, too, if you give it half a chance; but I am told," with a glance of raillery, "that its projectile effects are not deleterious in any respect to the human anatomy."

The ladies who had been afraid of the pistol laughed delightedly, and the gayed elderly gentlemen good-naturedly responded in another round of applause, so grateful were they to have no shooting on the stage, and no possible terrifying accidents to their neighbors, themselves, and their respective families.

"There is nothing but pulverized soil in this flower-pot," continued the juggler, running his hand through the fine white sand, and shaking off the particles daintily, "a little too sandy to suit my views and experience in arboriculture, but we shall see — what we shall see! I plant the acorn, thus! I throw this cloth over the flower-pot, drawing it up in a peak to give air. And now, since we shall have to wait for a few moments, I shall, with your kind indulgence, beguile the tedium, in imitation of the *jongleurs* of old, with a little song."

The audience sat patient, expectant. A guitar was lying where one of the glee singers had left it. Royce turned and caught it up, then advanced down toward the footlights, and paused in the picturesque attitude of the serenader of

the lyric stage. He drew from the instrument a few strong resonant chords, and then it fell a-tinkling again.

But what new life was in the strings, what melody in the air? And as his voice rose, the scene-shifters were silent in the glare of the pens; the actors-expectant thronged the wings; the audience sat spellbound.

No great display of art, to be sure! But the mountain wilds were without, and the mountain winds were abroad, and there was something strangely sombre, romantic, akin to the suggestion and the sound in the rich swelling tones of the young voice so passionately vibrant on the air. Though obviously an amateur, he sang with a careful precision that bespoke fairly good advantages amply improved, but the singing was instinct with that ardor, that love of the art, that enthusiasm, which no training can supply or create. The music and the words were unfamiliar, for they were his own. Neither was devoid of merit. Indeed, a musical authority once said that his songs would have very definite promise if it were not for a determined effort to make all the science of harmony tributary to the display of Lucien Royce's high *A*. A recurrent strain now and again came, interfluent through the drift of melody, rising with a certain ecstatic elasticity to that sustained tone, which was soft, yet strong, and as sweet as summer.

As his voice thus rang out into the silence with all its pathos and its passion, he turned his eyes on the eyes he had so learned to love, and met those orbs, full of delight and of surprise and a patent admiration, fixed upon his face. The rest of the song he sang straight at Gertrude Fordyce, and she looked at the singer, her gaze never swerving. For once his plunging heart in triumph felt he had caught and held her attention; for once, he said to himself, she did not look at him as impersonally as if he were the side of the wall.

It was over at last, and he was bowing his acknowledgments to the wildly applauding audience. The jugglery was at a discount. He had drawn off the white cloth from the flower-pot, where a strongly rooted young oak shoot two feet high appeared to have grown while he sang. But the walls of the room resounded with the turbulent clamors of an insistent encore. Only the eyes of the rustic-looking stranger were starting out of his head as he gazed at the oak shoot, and there came floating softly through his lips the involuntary comment, "By gum!"

It was necessary in common courtesy to sing at least the last stanza again, and as the juggler did so he was almost happy in singing it anew to her starry eyes, and noting the flush on her cheeks, and the surprise and pleasure in her beautiful face. The miracle of the oak shoot went unexplained, for all New Helvetia was still clapping a recall when the juggler, bowing and bowing, with the guitar in his hand, and ever retreating as he bowed, stepped off at the wings for instructions, and was met there by renewed acclamations from his fellow entertainers.

"You'd better bring on the play if you don't want to hold forth here till the small hours," he said, flushed, and panting, and joyous once more.

But the author-manager was of a different mind. The child of his fancy was dear to him, although it was a very grotesque infant, as indeed it was necessary that it should be. He deprecated submitting it to the criticism of an unwilling audience, still clamoring for the reappearance of another attraction. However, there would not be time enough to respond to this encore, and yet bring the farce on with the deliberation essential to its success, and the effect of all its little points.

"You seem to be the star of the evening," he said graciously. "And I should like to hear you sing again myself. But we really have n't time. As

they are so delighted with you, suppose, by way of letting them down gently, we give them another sight of you by moving up the basket trick on the programme, instead of letting it come between the second and third acts of the play, — we have had to advance the feat that was to have come between the first and second acts, anyhow, — and have no jugglery between the acts."

Royce readily agreed, but the manager still hesitated while the house thumped and clapped its recall in great impatience, and a young hobbledohoy slipped slyly upon the stage and facetiously bowed *his* acknowledgments, with his hand upon his heart, causing spasms of delight among the juvenile contingent and some laughter from the elders.

Said the hesitating manager, unconscious of this interlude, "I don't half like that basket trick."

"Why?" demanded the juggler, surprised. "It's the best thing I can do. And when we rehearsed it, I thought we had it down to a fine point."

"Yes," still hesitating, "but I'm afraid it's dangerous."

The juggler burst into laughter. "It's as dangerous as a pistol loaded with blank cartridges! See here," he cried joyously, turning with outspread arms to the group of youths fantastic in their stage togery, "I call you all to witness — if ever Millden Seymour hurts me, I intended to let him do it. Come on!" he exclaimed in a different tone; "I'm obliged to have a confederate in this, and we have rehearsed it without a break time and again."

In a moment more they were on the stage, side by side, and the audience, seeing that no more minstrelsy was in order, became reconciled to the display of magic. A certain new element of interest was infused into the proceedings by the fact that another person was introduced, and that it was Seymour who made all the preparations, interspersing them with jocular remarks to the audi-

ence, while the juggler stood by, silent and acquiescent. He seemed to be the victim of the manager, in some sort, and the juvenile spectators, with beating hearts and open mouths and serious eyes, watched the proceedings taken against him as his arms were bound with a rope and then a bag of rough netting was slipped over him and sewed up at the end.

"I have him fast and safe now," the manager declared. "He cannot delude us with any more of his deceits, I am sure."

The juggler was placed at full length on the floor and a white cloth was thrown over him. The manager then exhibited a large basket some three feet long and with a top to it, which he also thrust under the cloth. Taking advantage of the evident partisanship of the children for their entertainer, he spoke for a few minutes in serious and disapproving terms of the deceits of the eye, and made a very pretty moral arraignment of these dubious methods of taking pleasure, which was obviously received in high dudgeon. He then turned about to lead his captive, hobbled and bound, off the stage. Lifting the cloth he found no trace of the juggler; the basket with the top beside it was revealed, and on the floor was the netting, — a complete case with not a mesh awry through which he could have escaped. The manager stamped about in the empty basket and finally emerged putting on the top and cording it up. Whereupon one antagonistic youth in the audience opined that the juggler was in the basket.

"He is, is he?" said the manager, looking up sharply at the bullet-headed row. "Then what do you think of this, and this, and this?"

He had drawn the sharp bowie-knife with which Royce had furnished him, and was thrusting it up to the hilt here, there, everywhere through the interstices of the wickerwork. This convinced the audience that in some inscrutable manner

the juggler had been spirited away, impossible though it might seem. The stage, in the full glare of all the lamps at New Helvetia Springs, was in view from every part of the house, and it was evident that the management of the Unrivalled Attraction was incapable of stage machinery, trap-doors, or any similar appliance. In the midst of the discussion, very general over the house, the basket began to roll about. The manager viewed it with the affectation of starting eyes and agitated terror for a moment. Then pouncing upon it in wrath he loosened the cords, took off the top, and pulled out the juggler, who was received with acclamations, and, bowing and smiling and backing off the stage, he retired, the hero of the occasion.

Seymour at the wings was giving orders to ring down the curtain to prepare the stage for *The New Woman*.

"Don't do it unless you mean it for keeps, Mill," remonstrated the property-man. "The devil's in the old rag, I believe. It might not go up again easily, and I'm sure, from the racket out there, they are going to have the basket trick over again."

For the front row of bullet-heads was conducting itself like a row of gallery gods and effervescing with whistlings and shrill cries. The applause was general and tumultuous, growing louder when the over-cautious father called out "No pistols and *no knives!*"

"Oh, they can take care of themselves," said a former adherent of his proposition, for the feat was really very clever, and very cleverly exploited, and he was ready to accredit the usual amount of sagacity to youths who could get up so amusing an entertainment. No one was alert to notice — save his mere presence as some messenger or purveyor of properties — a dazed-looking young mountaineer, dripping with the rain and apparently drenched to the skin, who walked down the main aisle and stepped awkwardly over the foot-

lights, upon the stage. He paused bewildered at the wings, and Lucien Royce behind the scenes, turning, found himself face to face with Owen Haines. The sight of the wan, ethereal countenance brought back like some unhallowed spell the real life he had lived of late into the vanishing dream-life he was living now. But the actualities are constraining. "You want me?" he said, with a sudden premonition of trouble.

"I hev s'arched fur you-uns fur days," Haines replied, a strange compassion in his eyes, contemplating which Lucien Royce felt his blood go cold. "But the Simses deceived me ez ter whar ye be; they never told me till ter-night, an' then I hed ter tell 'em why I wanted you-uns."

"Why?" demanded Royce, spell-bound by the look in the man's eyes, yet almost overmastered by the revulsion of feeling in the last moment, the quaking of an unnamed terror at his heart.

Nevertheless, with his acute and versatile faculties he heard the clamors of the recall still thundering in the room, he noted the passing of the facetiously bedight figures for the farce. He was even aware of glances of curiosity from one or two of the scene-shifters, and had the prudence to draw Haines, who heard naught and saw only the face before him, into a corner.

"Why?" reiterated Royce. "Why do you want me?"

"Bekase," said Haines, "Peter Knowles seen ye fling them clothes inter the quicklime, an' drewed the idee ez ye hed slaughtered somebody bodaciously, an' kivered 'em thar too."

The juggler reddened at the mention of the clothes and the thought of their sacrifice, but he was out of countenance before the sentence was concluded, and gravely dismayed.

"Oh, pshaw!" he exclaimed, seeking to reassure himself. "They would have to prove that somebody is dead to make that charge stick."

Then he realized the seriousness of

such an accusation, the necessity of accounting for himself before a legal investigation, and this, to escape one false criminal charge, must needs lead to a prosecution for another equally false. The alternative of flight presented itself instantly. "I can explain later, if necessary, as well as now," he thought. "I'm a thousand times obliged to you for telling me," he added aloud, but to his amazement and terror the man was wringing his hands convulsively and his face was contorted with the agony of a terrible expectation.

"Don't thank me," he said huskily. Then, with a sudden hope, "Is thar enny way out'n this place 'ceptin' yon?" he nodded his head toward the ballroom on the other side of the partition.

"No, none," gasped Royce, his nerves beginning to comprehend the situation, while it still baffled his brain.

"I'm too late, I'm too late!" exclaimed Haines in a tense, suppressed voice. "The sher'ff's thar, 'mongst the others, in that room. I viewed him thar a minit ago."

Assuming that he knew the worst, Royce's courage came back. With some wild idea of devising a scheme to meet the emergency, he sprang upon the vacant stage, on which the curtain had been rung down despite the applause, still resolutely demanding a repetition of the feat, and through the rent in the trembling fabric swiftly surveyed the house with a new and, alas, how different a motive! His eyes instantly fixed upon the rustic face, the hair parted far to the side, as the sheriff vigorously stamped his feet and clapped his hands in approbation. That oasis of refined, ideal light where Miss Fordyce sat did not escape Royce's attention even at this crisis. Had he indeed brought this sorry, ignoble fate upon himself that he might own one moment in her thoughts, one glance of her eye, that he might sing his song to her ear? He had certainly achieved this, he thought sardonically.

She would doubtless remember him to the last day she should live. He wondered if they would iron him in the presence of the ladies. Could he count upon his strong young muscles to obey his will and submit without resistance when the officers should lay their hands upon him, and thus avoid a scene?

And all at once — perhaps it was the sweet look in her face that made all gentle things seem possible — it occurred to him that he despaired too easily. An arrest might not be in immediate contemplation, — the *corpus delicti* was impossible of proof. He could surely make such disposition of his own property as seemed to him fit, and the explanation that he was at odds with his friends, dead-broke, thrown out of business in the recent panic, might pass muster with the rural officer, since no crime could be discovered to fit the destruction of the clothes. Thus he might still remain unidentified with Lucien Royce, who pretended to be dead and was alive, who had had in trust a large sum of money in a belt which was found upon another man, robbed, and perhaps murdered for it. The sheriff of Kildeer County had never dreamed of the like of that, he was very sure.

The next moment his heart sank like lead, for there amongst the audience, quite distinct in the glooms, was the sharp, keen, white face of a man he had seen before, — a certain noted detective. It was but once, yet, with that idea of crime rife in his mind, he placed the man instantly. He remembered a court-room in Memphis, during the trial of a certain notable case, where he had chanced to loiter in the tedium of waiting for a boat on one of his trips through the city, and he had casually watched this man as he gave his testimony. His presence here was significant, conclusive, to be interpreted far otherwise than any mission of the sheriff of the county. Royce did not for one moment doubt that it was in the interests of the marble company, the

tenants of the estate *per autre vie*, although the criminal charge might emanate directly from the firm whose funds had so mysteriously disappeared from his keeping, whose trust must now seem so basely betrayed. There was no possible escape; the stanch walls of the building were unbroken even by a window, and the only exit from behind the partition was through the stage itself in full view of the watchful eyes of the officers. Any effort, any action, would merely accelerate the climax, precipitate the shame of the arrest he dreaded, — and in her presence! He felt how hard the heart of the *cestui que vie* was thumping at the prospect of the summary resuscitation. He said to himself, with his ironical habit of mind, that he had found dying a far easier matter. But there was no responsive satire in the hunted look of his hot, wild, glancing eyes, the quiver of every muscle, the cold thrills that successively trembled through the nervous fibres. He looked so unlike himself for the moment, as he turned with a violent start on feeling the touch of a hand on his arm, that Seymour paused with some deprecation and uncertainty. Then with a renewed intention the manager said persuasively, "You won't mind doing it over again, will you? You see they won't be content without it."

A certain element of surprise was blended with the manager's cogitations which he remembered afterward rather than realized at the moment. It had to do with the altered aspect of the man, — a sudden grave tumultuous excitement which his manner and glance bespoke; but the perception of this was subacute in Seymour's mind and subordinate to the awkward dilemma in which he found himself as manager of the little enterprise. There was not time, in justice to the rest of the programme, to repeat the basket trick, and had the farce been the work of another he would have rung the curtain up forthwith on its first scene. But the pride and sensitiveness of the

author alike forbade the urging of his own work upon the attention of an audience still clamorously insistent upon the repetition of another attraction, and hardly likely, if balked of this, to be fully receptive to the real merits of the little play.

Seymour remembered afterward, but did not note at the time, the obvious effort with which the juggler controlled his agitation. "Oh, anything goes!" he assented, and in a moment more the curtain had glided up with less than its usual convulsive resistance. They were standing again together with composed aspect in the brilliance of the footlights, and Seymour, with a change of phrase and an elaboration of the idea, was dilating afresh upon the essential values of the positive in life; the possible pernicious effects of any delusion of the senses; the futility of finding pleasure in the false, simply because of the flagrancy of its falsity; the deleterious moral effects of such exhibitions upon the very young, teaching them to love the acrobatic lie instead of the lame truth, — from all of which he deduced the propriety of tying the juggler up for the rest of the evening. But the bullet-heads were not as dense as they looked. They learned well when they learned at all, and the pauses of this rodomontade were filled with callow chuckles and shrill whinnies of appreciative delight, anticipative of the wonder to come. They now viewed with eager forwarding interest the juggler's bonds, little dreaming what grim prophecy he felt in their restraint, and the smallest boy of the lot shrilly sang out, when all was done, "Give him another turn of the rope!"

Seymour, his blond face flushed by the heat and his exertions to the hue of his pink-and-white blazer, ostentatiously wrought another knot, and down the juggler went on the floor, encased in the unbroken netting; the cloth was thrown over the man and the basket, and Seymour turned anew to the audience and

took up the thread of his discourse. It came as trippingly off his tongue as before, and in the dusky gray-purple haze, the seeming medium in which the audience sat, fair, smiling faces, full of expectation and attention, looked forth their approval, and now and again broke into laughter. When, having concluded by announcing that he intended to convey the discomfited juggler off the stage, he found naught under the cloth but the empty net without a mesh awry, the man having escaped, his rage was a trifle more pronounced than before. With a wild gesture he tossed the fabric out to the audience to bid them observe how the villain had outwitted him, and then sprang into the basket and stamped tumultuously all around in the interior, evidently covering every square inch of its surface, while the detective's keen eyes watched with an eager intensity, as if the only thought in his mind were the miracle of the juggler's withdrawal. Out Seymour plunged finally, and with dogged resolution he put the lid on and began to cord up the basket as if for departure.

"Save the little you've got left," whinnied out a squirrel-toothed mouth from the front bench, almost too broadly a-grin for articulation.

"Get a move on ye, — get a move!" shouted another of the callow youngsters, reveling in the fictitious plight of the discomfited manager as if it were real.

He seemed to resent it. He looked frowningly over the footlights at the front row, as it hugged itself and squirmed on the bench and cackled in ecstasy.

"I wish I had him here!" he exclaimed gruffly. "I'd settle him — with this — and this — and this!" Each word was emphasized with the successive thrusts of the sharp blade of the bowie-knife through the wickerwork.

"That's enough! That's enough!" the remonstrant elder in the audience admonished him, and he dropped the blade and came forward to beg indulgence for the unseemly and pitiable position

in which he found himself placed. He had barely turned his back for a moment, when this juggler whom he had taken so much pains to secure, in order to protect the kind and considerate audience from further deceits of a treacherous art, mysteriously disappeared, and whither he was sure he could not imagine. He hesitated for a moment and looked a trifle embarrassed, for this was the point at which the basket should begin to roll along the floor. He gave it a covert glance, but it was motionless where he had left it. Raising his voice, he repeated the words as with indignant emphasis, thinking the juggler had not caught the cue. He went on speaking at random, but his words came less freely; the audience was silent, expectant; the basket still lay motionless on the floor. Seeing that he must needs force the crisis, he turned, exclaiming with uplifted hands, "Do my eyes deceive me, or is that basket stirring, rolling on the floor?"

But no; the basket lay as still as he had left it. There was a moment of tense silence in the audience, and then his face grew suddenly white and chill, his eyes dilated — fixed on something dark, and slow, and sinuous, trickling down the inclined plane of the stage. He sprang forward with a shrill exclamation, and catching up the bowie-knife severed with one stroke the cords that bound the basket.

"Are you hurt?" he gasped in a tremulous voice to the silence beneath the lid, and as he tossed it aside he recoiled abruptly, rising to his feet with a loud and poignant cry, "Oh, my God! he is dead! he is dead!"

The sudden transition from the purely festival character of the atmosphere to the purlieus of grim tragedy told heavily on every nerve. There was one null moment blank of comprehension, and then women were screaming, and more than one fainted; the clamor of overturned benches added to the confu-

sion, as the men, with grim set faces and startled eyes, pressed forward to the stage; the children cowered in ghastly affright close below the footlights, except one small creature who thought it a part of the fun, not dreaming what death might be, and was laughing aloud in high-keyed mirth down in the dusky gloom. A physician among the summer sojourners, on a flying visit for a breath of mountain air, was the first man to reach the stage, and, with the terror-stricken Seymour, drew the long lithe body out and straightened it on the floor, as the curtain was lowered to hide a *mise en scène* which it might be terror to women and children to remember. His ready hand desisted after a glance. The man had died from the first stroke of the bowie-knife, penetrating his side, and doubtless lacerating the outer tissues of the heart. The other strokes were registered, — the one on his hand, the other, a slight graze, on the neck. A tiny package had fallen on the floor as the hasty hands had torn the shirt aside from the wound: the deft professional fingers unfolded it, — a bit of faded flower, a wild purple verberna; the physician looked at it for a moment, and tossed it aside in the blood on the floor, uninterested. The pericardium was more in his line. He was realizing, too, that he could not start to-morrow, as he had intended, for his office and his rounds among his patients. The coroner's jury was an obstinate impediment, and his would be expert testimony.

Upon this inquest, held incongruously enough in the ballroom, the facts of the information which Owen Haines had brought to the juggler and the presence of the officers in the audience were elicited, and added to the excitements incident to the event. The friends of young Seymour, who was overwhelmed by the tragedy, believed and contended that since escape from prosecution for some crime was evidently impossible, the juggler had in effect committed suicide by

holding up his left arm that the knife might pierce a vital part. Thus they sought to avert the sense of responsibility which a man must needs feel for so terrible an accident wrought by his own hand. But crime as a factor seemed doubtful. The sheriff, indeed, upon the representations of Sims, supplemented by the mystery of the lime-kiln which Knowles had disclosed, had induced the detective to accompany him to the mountains to seek to identify the stranger as a defaulting cashier from one of the cities for whose apprehension a goodly amount of money would be paid. But in no respect did Royce correspond to the perpetrator of any crime upon the detective's list.

"He need n't have been afraid of me," he observed dryly; "I saw in a minute he was n't our fellow. And I was just enjoying myself mightily."

The development of the fact of the presence of the officers and the juggler's knowledge that they were in the audience affected the physician's testimony and his view of the occurrence. He accounted it an accident. The nerve of the young man, shaken by the natural anxiety at finding himself liable to immediate arrest, was not sufficient to carry him through the feat. He failed to shift position with the celerity essential to the basket trick, and the uplifted position of the arm, which left the body unprotected to receive the blow, was but the first effort to compass the swift movements ne-

cessary to the feat. The unlucky young manager was exonerated from all blame in the matter, but the verdict was death by accident.

Nevertheless, for many a day and all the years since the argument continues. Along the verge of those crags overlooking the valley, in the glammers of a dreamy golden haze, with the amethystine mountains on the horizon reflecting the splendors of the sunset sky, and with the rich content of the summer solstice in the perfumed air; or amongst the fronds of the ferns about the fractured cliffs whence the spring wells up with a tinkling tremor and exhilarant freshness and a cool, cool splashing as of the veritable fountain of youth; or in the shadowy twilight of the long, low building where the balls go crashing down the alleys; or sometimes even in the ballroom in pauses of the dance when the music is but a plaint, half-joy, half-pain, and the wind is singing a wild and mystic refrain, and the moonlight comes in at the windows and lies in great blue-white silver rhomboids on the floor despite the dull yellow glow of the lamps, — in all these scenes which while yet in life Lucien Royce had haunted, with a sense of exile and a hopeless severance, as of a man who is dead, the mystery of his fate revives anew and yet once more, and continues unexplained. Conjecture fails, conclusions are vain, the secret remains. Hey! Presto! The juggler has successfully exploited his last feat.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

A GREAT BIOGRAPHY: MAHAN'S NELSON.

THERE comes a period when the work and character of a great man can be fairly summed up for all time by the biographer; when the judgment is as nearly in focus as ever the fallible human judgment can be; when the distortion of passions and the multiplicity of details inseparable from nearness of view, and the obscuring, sometimes magnifying effects of distance are both at a minimum. Certainly that time had not come for Nelson when Charnock and Barker, or even Southey, wrote the life of the great admiral. But the right man does not always come at the right time, and the world's general estimate of its illustrious men not infrequently remains without any adequate concrete expression.

Individual judgments are necessarily fallible and incomplete. They are either strong and masterful, tainted by prejudices and warped by that constitutional way of looking at things which we call the personal equation, or weak and colorless, the loose gathering up of that crude public opinion which surrounds a great name as the photosphere surrounds the sun. Still, the general consensus of opinion of great men, as of great books, is not far out of the way. The critical acumen of the scholar, the professional knowledge of the expert, the feeling, taste, and judgment of the few, and the shrewd common sense of the many, — something of all these is found in the popular verdict; and this composite picture, as it were, derived from so many sources, is usually not far from right. But just because, though so well defined, it is so composite, the biographer who can intelligently represent it is rare. "A true delineation of the smallest man," says Carlyle, "is capable of interesting

the greatest man." What an interest a man would have for us if we knew that he was thus to sum up for posterity our life-work! We should ask, not only, What access has he to the record? but also, What professional capacity, what temper of mind, what human experience of life, will he bring to the analysis of our motives, the judgment of our acts, the weighing of our character?

We had the right to expect much from Captain Mahan, especially that he would give us a critical estimate of Nelson's genius from the point of view of the naval expert, and that he would show us the relations of Nelson's naval operations to the general course of contemporary events in that same original way in which he had already made real for us, to a degree no previous writer had done, the influence of sea power upon history. But he has done very much more than this. He has made the *man* Nelson live to us as he has never lived before.¹ Nelson we knew already as a born fighter, heroic, vain, affectionate, sensitive, nervous, yet as a name rather than a man, — a name symbolizing certain brilliant achievements, but a man only as he emerged from the obscurity which belongs to the sea, when the flash-light of glory was turned upon him. We know him now a man among men, a real human personality, in a sense in which we have never known him before.

It is not so easy to make the great admiral thus real to us as it is the great general. We know Grant better than we know Farragut, as we know Wellington, Marlborough, and Ney better than Tromp, Rodney, or St. Vincent. The sailor lives apart, in a round of professional duties which lie beyond the range of our observation. Aside from the in-

¹ *The Life of Nelson, the Embodiment of the Sea Power of Great Britain.* By ALFRED

THAYER MAHAN. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1897.

terest due to the greater relative magnitude and diversity of land over sea operations, the former are more intelligible and bring us into closer touch with the actor because the drama in all its details takes place at our door. It is not great achievements which tell us most of character, but the minute details of daily life, and it is through their revelation of human nature that we know Napoleon better before Austerlitz than Nelson before Copenhagen. Brilliant exploits give men a place in history, but they do not tell us the story of their inner lives or give them a place in our hearts. The modern historical method, in aiming at something more than the chronological record of events, has reversed the saying of Dr. Johnson that history sets forth "the pomp of business rather than the true and inward resorts thereof." Still more true is it that in biography the "pomp of business" is the mere outward show. Captain Mahan says in his preface: —

"It has not seemed the best way to insert numerous letters, because, in the career of a man of action, each one commonly deals with a variety of subjects, which bear to one another little relation, except that, at the moment of writing, they all formed part of the multifold life the writer was then leading. It is true, life in general is passed in that way; but it is not by such distraction of interest among minute details that a particular life is best understood. Few letters, therefore, have been inserted entire; and those which have, have been chosen because of their unity of subject and of their value as characteristic. The author's method has been to make a careful study of Nelson's voluminous correspondence, analyzing it, in order to detect the leading features of temperament, traits of thought, and motives of action; and thence to conceive within himself, by gradual familiarity even more than by formal effort, the character therein revealed. The impression

thus produced he has sought to convey to others, partly in the form of ordinary narrative, — daily living with his hero, — and partly by such grouping of incidents and utterances, not always, nor even nearly simultaneous, as shall serve by their joint evidence to emphasize particular traits or particular opinions more forcibly than when such testimonies are scattered far apart; as they would be, if recounted in a strict order of time."

It is interesting to read this statement of the author's method, for he has completely realized its purpose. Doubtless the last word will never be said on so fascinating a personality as Nelson, and there are matters of opinion and inference on which readers will differ, — as, for example, the direct influence of Trafalgar upon Moscow and Waterloo, — but it is not probable that a more faithful, complete, human portrait of Nelson will ever be drawn.

There is one striking characteristic of Captain Mahan's work, — the entire absence, from first to last, of anything like an attempt to establish a point, a preconceived theory. At no time does he seem to be endeavoring to prove anything, or to be seeking facts to support propositions. His logic is the logic of inference and induction. This is the more noteworthy because there are acts in both the official and the private life of Nelson on which extreme positions may be and have been taken. We never feel that Captain Mahan is juggling with the evidence, and he brings a sturdy common sense as well as a judicial temper to its interpretation. There were certain strongly marked traits in Nelson's character which brought him into conflict with conventional maxims, and it is natural for the reader to turn with special interest to the author's critical estimate of those acts in Nelson's career which have given rise to such widely differing verdicts.

In three conspicuous instances Nelson assumed the perilous responsibility of vi-

ulating a rule to which he himself gave the first place in his advice to a young midshipman: "You must always obey orders, without attempting to form any opinion of your own respecting their propriety." The general rule of obedience to superiors is one upon which a subordinate may rely for justification, whatever the outcome of such obedience may be. He may, indeed, be criticised for failing to rise to the level of a great opportunity, for a deficiency in the moral courage requisite for accepting exceptional responsibilities, yet all obedience which is not stupid adherence to the letter in face of the clearest call to duty carries with it immunity from official blame. But to disobey is to exchange the immunity offered by the general rule for the precarious protection of its exception; to risk all, not upon success, — for to see the one thing to be done and to do it is always the right thing, whether it leads to the wished-for success or not, — but upon the hazard of its being the right thing, upon the chance that one's own opinion of the conditions in the case in question may be the wrong one. "It is difficult for the non-military mind to realize how great is the moral effect of disobeying a superior, whose order, on the one hand covers all responsibility, and on the other entails the most serious personal and professional injury if violated without due cause; the burden of proving which rests upon the junior. For the latter, it is, justly and necessarily, not enough that his own intentions and convictions were honest; he has to show, not that he meant to do right, but that he actually did right in disobeying in the particular instance." There is no other test of obedience, and Captain Mahan applies it, though with different results, to the several instances in which Nelson challenged it. One of these occurred in the engagement with the Spanish fleet, under Sir John Jervis, when, by wearing out of the line of attack as prescribed by the admiral ' for

which he had no authority by signal or otherwise, Nelson entirely defeated the Spanish movement;" an act of which Jervis said to Calder on the evening of the victory, "If you ever commit such a breach of orders, I will forgive you also." "Success," says Captain Mahan, "covers many faults, yet it is difficult to believe that had Nelson been overwhelmed, the soundness of his judgment and his resolution would not equally have had the applause of a man who had fought twenty-seven ships with fifteen because 'a victory was essential to England at that moment.'"

The more dramatic instance of Nelson's disregard for orders, also occurring in the heat of action, at the battle of Copenhagen, — more dramatic because an act of positive disobedience, and not a mere assumption of authority, and because associated with the incident of his applying the glass to his blind eye, exclaiming that he had the right to be blind sometimes, and could not see Sir Hyde Parker's signal to withdraw his division, — was another case of seeing the right thing to do and doing it. "To retire with crippled ships and mangled crews, through difficult channels, under the guns of the half-beaten foe, who would renew his strength when he saw the movement, would be to court destruction, — to convert probable victory into certain, perhaps overwhelming disaster." In both these cases Nelson's fighting quality was united with sound judgment, — a judgment almost intuitive in the rapidity and tenacity with which he seized upon opportunity and made the most of it.

Captain Mahan brings out very clearly not only Nelson's independence of character, but also his accurate reasoning on technical matters, in his account of the controversy over the Navigation Act, and of Nelson's refusal to admit the validity of Sir Joseph Hughes's order authorizing an officer holding only a civil appointment to exercise naval command

when not attached to a ship in commission; but he does not justify Nelson's disobedience of Lord Keith's instructions to detach a part of his fleet for the defense of Minorca. In his letters to the Admiralty Nelson made the wholly inadequate defense of the uprightness of his intentions. As events proved, Keith failed to meet with the enemy's fleet, and the safety of Minorca was not imperiled. It is useless, therefore, to speculate upon the assistance that would have been afforded in either case by the coöperation of Nelson had events turned out otherwise. It nevertheless remains true that in this instance Nelson assumed to decide upon matters which were certainly without his province, and that there was nothing in his position which entitled him to override the judgment of his superior as to the relative importance of Minorca and the kingdom of the Two Sicilies to British influence in the Mediterranean.

Captain Mahan's review of the unfortunate events which took place at Naples in June, 1799, is admirable in its clearness and for its conclusions. It has been maintained that English honor was stained when Lord Nelson annulled the capitulation ratified by Cardinal Ruffo as vicar-general of Naples, and issued the order for the execution of Prince Caraccioli. It is certainly unfortunate that he held no written warrant from the king for the authority he assumed. There is, however, every reason to believe, on the one hand that he had such authority, and on the other that Ruffo had been expressly forbidden to grant a capitulation. The parallel drawn between what has been called the "judicial murder" of Caraccioli and the assassination of the French ministers at Rastadt cannot be maintained. Nor is there the slightest evidence to show that Nelson's conduct of the affair was determined by any other considerations than those of right and duty. "Saturated" he doubtless was "with the prevailing court feeling against

the insurgents and the French," but that he "yielded his convictions of right and wrong, and consciously abused his power, at the solicitation of Lady Hamilton, as has been so freely alleged, is not probably true; there is no proof of it." Technically Nelson was justified in the execution of Caraccioli, as probably he was also in the annulment of Cardinal Ruffo's agreement, yet for both he will always be blamed, for those general reasons which give the more magnanimous spirit of justice precedence over its strictly formal laws.

The part played by Lady Hamilton in Nelson's life cannot be omitted by his biographer. Whatever else it was, Nelson's infatuation was at least no mere intrigue, no low amour. And whatever else Lady Hamilton may have done, she certainly inspired in Nelson what no other woman did, a great and lasting passion. We know her so well from other sources that his idealization of her is almost unaccountable, and would be altogether inconceivable if we did not recognize the power of a great passion to invest its object with qualities of its own creation. When we smile at such idealization, it is not so much because of its exaggerations, but because we assume that it cannot endure. Its redeeming quality is its persistence. As faith forsworn loses all its nobility, so idealization once exhausted becomes ridiculous. We resent the intrusion of this coarser nature into a life so consecrated to duty, its association with a character so conspicuous for its love of honor, its influence upon Nelson's public actions, and its perversion of his views of right. We could forgive so much more to a nobler nature!

Whatever praise Captain Mahan may receive for this biography, it must be admitted that Nelson furnishes the materials for one. His was a career of brilliant exploits, finished at its supreme moment, before failing energies, possible misfortunes, or the belittling commonplaces of

private life could tarnish its glory. He had no Waterloo, no St. Helena. He disappears in the smoke of victory at the very moment he finally establishes England's supremacy on the sea. This is much, but it is not what endears him to us. It is rather his possession of so large a share of our common humanity, its weaknesses as well as its strength. Weak as he was, he was not ignoble. He was vain, childishly fond of praise, sensitive to blame, ambitious of personal renown, but he was not selfish. Few great men had his charm, and with all his faults he had the right to his last words: "Thank God I have done my duty — God and my country." No one owed less than he to the influence which opens doors to mediocrity; no one owed his success less to opportunity. There is such a thing as opportunity, when fortune is thrust upon us. But we have only to imagine, as we reasonably may, what would probably have happened in the north seas had Nelson been absent from the council of war off Cronenburg, to realize in what a true sense he created opportunity. And although ever ready to take great chances for great results, whether his course of action was based upon close reasoning or well-known conditions, as at the battle of Copenhagen, or was an inspiration,

coming to him in the perplexity and anguish of doubt, as in his pursuit of the French fleet to the West Indies, he neglected no precaution. He loved battle, he panted to lay his ship alongside the enemy, his cardinal object was the destruction of the enemy's fleet; but he was prudent, and had a broad conception of the relation of his particular act to the general course of events, and it is impossible to limit his capacity to that of the mere fighter simply because it was by fighting that he achieved his ends. "Responsibility," said St. Vincent, "is the test of a man's courage." Emergency, Captain Mahan well adds, is the test of his faith in his beliefs.

There is nothing so interesting to man as man's nature, and there is no revelation of it so interesting as unconscious self-revelation. What Captain Mahan thinks of Nelson is vastly less important than what Nelson himself thought and felt. This is the crowning distinction of this biography: that besides the narrative, always clear and often brilliant; besides the personal judgment of the author, always candid yet moderate; besides the critical estimate of the naval historian, there is the story of Nelson's "own inner life as well as of his external actions," told by himself.

A FOREST POLICY IN SUSPENSE.

WHEN a superintendent of one of our city parks causes some misshapen or half-dead tree to be cut down for the benefit of its neighbors, loud voices are raised in protest against what so-called lovers of nature describe as vandalism; and this untaught and false sentiment has so influenced the guardians of public parks that in nearly every American city the pleasure-grounds of the people are in serious danger of permanent injury from

the overcrowding of trees, although as a nation we look with indifference on the annual destruction of uncounted thousands of acres of forests on the public domain by unnecessary fires, the unlawful browsing of sheep, and the reckless ravages of fraudulent cutting. There is nothing new in this, for needless forest destruction has been going on in the West for more than a quarter of a century, and the story which Mr. Muir tells

so well in this number of *The Atlantic Monthly* is not a new one.

Western forests, however, are so remote and difficult of access, being confined for the most part to the slopes of high mountain ranges, that it is hard to make the people of the East understand their importance or realize the dangers which assail them; and yet the preservation of the forests on the public domain is of incomparably greater importance to the well-being of this nation than the future of the Cuban insurgents, the ownership of Hawaii, or the settlement of the tariff or the currency. A bad tariff and a dangerous currency can be set right in a few weeks, if their defects are fully understood and the country is in earnest to reform them; but a forest, whose individual trees often represent the growth of centuries, when once destroyed cannot be restored by an act of Congress, although in the tiny streams flowing along the rootlets of the trees which fires and pilfering log-cutters are now exterminating is the life of western North America; and when these springs have dried up, Western valleys, deprived of the water which is needed for their irrigation, must become wildernesses, and the fertility and beauty of the land will be things of the past.

It was considered, therefore, by students of the rural economy of the Western States and Territories, a hopeful sign when the Honorable Hoke Smith, Secretary of the Interior, in February, 1896, asked the National Academy of Sciences — the highest scientific tribunal in the country, and by its constitution the scientific adviser of the government — an expression of opinion upon the following points: —

(1.) "Is it desirable and practicable to preserve from fire, and to maintain permanently as forested lands, those portions of the public domain now bearing wood growth for the supply of timber?"

(2.) "How far does the influence of forest upon climate, soil, and water con-

ditions make desirable a policy of forest conservation in regions where the public domain is principally situated?"

(3.) "What specific legislation should be enacted to remedy the evils now confessedly existing?"

The president of the National Academy appointed a committee to prepare replies to these questions, and its report, signed by Charles S. Sargent, chairman, Henry L. Abbot, A. Agassiz, William H. Brewer, Arnold Hague, Gifford Pinchot, and Wolcott Gibbs, has recently been published. (Report of the Committee appointed by the National Academy of Sciences upon the Inauguration of a Forest Policy for the Forested Lands of the United States, May 1, 1897. Washington: Government Printing Office.) Already familiar, by many previous visits and by long studies, with Western forests and the conditions of Western life, the members of the committee further prepared themselves for this labor by a journey of many months through the principal forested regions of the public domain, and their recommendations, therefore, are the result of ripe judgment refreshed by special observations.

By an act of Congress approved March 3, 1891, authority is given to the President of the United States to set apart and reserve parts of the public domain bearing forests as public reservations. Under this act a number of forest reservations had been established by Mr. Harrison and Mr. Cleveland previous to 1896, aggregating 17,500,000 acres, and the committee of the National Academy, during its journey, having become impressed with the importance of increasing the reserved area, recommended the establishment of thirteen additional reservations with a total estimated area of 21,379,840 acres; some of the reservations having been selected for the influence of their forests on the flow of streams important for irrigation, and others for the commercial value of their timber. The recommendations were

made effective by Mr. Cleveland on the 22d of last February in a series of proclamations, and the reserved forest land was increased to nearly 40,000,000 acres, exclusive of the national parks. This, the last important act of Mr. Cleveland's administration, it is needless to say was unpopular with that part of the Western people, always the noisiest, which lives by pasturing sheep or stealing timber on the public domain, and efforts were made, during the final days of the last Congress, to annul the action of the President. The effort failed, but, renewed again under the present administration, it has been successful, and Mr. Cleveland's forest reservations are suspended until the 1st of March next. This simply means that during the next eight months any one who cares to take the trouble to do so can establish claims in these forests which the government will have to pay an exorbitant price to abolish, if the reservations are ever reestablished, and that the big mining companies will be able to lay in timber enough, cut on the public domain, and of course not paid for, to last them for several years; and when the 1st of March comes, if there is any valuable timber left in Mr. Cleveland's reservations, uncut or unclaimed, no great difficulty will be found in suspending the order for another year or two.

All this is bad enough, but it is not the greatest damage Congress has inflicted on the reservations; for an amendment to the Sundry Civil Bill gives authority to the Secretary of the Interior to permit free use of all the reservations, but it does not furnish him with any money or machinery for enforcing such regulations as he may think it necessary to make for this purpose. To those familiar with the present methods of the Interior Department it will be apparent that this authority given to the Secretary will mean that a man with sufficient pull can now legally pasture his sheep in the reservations, or cut timber from them for his own or commercial purposes; and it

is evident that, unless some further legislation can be obtained, the practical extermination of the Western forests, so far as their commercial and protective value is concerned, will be a matter of only a comparatively short time.

What this legislation should be, in the opinion of the men who have given the most careful study to the subject, and whose experience and judgment entitle their recommendations to careful consideration, is found in the final pages of Professor Sargent's report, in which the questions submitted to the National Academy by the Secretary of the Interior are answered. The report finds that it is not only desirable, but essential, to protect the forested lands of the public domain for their influence on the flow of streams, and to supply timber and other products; and that it is practicable to reduce the number and restrict the ravages of forest fires in the Western States and Territories, provided the army of the United States is used for this purpose permanently, or until a body of trained forest rangers is organized for the service. The committee does not believe, however, that it is practicable or possible to protect the forests on the public domain from fire and pillage with the present methods and machinery of the government. Doubting that the precipitation of moisture in any broad and general way is increased by forests, the committee believes that they are necessary to prevent destructive spring floods, and corresponding periods of low water in summer and autumn, when the agriculture of a large part of western North America is dependent on irrigation.

In answer to Mr. Smith's third question, the committee, mindful of the good results which have followed the employment of soldiers in the Yellowstone National Park, recommends that the Secretary of War, at the request of the Secretary of the Interior, be authorized and directed to make the necessary details of troops to protect the forests, timber,

and undergrowth on the forest reservations, and in the national parks not otherwise protected under existing laws, until a permanent forest bureau in the Department of the Interior has been authorized and thoroughly organized. Fully understanding the necessities of actual settlers and miners and the demands of commerce, and realizing that great bodies of forested lands cannot be withdrawn entirely from use without inflicting serious injury upon the community, the committee urges that the Secretary of the Interior shall receive authority to permit, under proper restrictions and the supervision of an organized forest service, farmers, miners, and other settlers to obtain at nominal prices forest supplies from the public domain. It insists, however, that as the whole future of the forests depends upon the character of the officers of the forest service it proposes, in order to secure the highest efficiency in this service, forest officers, specially selected and educated, shall be appointed for life and pensioned on retirement, that the forest service may be as permanent and highly esteemed as the army and navy.

As long as the people of the West,

taught by the workings of defective and demoralizing land laws, look upon the public domain as their own property, to plunder and devastate at will, and as long as the Western States allow themselves to be represented in Congress by the attorneys of a few great mining companies, notorious plunderers of public property, there is little hope that such legislation as the gravity of the situation demands can be secured in Congress ; but it cannot be repeated too often that unless there is a radical reform in the management of the forests on the public domain, the prosperity of the whole country west of the one hundredth meridian must gradually diminish with the vanishing forests, and that without active and energetic military control nothing can save these forests from extermination. The National Academy of Sciences, in pointing out the dangers which threaten the West as natural results of the destruction of its forests, and in suggesting simple and economical measures by which these dangers can be averted, has performed a difficult public service of first-rate importance, and the report should be carefully read by every one interested in this country.

VERSE UNDER PROSAIC CONDITIONS.

EVERY one remembers the striking chapter of *Notre Dame* in which Claude Frollo muses on the effect of the new art of printing upon architecture. Lifting his eyes from the book to the cathedral, he exclaims, "This will supplant that!" The words contain more truth than most of Victor Hugo's aphorisms. It seems to be a law of compensation that one form of mental activity is bought at the price of some other. Printing may have displaced architecture; the question now arises, Has the steam-engine destroyed

poetry? All admit that poetry is for the present obscured; many look forward to a revival, as has happened before after prosaic periods. But reflection raises a more serious doubt: Is the age of poetry, too, gone? Has the roar of the factory drowned the music of verse?

The question is not so extravagant as may appear at first blush. Poetry, to be a living art, must be a natural expression of life, not an exotic adornment. In order to become this, the daily routine of life must be capable of presentation in

poetic form, enhanced to a certain extent by the imagination, but still substantially like the reality. Now, this can happen only when the ordinary events of the day and the various implements employed are all close to man, instinct with man's activity and feeling, yet sufficiently removed from the coarseness of savage habit to be susceptible of beauty. Without gainsay, the age of Homer fulfilled these conditions more perfectly than any other, and this is one reason among several why the Homeric poems have a peculiar fullness of interest which has never been equaled. Critics have asked why the mere sailing of a ship is poetical in Homer in a way different from anything in modern writing; why the mere putting on and off of clothing has its charm. This is partly due, no doubt, to the melodious sound of the Greek language, but still more to the nearness of these actions to man. The simple sailing-vessel of Homer, every part of which was shaped immediately by the builder's craft, which was propelled by the winds and governed directly by the pilot's hand, is, *pace* Mr. Kipling and MacAndrew's Hymn, a fitter subject of poetry than an Atlantic steamer. So, too, a human interest clings to a robe woven in the prince's halls by Andromache and her maidens, such as a garment of Worth's can scarcely possess.

M. Bourget tells humorously his experience in the Waldorf hotel in New York, the impression its magnificence made on him, and then his sense of bewilderment at the thought of all the tubes, wires, and other mechanical devices hidden within its frescoed walls. It is a similar invasion of machinery into all parts of human activity that renders modern life complicated, interesting in many ways, but not poetical. Indeed, any unimpassioned survey of recent verse must enforce this truth. After reading half a dozen or more volumes of the day, one is ready to ask in despair whether it were not wiser to acknow-

ledge frankly the fact, and turn our energy to other more fruitful tasks. So true is this that the chief interest for the critical reader in such works is the psychological study of the different means employed by various writers to escape this prosaic necessity. If of somewhat cynical disposition, he might establish four pretty well-defined groups, — the grotesque, the amateur, the dilettante, and the decadent, — and find his pleasure in so classifying the volumes of verse that fell into his hands. Generally a glance would suffice to determine the genus.

I.

Noticeable at present are the writers of what, for want of better title, may be called the grotesque, — writers who make no pretension to original perception of beauty, but are inspired by an inverted appreciation of the poems of others. By catching the style of these and exaggerating its mannerisms they produce a grotesque effect very amusing for the nonce. Calverley was the master in this art, and clever imitation of his work has been abundant down to the recent volume of Mr. Seaman. But why, might be asked in passing, is Swinburne so admirable a mark for this foolery? And why do the English so excel in this kind of writing? Is it because the practical nature of the English is a little ashamed of sentiment and pretty words?

Other writers of the grotesque turn their powers of parody to low forms of life, whose crudeness and eccentricities they magnify with more or less good humor. Coarse dialect, or bad English simply, brutality, the reeking wit of the barrack-room or the gutter, are easily caught. When these are warmed with genuine human sympathy and redundant picturesqueness of style, as in the case of Kipling's Barrack-Room Ballads, the result is pretty close to real poetry. We have the nearness to man's life, however much the celestial graces may be wanting. But take away this consummate

knowledge and skill, and the verse, as seen in Kipling's imitators, may amuse for a moment, but can hardly lay claim to serious consideration. Such a book, clever enough of its kind, is Mr. Chambers's *With the Band*.¹ The humor of his army pieces has a pleasant rollicking freshness, and may represent very well life with the band; at least, we all seem to have seen Private McFadden drilling, in the militia if not in the regular army, and we can sympathize heartily with the corporal.

"Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

'Yer figger wants padd'n' —
Sure, man, ye 've no shape!
Behind ye yer shoulders
Stick out like two bowlders;
Yer shins is as thin
As a pair of pen-holders!

Wan — two!

Wan — two!

Yer belly belongs on yer back, ye Jew!

Wan — two!

Time! Mark!

I'm dhry as a dog — I can't shpake but I bark!'"

It is a pity Mr. Chambers has not filled his volume with this roistering fun, for the bits of tragic prose-poetry at the end can hardly entertain any one.

"We passed into the forest, dim, vast, vague with the swaying mystery of mist and shadow; and I heard her whisper, 'Dream no more.'

"I touched her lids, low, drooping: 'Dream! dream! for Faith is dead,' I said.

"Then a blue star flashed," etc.

What amorphous thing is this, that has not even the tone of genuine decadence which it would simulate, but hovers in the limbo of the amateur?

II.

It is perhaps hardly correct to say of the gentle tribe of amateurs that their effusions are debarred the true fields of song by the complexity of modern existence. It might rather be said of them

as George Sand wrote to Flaubert, "Our works are worth what we ourselves are worth." A hard saying, often repeated, yet constantly forgotten. In these gentlemen, appreciation of poetry is keen, ambition petulant, but the art is lacking. Either the metre limps, or the grammar is uncertain, or the ideas are commonplace, — unless indeed all three traits are found united. There should seem to be a large number of persons, mostly young, who read verse with avidity, and, mistaking appreciation for inspiration, believe they could create what they can understand. Alas, the Muse is the most exacting of mistresses! They forget that the mere mastery of the technique demands strenuous devotion; they forget that high poetry cannot be written unless the life is passed in high thought, that great passions can rarely be portrayed unless such passions are indulged in. Hardly shall a man spend the day at other tasks, and then in the evening, when the brain is fagged, turn easily to creative work. Literature produced under such circumstances is generally honest enough in purpose, healthy in sentiment, but flat and unraised.

A noteworthy example of the better writing of this kind is given us in *Fugitive Lines*, by Henry Jerome Stockard.² Some of the sonnets in his volume rise distinctly above the common level, and awaken regret that so many of the poems are disfigured by crudities. Were they all as admirable in expression as the sonnet entitled *My Library*, the captious ear would not so often take offense: —

"At times these walls enchanted fade, it seems,
And, lost, I wander through the Long
Ago, —

In Edens where the lotus still doth grow,
And many a reedy river seaward gleams.

Now Pindar's soft-stringed shell blends with
my dreams,

And now the elfin horns of Oberon blow,
Or flutes Theocritus by the wimpling flow

¹ *With the Band*. By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. New York: Stone & Kimball. 1896.
VOL. LXXX. — NO. 478. 18

² *Fugitive Lines*. By HENRY JEROME STOCKARD. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1897.

Of immemorial amaranth-margined streams.
 Gray Dante leads me down the cloud-built
 stair,
 And parts with shadowy hands the mists
 that veil
 Scarred deeps distraught by crying winds
 forlorn;
 By Milton stayed, chaotic steps I dare,
 And, with his immaterial presence pale,
 Stand on the heights flushed in creation's
 morn!"

Despite the doubtful characterization of Pindar, this is, we think, decidedly better than most of the modern verse published; but, on the other hand, too much of the work is of a sort which, to borrow an epithet from the book itself, may be called fountain-pen poetry, —

"My fountain pen, wherewith I write
 This would-be poetry to-night."

Mr. Stockard was cruel to himself when he printed these lines. They call to mind a story of Leconte de Lisle, who complained to some of the younger poets of the uncertain quality of their verse. "But we're groping" (*nous tâtonnons*), they explained. "Very well, but don't grope in print," replied the master. A philosopher might reflect with melancholy on the invasion of the fountain pen into the realms of Parnassus. The gray goose-quill has a certain poetical tang; but the fountain pen imports into the very workshop of the Muses the machinery which benumbs the lyric sense.

III.

The effort to escape prosaic surroundings is more evident in a third group who flee to Nature for refuge. The result is a kind of dilettante-nature poetry, often exquisite in form and delicate in sentiment, but lacking in virile human sympathy. Here it behooves one to speak cautiously. Since Wordsworth's advent the Nature cult has become so firmly established that the skeptic is like to suffer the penalties of a new Inquisition. But the question forces itself upon us, Is it, after all, a very high form of art which ignores human passion for the

contemplation of the inanimate world? If we may judge from the past, the predominance of descriptive writing signifies a sure decay of creative force.

It is instructive to note with what consummate skill the great classic authors used nature as a background for human action; how it was identified with the mood of the agent, yet never overshadowed him; how some aspect of the visible world was employed as a symbol of the action, yet never intruded into the narration. The sea in Homer has a haunting, half-mystical affinity with the moods of his heroes. We remember the priest of Apollo walking in silence by the shore of the many-sounding sea. We remember that Achilles was the child of an ocean goddess, and see him in his sullen wrath looking out over the tumultuous waters. Odysseus, too, when we first meet him, is sitting on the beach, after his wont, gazing homeward over the unharvested sea, wasting his heart with tears and lamentations. And throughout his wanderings, to the last prophecy that his rest is to come after establishing the worship of Poseidon in a far inland country, always the ocean is interwoven with his destiny. In both poems the "murmurs and scents of the infinite sea" are never far away; and yet how little of descriptive writing they contain! Action and emotion everywhere predominate. By Virgil and his contemporaries Nature was introduced more for her own sake, more after the modern fashion. Yet here again two things are to be noted: natural scenery is less employed in its lonelier aspects than as reflecting the works of man, and the admiration of nature is intimately associated with a peculiar phase of search for truth. Who does not cherish in memory the verses of the second Georgic, which draw their inspiration from Lucretius, ending with the famous

"Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas"?

Through Lucretius, Propertius, Virgil,

and others can be traced the enthusiastic belief that by means of the scientific study of phenomena a philosophy was to be discovered which should free the soul from the sadness of life and the terrors of death. In modern thought, a necessary divorce has taken place between man and nature on the one hand, between contemplation and science on the other. We love, or pretend to love, best scenes unmarred by the hand of man; we have learned sadly, or think we have learned, that no mystery of faith is to be wrung from the study of physical laws.

In Shelley and Wordsworth, the modern high priests of Nature, the more precise philosophy of antiquity is replaced by a dim, mystical pantheism which would cheat the inquiring spirit into acquiescence. But this phase too has passed away, and at present we are entertained by a choir of songsters who treat us to poems woven of tag-ends of description, mostly brought together in a haphazard fashion, and whose highest thought is a mildly brooding reverie which may soothe the ear, but hardly quickens the imagination.

To be sure, this kind of poetry has quite often a certain charm and even justification of its own. The volume by Harriet Prescott Spofford, named from the introductory poem, *In Titian's Garden*,¹ is a notable instance of this. Redundancy of epithets—a common trait of the dilettante-nature school—vexes the reader at times; some of the poems—the *Story of the Iceberg*, for example—being little more than a jumble of brilliant adjectives. Here and there a lapse of taste distresses the ear, as in the gruesome line,

"Oh, then the poet feels him part of all the
lovesome stirring thing."

Occasionally the verses fall into sheer bathos. Thus, it is a pretty conceit, however trite, to tell of the Making of

¹ *In Titian's Garden, and Other Poems.* By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD. Boston: Copeland & Day. 1897.

the Pearl in an oyster; but is there not something a little humorous in such stanzas as these?

"A tiny rasping grain of sand
It was, whose never-ceasing prick
Dispelled the charm of summer seas
And pierced him to the very quick.

"Ah, what a world of trouble now!
But straight he bent him to the strife,
And poured around that hostile thing
The precious ichor of his life.

"And storms could stoop and stir the deeps
To blackness, but he heeded not,—
The universe had nothing now
For him but that one fatal spot."

Yet such criticism is hardly just. The book as a whole is pretty reading. It leaves an impression on the mind like that of an evening stroll along a country lane, when twilight throws a mellow charm over the fields, and as we walk the succession of pleasant sights and sounds brings a gracious feeling of rest to the heart. A fairer specimen of the author's ability is *The Violin*, an expansion of the happy motto,—

"Viva fui in sylvis,
Dum vixi tacui,
Mortua dulce cano."

The conceit is ingenious, and justifies the tendency to describe natural scenes linearly; that is, by a chain of impressions loosely linked together.

"All the leaves were rustling in the forest,
All the springs were bubbling in the moss;
What light laughter where the brooks were
spilling,
What lament I heard the branches toss,
Ah, what pipings gave me thrill on thrill!
All the world was wild with broken music—
I alone was silent, I was still.

"White the moonbeam wove its weird about
me,
Starshine clad my boughs with streaming
flame,
Mighty winds caressed me out of heaven,
Storm-clouds in a fleece upon me came,
Earth's deep juices fed me all my fill—
Strains swept through me fit for sovran sing-
ing—
I, alas, was silent, I was still."

Into the heart of the tree pass all the

melodies of the forest ; beneath its shade lovers whisper their tale, and there in the deep bracken at its root the wanderer spends his soul with weeping, but the tree is silent. Came the woodman with his stroke ; came the craftsman with his cunning, and framed the perfect instrument ; and then at last

"Came the Master — drew his hand across me —

Oh, what shocked me, what great throb of bliss

Wakened me to pulse on pulse of rapture —
Soul my soul, I never dreamed of this !

Breath of horn and silver fret of flute,
Compass of all nature's various voices,
I was singing — I who once was mute !

"Winding waters, silken breezes blowing,
Fragrances of morning filled my tune,
Glimpses of the land where dreams are mantled,
East o' the sun and rearward of the moon,
Songs from music's ever-swelling tide,
Music beating up the walls of heaven —
I had never sung had I not died !"

IV.

Confronting the volume of *New Poems* by the English poet Francis Thompson,¹ we have quite a different problem to solve. The spirit of the book is so wantonly contorted, yet lighted here and there by such flashes of starry beauty, that the mind of the reader is bewildered. Let us admit frankly at the outset that we really comprehend almost all Mr. Thompson has written. This is a large confession ; for it means that time and thought have been expended upon him which might suffice for a pretty careful reading of the whole of Shakespeare. And then, having devoted so much labor to the task, one is in doubt whether to indulge in the satisfaction of having mastered a difficult subject, or to feel resentment that so much good time has been filched away. Yet we would not so humiliate our author as to boast that all his work is comprehensible. When a clever poet converts the old

¹ *New Poems*. By FRANCIS THOMPSON. Boston : Copeland & Day. 1897.

axiom "*Ars celare artem*" into "*Ars celare sensum*," something must be conceded to his cunning. Mr. Thompson himself has said of one of the poems, — "This song is sung and sung not, and its words are sealed ;"

and the reader adds reverently, "Who is worthy to open the book, and to loose the seals thereof ?"

What can be said of such willful obscurity ? Its best excuse is that it is not peculiar to the writer, but characteristic of one large branch of the decadent school to which he belongs. It is pathological. In an age normally poetical, the common daily happenings easily pass into song, and poetry is the expression of a complete life. The man of contorted, half-dazed intelligence will hardly be received as a poet, however he may pique curiosity as an oracle. But in a mechanical prosaic period, when the current of healthy activity turns strongly in another direction, the singer is too often not the strong man, the wise sane seer, but one whose nerves are tingling with abnormal excitement, and whose imagination is tormented by unseizable phantasmagoria. In place of poetry that is a true criticism of life, various schools of decadence start up, appealing each to its own coterie. Unintelligibility here is a seal of genuineness, and escapes censure.

This obscurity, moreover, is one of the signs of that general dissolution, or confusion, of the mind and senses which permeates decadent writing. First of all, the language loses its firm mould, archaic expressions jostle side by side with neologisms, common words take on uncommon meanings, compounds are formed contrary to all recognized linguistic laws. From the book before us a rich harvest of such solecisms might be gathered. A small sheaf may serve as specimens : fledge-foot, ensuit, gardenered, skiey-gendered, liberal-leaved, bleakening, spurted (for stained), transpicious, blosmy, pined (used transitively), huest, sultry (as a verb), perceivingness, etc. Mr. Thomp-

son's vocabulary would appear to be modeled after Elizabethan usage, showing a predilection for the more dubious eccentricities of that period, and after the jargon of certain recent authors of France. But it is not language alone which suffers. A further confusion may be observed in the curious interchange of the attributes and epithets of the several senses, especially of sight and hearing. Any one familiar with the works of Mallarmé and his compeers will recognize this characteristic mark. The blind, it is said, substitute for colors the various sensations of sound, the word "red," in one case at least, producing an impression like the blare of trumpets. It is not uninteresting to compare this phenomenon with the following: —

"So fearfully the sun doth sound
Clanging up behind Cathay."

"Though I the Orient never more shall feel
Break like a clash of cymbals."

Still deeper than this confusion of language and sensation is the atony of mind that is the very creating spirit of decadence. Two tendencies may be observed: a proneness to neurotic sensuality on the one hand, and a hankering after mysticism on the other; both springing from relaxation of the will, and a consequent loss of grip on realities. These tendencies may appear singly, or may be united as in the case of Verlaine. In Mr. Thompson sensuality is the last reproach to be offered; he shows, indeed, everywhere entire purity of feeling. Mysticism, however, pervades the book from beginning to end. Now, mysticism is not rashly to be condemned when based on a foundation of virile reflection; but in these New Poems, along with a vein of genuine ideality, there is, we fear, a good deal of vague reverie which arises rather from super-excited nerves than from strong self-restrained thought.

Yet it is pleasanter, in the case of Mr. Thompson, to dwell on the nobler side of his mysticism; and nowhere does

his song rise higher than when describing the sacred office of the bard himself. Pardoning the first line, how subtle is this passage from Contemplation! —

"For he, that conduit running wine of song,
Then to himself does most belong,
When he his mortal house unbars
To the importunate and thronging feet
That round our corporal walls unheeded
beat;
Till, all containing, he exalt
His stature to the stars, or stars
Narrow their heaven to his fleshly vault:
When, like a city under ocean,
To human things he grows a desolation,
And is made a habitation
For the fluctuous universe
To lave with unimpeded motion."

In *The Mistress of Vision* his refined pantheism is worked out with cunning skill. Admirable is this expression of the terror of his vision: —

"Where is the land of Luthany,
And where the region Elenore?
I do faint therefor.

"When to the new eyes of thee
All things by immortal power,
Near or far,
Hiddenly
To each other linkèd are,
That thou canst not stir a flower
Without troubling of a star;
When thy song is shield and mirror
To the fair snake-curlèd Pain,
Where thou dar'st affront her terror
That on her thou may'st attain
Perséan conquest; seek no more,
O seek no more!

Pass the gates of Luthany, tread the region
Elenore! "

After all, we cannot lay down the volume without feeling that we have heard strains of true singing, however much obscured. It is the cry of a noble spirit, that beholds the sky through prison-bars and beats in vain against his cage.

"Ah!

If not in all too late and frozen a day
I come in rearward of the throats of song,
Unto the deaf sense of the agèd year
Singing with doom upon me: yet give heed!
One poet with sick pinion, that still feels
Breath through the Orient gateways closing fast,
Fast closing t'ward the undelighted night!"

ILLUSTRATIONS OF NORTH AMERICAN BUTTERFLIES.

IN the early part of 1868, Mr. W. H. Edwards began the issue of an iconographic serial publication on North American butterflies.¹ Planned as a quarterly, but with no expectation of extending beyond a single volume, it has appeared at irregular intervals up to the present time, when, having in twenty-nine years completed three quarto volumes, with fifty or more colored plates each, the veteran author lays down his pen, quoting Spenser's lines:—

"And now we are ariued at the last
In wished harbour where we meane to rest;
For now the Sunne low setteth in the West."

It is the story of a remarkable achievement. The only previous attempt to issue such a work, by Titian Peale, had ended with a first number, and Peale was his own artist. Edwards, when he began, had been known but a few years as an entomologist; he had to pay all the charges of printer, draughtsman, lithographer, and colorist, and could hardly expect any adequate support from a limited and generally impoverished group of naturalists. Not a man of wealth himself, he met with financial losses during the progress of the work which severely crippled him, and would have utterly daunted any one less persistent and enthusiastic than he; and it is only by the aid of grants from scientific funds that he has been able to complete his third volume.

Nevertheless, by great sacrifices he has given to the world, at the cost of many thousand dollars, what is on the whole the finest series of illustrations of butterflies that has ever appeared in any country; and if we take into proper account the proportion and character of the figures which illustrate the history

of butterflies, we may say, incomparably the most valuable. This is due in very large measure to his good fortune and good sense in securing the services of Miss (afterward Mrs.) Mary Peart, who has not only drawn for him as needed all the illustrations of the early stages, first on paper and afterward (excepting most of the third volume) on stone, but has also drawn on stone all the butterflies of the first two volumes, excepting the five plates of the initial part. No drawings of butterflies, whether in their early stages or in the final stage, have ever been made which surpass these for faithful portrayal, delicate finish, and artistic arrangement, and they have seldom been equaled anywhere.

The work makes no pretense at being a complete treatise, and the butterflies are not treated in systematic order. It was proposed at the start "to publish a sufficient number of new or hitherto unfigured or disputed species." No Hesperids are treated of, and only a few Lycaenids, which are confined to the earlier parts. It is curious, also, to notice that the Satyrids, which figure so largely in the last volume, occupying indeed nearly half the plates, were not considered at all in the first volume, and but slightly in the second. Great prominence is given to the genera *Argynnis* (33 species), *Chionobas* (19), *Colias* (15), and *Papilio* (14), and reasonably so, for they are dominant groups of wide distribution, the species of which are much disputed. In all, one hundred and sixty-five species are illustrated (about a fourth of our known fauna), referred to twenty-eight genera,—more than half the genera and nearly two thirds the species being *Nymphalidæ*; but it should be remembered that the 152 Colored Plates. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1868-1897.

¹ *The Butterflies of North America.* By W. H. EDWARDS. In three volumes. With

author uses genera in a very broad sense, while his attitude toward species is rather the reverse.

In his announcement in the first part, Mr. Edwards said, "It is a matter of regret that in so few instances I shall be able to say anything of the larvæ." Until the seventh part of his work (1871) no figure of any of the early stages appeared on his plates; but since then only two parts have been issued (out of thirty-four) in which some early stages are not shown, and more than half of the plates are used to some extent for their illustration. The reason for this is largely a happy discovery by Mr. Edwards, in 1870, that by imprisoning gravid females alive over their food-plant they could be persuaded to lay any number of eggs. This discovery has completely changed our mode of studying the life-histories, and placed us in this country well in advance of our European brethren, who have been slow to adopt this facile method; one instance of this will shortly be given. By experiment he also proved that caterpillars can be reared to maturity under conditions very different from those natural to them; so that in his retired little corner in the Kenawha Valley, in West Virginia, he has been able to rear, and so to draw and study in every stage, butterflies from such distant and varied points as the Rocky Mountains, California, British Columbia, Canada, and Texas, simply by having packages of fresh-laid eggs sent him through the mail by collectors at these points. It seems to have been of little hindrance that his artist lived at Philadelphia, more than three hundred miles away; for she too had her vivarium with its tiny inhabitants, which were fed on plants constantly forwarded by her indefatigable patron.

To this discovery, and particularly to Mr. Edwards's persistence in carrying it out, we owe our present minute knowledge of a very large proportion of our butterflies. They are now easily studied

from the egg onward, and though failures perplex and thwart us, patience and perseverance can win the entire field at no very distant day. A previous knowledge of the food-plant is desirable, and in many cases essential, but that can be learned in the field by carefully watching the female at laying-time. Mr. Edwards has thus put every part of the country under contribution. No better illustration of this can be given than by citing *Chionobas* (the snow-rover, to translate the term), a genus of butterflies peculiar to very elevated regions and the far north. Up to the present time hardly a figure has been published of the early stages of any European species. On the other hand, Mr. Edwards has given a complete, or almost complete series of figures (amounting in all to two hundred and sixty) of twelve of our species, besides partial series of two others, and nearly every one of these is given by him for the first time. Yet not one of them has Mr. Edwards seen alive in its native haunts; each had to be specially sought for by some agent on high mountain top, or region distant — often very distant — from human habitation and difficult of access. The agent had to remain on the inclement or wild spot long enough, often days, to secure eggs freely laid by an imprisoned female, whose moods are dependent on sunshine and a certain warmth. This is but one instance out of many of our author's indomitable perseverance.

But if Mr. Edwards has done so much in pointing out the road to successful study of the histories and life-stages of butterflies, he has placed us under deeper obligation by the generous way in which he has translated his efforts into pictorial representation. Allusion has been made to the large proportion of plates illustrating the histories. It is of more significance that these histories are shown in such wonderful and almost lavish detail. No less than sixty-nine species, or nearly forty-two per cent, are so illus-

trated, belonging to twenty-four of the twenty-eight genera, and there are nearly eleven hundred figures of the early stages, mostly colored, or an average of over fifteen to each species. Figures of the butterfly are also given with equal generosity, to show variation of color or markings, or to illustrate polymorphic species. There are more than eight hundred and fifty colored figures of butterflies, or an average of more than five figures for each species represented; and it is just the butterflies whose life-histories are shown in the fullest detail that are most lavishly illustrated in the perfect stage. There are indeed ten butterflies (belonging to seven different genera) which average sixteen figures each of the butterfly and twenty-two of the early stages, the climax being reached in *Lycæna pseudargiolus*, of which thirty-seven figures of the butterfly are given and thirty-five of the early stages; no other butterfly in any part of the world has ever received such copious treatment as this.

This wonderful picture-book of nature has done even more for us, for it has been the means the author has taken of depicting his highly interesting and important discoveries in dimorphism and polymorphism, the minutest details in proof of which are given in the text. These discoveries have been a fruitful stimulus to similar studies in all parts of the world, and in consequence the present work may already be regarded as a classic. Mr. Edwards's patient investigation, year after year, of *Papilio ajax*,

Grapta interrogationis, *Grapta comma*, *Phyciodes tharos*, and *Lycæna pseudargiolus*, and his trip to Colorado, when past seventy years of age, for the purpose of working out on the spot the complicated story of *Papilio bairdii-oregonia*, can but elicit our warmest enthusiasm. They have placed science under deep obligation to him.

May it not also be said that this really sumptuous work has its place in quickening a popular interest in the study of insect life? As seen in public libraries it ought to arouse the latent enthusiasm of the young, even more perhaps than the orderly arrangement of preserved specimens of the same butterflies; for in looking at the several stages, brought together on the same plate, and in reading the text, one is in imagination in a well-ordered museum, under the guidance of the director. It is from hours thus spent that contagious interest spreads.

Although Mr. Edwards has arrived at an age when it is hardly fair to expect that he will feel inclined to continue this costly publication, it is scarcely to be looked for that he will intermit labors that have been the enjoyment of his life. Some means should be found by his friends for the issue through existing agencies of the considerable store of unpublished material still in his hands, the incomparable work of Mrs. Peart. We can but hope that some way may be found for its publication during his lifetime and under his care. The Smithsonian Institution could undertake no more fitting task.

THE CONFESSION OF A LOVER OF ROMANCE.

ONE half the world does not know what the other half reads ; but good people are now taught that the first requisite of sociological virtue is to interest themselves in the other half. I therefore venture to call attention to a book that has pleased me, though my delight in it may at once class me with the "submerged tenth" of the reading public. It is *The Pirate's Own Book*.

By way of preface to a discussion of this volume, let me make a personal explanation of the causes which led me to its perusal. My reading of such a book cannot be traced to early habit. In my boyhood I had no opportunity to study the careers of pirates, for I was confined to another variety of literature. On Sunday afternoons I read aloud a book called *The Afflicted Man's Companion*. The unfortunate gentleman portrayed in this work had a large assortment of afflictions, — if I remember rightly, one for each day of the month, — but among them was nothing so exciting as being marooned in the South Seas. Indeed, his afflictions were of a generalized and abstract kind, which he could have borne with great cheerfulness had it not been for the consolations which were remorselessly administered to him.

If I have become addicted to tales of piracy, I must attribute it to the literary criticisms of too strenuous realists. Before I read them, I took an innocent pleasure in romantic fiction. Without any compunction of conscience I rejoiced in Walter Scott ; and when he failed I was pleased even with his imitators. My heart leaped up when I beheld a solitary horseman on the first page, and I did not forsake the horseman, even though I knew he was to be personally conducted through his journey by Mr. G. P. R. James. Fenimore Cooper, in those days, before I was awakened to the nature of

literary sin, I found altogether pleasant. The cares of the world faded away, and a soothing conviction of the essential rightness of things came over me, as the pioneers and Indians discussed in deliberate fashion the deepest questions of the universe, between shots. As for stories of the sea, I never thought of being critical. I was ready to take thankfully anything with a salty flavor, from *Sindbad the Sailor* to Mr. Clark Russell. I had no inconvenient knowledge to interfere with my enjoyment. All nautical language was alike impressive, and all nautical manœuvres were to me alike perilous. It would have been a poor Ancient Mariner who could not have enthralled me, when

He held me with his skinny hand ;
"There was a ship," quoth he.

And if the ship had raking masts and no satisfactory clearance papers, that was enough ; as to what should happen, I left that altogether to the author. That the laws of probability held on the Spanish Main as on dry land, I never dreamed.

But after being awakened to the sin of romance, I saw that to read a novel merely for recreation is not permissible. The reader must be put upon oath, and before he allows himself to enjoy any incident must swear that everything is exactly true to life as he has seen it. All vagabonds and sturdy vagrants who have no visible means of support, in the present order of things, are to be driven out of the realm of well-regulated fiction. Among these are included all knights in armor ; all rightful heirs with a strawberry mark ; all horsemen, solitary or otherwise ; all princes in disguise ; all persons who are in the habit of saying "prithee," or "Odzooks," or "by my halidome ;" all fair ladies who have no irregularities of feature and no realistic incoherencies of speech ; all lovers who

fall in love at first sight, and who are married at the end of the book and live happily ever after ; all witches, fortune-tellers, and gypsies ; all spotless heroes and deep-dyed villains ; all pirates, buccaneers, North American Indians with a taste for metaphysics ; all scouts, hunters, trappers, and other individuals who do not wear store clothes. According to this decree, all readers are forbidden to aid and abet these persons, or to give them shelter in their imagination. A reader who should incite a writer of fiction to romance would be held as an accessory before the fact.

After duly repenting of my sins and renouncing my old acquaintances, I felt a preëminent virtue. Had I met the Three Guardsmen, one at a time or all together, I should have passed them by without stopping for a moment's converse. I should have recognized them for the impudent Gascons that they were, and should have known that there was not a word of truth in all their adventures. As for Stevenson's fine old pirate, with his contemptible song about a "dead men's chest and a bottle of rum," I should not have tolerated him for an instant. Instead, I should have turned eagerly to some neutral-tinted person who never had any adventure greater than missing the train to Dedham, and I should have analyzed his character, and agitated myself in the attempt to get at his feelings, and I should have verified his story by a careful reference to the railway guide. I should have treated that neutral-tinted character as a problem, and I should have noted all the delicate shades in the futility of his conduct. When, on any occasion that called for action, he did not know his own mind, I should have admired him for his resemblance to so many of my acquaintances who do not know their own minds. After studying the problem until I came to the last chapter, I should suddenly have given it up, and agreed with the writer that it had no solution.

In my self-righteousness, I despised the old-fashioned reader who had been lured on in the expectation that at the last moment something thrilling might happen.

But temptations come at the unguarded point. I had hardened myself against romance in fiction, but I had not been sufficiently warned against romance in the guise of fact. When in a bookstall I came upon *The Pirate's Own Book*, it seemed to answer a felt want. Here at least, outside the boundaries of strict fiction, I could be sure of finding adventure, and feel again with Sancho Panza "how pleasant it is to go about in expectation of accidents."

I am well aware that good literature — to use Matthew Arnold's phrase — is a criticism of life. But the criticism of life, with its discriminations between things which look very much alike, is pretty serious business. We cannot keep on criticising life without getting tired after a while, and longing for something a little simpler. There is a much-admired passage in *Ferishtah's Fancies*, in which, after mixing up the beans in his hands and speculating on their color, *Ferishtah* is not able to tell black from white. *Ferishtah*, living in a soothing climate, could stand an indefinite amount of this sort of thing ; and, moreover, we must remember that he was a dervish, and dervishry, although a steady occupation, is not exacting in its requirements. In our more stimulating climate, we should bring on nervous prostration if we gave ourselves unremittingly to the discrimination between all the possible variations of blackishness and whitishness. We must relieve our minds by occasionally finding something about which there can be no doubt. When my eyes rested on the woodcut that adorns the first page of *The Pirate's Own Book*, I felt the rest that comes from perfect certainty in my own moral judgment. *Ferishtah* himself could not have mixed me up. Here was black without a redeem-

ing spot. On looking upon this pirate, I felt relieved from any criticism of life ; here was something beneath criticism. I was no longer tossed about on a chop sea, with its conflicting waves of feeling and judgment, but was borne along triumphantly on a bounding billow of moral reprobation.

As I looked over the headings of the chapters I was struck by their straightforward and undisguised character. When I read the chapter entitled *The Savage Appearance of the Pirates*, and compared this with the illustrations, I said, "How true !" Then there was a chapter on *The Deceitful Character of the Malays*. I had always suspected that the Malays were deceitful, and here I found my impressions justified by competent authority. Then I dipped into the preface, and found the same transparent candor. "A piratical crew," says the author, "is generally formed of the desperadoes and renegades of every clime and nation." Again I said, "Just what I should have expected. The writer is evidently one who 'nothing extenuates.' " Then follows a further description of the pirate : "The pirate, from the perilous nature of his occupation, when not cruising on the ocean, that great highway of nations, selects the most lonely isles of the sea for his retreat, or secretes himself near the shores of bays and lagoons of thickly wooded and uninhabited countries." Just the places where I should have expected him to settle.

"The pirate, when not engaged in robbing, passes his time in singing old songs with choruses like,

'Drain, drain the bowl, each fearless soul !
Let the world wag as it will ;
Let the heavens growl, let the devil howl,
Drain, drain the deep bowl and fill !'

Thus his hours of relaxation are passed in wild and extravagant frolics, amongst the lofty forests and spicy groves of the torrid zone, and amidst the aromatic and beautiful flowering vegetable products of that region."

Again : "With the name of pirate is also associated ideas of rich plunder, — caskets of buried jewels, chests of gold ingots, bags of outlandish coins, secreted in lonely out-of-the-way places, or buried about the wild shores of rivers and unexplored seacoasts, near rocks and trees bearing mysterious marks, indicating where the treasure is hid." "As it is his invariable practice to secrete and bury his booty, and from the perilous life he lives being often killed, he can never revisit the spot again, immense sums remaining buried in these places are irrevocably lost." Is it any wonder that, with such an introduction, I became interested ?

After a perusal of the book, I am inclined to think that a pirate may be a better person to read about than some persons who stand higher in the moral scale. Compare, if you will, a pirate and a pessimist. As a citizen and neighbor I should prefer the pessimist. A pessimist is an excellent and highly educated gentleman, who has been so unfortunate as to be born into a world which is inadequate to his expectations. Naturally he feels that he has a grievance, and in airing his grievance he makes himself unpopular ; but it is certainly not his fault that the universe is no better than it is. On the other hand, a pirate is a bad character ; yet as a subject of biography he is more inspiring than the pessimist. In one case, we have the impression of one good man in a totally depraved world ; in the other case, we have a totally depraved man in what but for him would be a very good world. I know of nothing that gives one a more genial appreciation of average human nature, or a greater tolerance for the foibles of one's acquaintances, than the contrast with an unmitigated pirate.

My copy of *The Pirate's Own Book* belongs to the edition of 1837. On the fly-leaf it bore in prim handwriting the name of a lady who for many years must have treasured it. I like to think of

this unknown lady in connection with the book. I know that she must have been an excellent soul, and I have no doubt that her New England conscience pointed to the moral law as the needle to the pole; but she was a wise woman, and knew that if she was to keep her conscience in good repair she must give it some reasonable relaxation. I am sure that she was a woman of versatile philanthropy, and that every moment she had the ability to make two duties grow where only one had grown before. After, however, attending the requisite number of lectures to improve her mind, and considering in committees plans to improve other people's minds forcibly, and going to meetings to lament over the condition of those who had no minds to improve, this good lady would feel that she had earned a right to a few minutes' respite. So she would take up *The Pirate's Own Book*, and feel a creepy sensation that would be an effectual counter irritant to all her anxieties for the welfare of the race. Things might be going slowly, and there were not half as many societies as there ought to be, and the world might be in a bad way; but then it was not so bad as it was in the days of Black-Beard; and the poor people who did not have any societies to belong to were, after all, not so badly off as the sailors whom the atrocious Nicola left on a desert island, with nothing but a blunderbuss and Mr. Brooks's Family Prayer Book. In fact, it is expressly stated that the pirates refused to give them a cake of soap. To be on a desert island destitute of soap made the common evils of life appear trifling. She had been worried about the wicked people who would not do their duty, however faithfully they had been prodded up to it, who would not be life members on payment of fifty dollars, and who would not be annual members on payment of a dollar and signing the constitution, and who in their hard and impenitent hearts would not even sit on

the platform at the annual meeting; but somehow their guilt seemed less extreme after she had studied again the picture of Captain Kidd burying his Bible in the sands near Plymouth. A man who would bury his Bible, using a spade several times too large for him, and who would strike such a world-defying attitude while doing it, made the sin of not joining the society appear almost venial. In this manner she gained a certain moral perspective; even after days when the public was unusually dilatory about reforms, and the wheels of progress had begun to squeak, she would get a good night's sleep. Contrasting the public with the black background of absolute piracy, she grew tolerant of its shortcomings, and learned the truth of George Herbert's saying, that "pleasantness of disposition is a great key to do good."

Not only is a pirate a more comfortable person to read about than a pessimist, but in many respects he is a more comfortable person to read about than a philanthropist. The minute the philanthropist is introduced, the author begins to show his own cleverness by discovering flaws in his motives. You begin to see that the poor man has his limitations. Perhaps his philanthropies are of a different kind from yours, and that irritates you. Musical people, whom I have heard criticise other musical people, seem more offended when some one flats just a little than when he makes a big ear-splitting discord; and moralists are apt to have the same fastidiousness. The philanthropist is made the victim of the most cruel kind of vivisection, — a character-study.

Here is a fragment of conversation from a study of character: "'That was really heroic,' said Felix. 'That was what he wanted to do,' Gertrude went on. 'He wanted to be magnanimous; he wanted to have a fine moral pleasure; he made up his mind to do his duty; he felt sublime, — that's how he likes to feel.'"

This leaves the mind in a painful state of suspense. The first instinct of the unsophisticated reader is that if the person has done a good deed, we ought not to begrudge him a little innocent pleasure in it. If he is magnanimous, why not let him feel magnanimous? But after Gertrude has made these subtle suggestions we begin to experience something like antipathy for a man who is capable of having a fine moral pleasure; who not only does his duty, but really likes to do it. There is something wrong about him, and it is all the more aggravating because we are not sure just what it is. There is no trouble of that kind in reading about pirates. You cannot make a character-study out of a pirate, — he has no character. You know just where to place him. You do not expect anything good of him, and when you find a sporadic virtue you are correspondingly elated.

For example, I am pleased to read of the pirate Gibbs that he was "affable and communicative, and when he smiled he exhibited a mild and gentle countenance. His conversation was concise and pertinent, and his style of illustration quite original." If Gibbs had been a philanthropist, it is doubtful whether these social and literary graces would have been so highly appreciated.

So our author feels a righteous glow when speaking of the natives of the Malabar coasts, and accounting for their truthfulness: "For as they had been used to deal with pirates, they always found them men of honor in the way of trade, — a people enemies of deceit, and that scorned to rob but in their own way."

He is a very literal-minded person, and takes all his pirates seriously, but often we are surprised by some touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. There was the ferocious Benevedes, who flourished on the west coast of South America, and who, not content with sea power, attempted to gather an army. It is said that "a more finished picture of

a pirate cannot be conceived," and the description that follows certainly bears out this assertion. Yet he had his own ideas of civilization, and a power of adaptation that reminds us of the excellent and ingenious Swiss Family Robinson. When he captures the American whaling-ship *Herculia*, we are prepared for a wild scene of carnage; but instead we are told that Benevedes immediately dismantled the ship, and "out of the sails made trousers for half his army." After the trousers had been distributed, Benevedes remarked that his army was complete except in one essential particular, — he had no trumpets for the cavalry: whereupon, at the suggestion of the New Bedford skipper, he ripped off the copper sheets of the vessel, out of which a great variety of copper trumpets were quickly manufactured, and soon "the whole camp resounded with the warlike blasts." While the delighted pirates were enjoying their instrumental music, the skipper and nine of the crew took occasion to escape in a boat which had been imprudently concealed on the river-bank.

Most of the pirates seem to have conducted their lives on a highly romantic, not to say sensational plan. This reprehensible practice, of course, must shut them off from the sympathy of all realists of the stricter school, who hold that there should be no dramatic situations, and that even when a story is well begun it should not be brought to a finish, but should "peter out" in the last chapters, no one knows how or why. Sometimes, however, a pirate manages to come to an end sufficiently commonplace to make a plot for a most irreproachable novel. There was Captain Avery. He commenced the practice of his profession very auspiciously by running away with a ship of thirty guns from Bristol. In the Indian Ocean he captured a treasure-ship of the Great Mogul. In this ship, it is said, "there were several of the greatest persons of the court." There

was also on board the daughter of the Great Mogul, who was on a pilgrimage to Mecca. The painstaking historian comments on this very justly: "It is well known that the people of the East travel with great magnificence, so that they had along with them all their slaves, with a large quantity of vessels of gold and silver and immense sums of money. The spoil, therefore, that Avery received from that ship was almost incalculable." To capture the treasure-ship of the Great Mogul under such circumstances would have turned the head of any ordinary pirate who had weakened his mind by reading works tinged with romanticism. His companions, when the treasure was on board, wished to sail to Madagascar, and there build a small fort; but "Avery disconcerted the plan and rendered it altogether unnecessary." We know perfectly well what these wretches would have done if they had been allowed to have their own way: they would have gathered in one of the spicy groves, and would have taken up vociferously their song, —

"Drain, drain the bowl, each fearless soul!
Let the world wag as it will."

Avery would have none of this, so when most of the men were away from the ship he sailed off with the treasure, leaving them to their evil ways and to a salutary poverty. Here begins the realism of the story. With the treasures of the Great Mogul in his hold, he did not follow the illusive course of Captain Kidd, "as he sailed, as he sailed." He did not even lay his course for the "coasts of Coromandel." Instead of that he made a bee-line for America, with the laudable intention of living there "in affluence and honor." When he got to America, however, he did not know what to do with himself, and still less what to do with the inestimable pearls and diamonds of the Great Mogul. An ordinary pirate of romance would have escaped to the Spanish Main, but Avery did just what any realistic gentleman

would do: after he had spent a short time in other cities — he concluded to go to Boston. The chronicler adds, "Arriving at Boston, he almost resolved to settle there." It was in the time of the Mathers. But in spite of its educational and religious advantages, Boston furnished no market for the gems of the Orient, so Captain Avery went to England. If he had in his youth read a few detective stories, he might have known how to get his jewels exchanged for the current coin of the realm; but his early education had been neglected, and he was of a singularly confiding and unsophisticated nature — when on land. After suffering from poverty he made the acquaintance of some wealthy merchants of Bristol, who took his gems on commission, on condition that they need not inquire how he came by them. That was the last Avery saw of the gems of the Great Mogul. A plain pirate was no match for financiers. Remittances were scanty, though promises were frequent. What came of it all? Nothing came of it; things simply dragged along. Avery was not hanged, neither did he get his money. At last, on a journey to Bristol to urge the merchants to a settlement, he fell sick and died. What became of the gems? Nobody knows. What became of those merchants of Bristol? Nobody cares. A novelist might, out of such material, make an ending quite clever and dreary.

To this realistic school of pirates belongs Thomas Veal, known in our history as the "Pirate of Lynn." To turn from the chapter on the Life, Atrocities, and Bloody Death of Black-Beard to the chapter on the Lynn Pirate, is a relief to the overstrained sensibilities. Lynn is in the temperate zone, and we should naturally reason that its piracies would be more calm and equable than those of the tropics, and so they were. "On one pleasant evening, a little after sunset, a small vessel was seen to anchor near the mouth of the Saugus River.

A boat was presently lowered from her side, into which four men descended and moved up the river." It is needless to say that these men were pirates. In the morning the vessel had disappeared, but a man found a paper whereon was a statement that if a quantity of shackles, handcuffs, and hatchets were placed in a certain nook, silver would be deposited near by to pay for them. The people of Lynn in those days were thrifty folk, and the hardware was duly placed in the spot designated, and the silver was found as promised. After some months four pirates came and settled in the woods. The historian declares it to be his opinion (and he speaks as an expert) that it would be impossible to select a place more convenient for a gang of pirates. He draws particular attention to the fact that the "ground was well selected for the cultivation of potatoes and common vegetables." This shows that the New England environment gave an industrial and agricultural cast to piracy which it has not had elsewhere. In fact, after reading the whole chapter, I am struck by the pacific and highly moral character of these pirates. The last of them — Thomas Veal — took up his abode in what is described as a "spacious cavern," about two miles from Lynn. "There the fugitive fixed his residence, and practiced the trade of a shoemaker, occasionally coming down to the village to obtain articles of sustenance." By uniting the occupations of market-gardening, shoemaking, and piracy, Thomas Veal managed to satisfy the demands of a frugal nature, and to live respected by his neighbors in Lynn. It must have been a great alleviation in the lot of the small boys, when now and then they escaped from the eyes of the titling-men, and in the cave listened to Mr. Veal singing his pirate's songs. Of course a solo could give only a faint conception of what the full chorus would have been in the tropical forests, but still it must have curdled the blood to a very considerable extent.

There is, I must confess, a certain air of vagueness about this interesting narration. No overt act of piracy is mentioned. Indeed, the evidence in regard to the piratical character of Mr. Veal, so far as it is given in this book, is largely circumstantial.

There is, first, the geographical argument. The Saugus River, being a winding stream, was admirably adapted for the resort of pirates who wished to prey upon the commerce of Boston and Salem. This establishes the opportunity and motive, and renders it antecedently probable that piracy was practiced. The river, it is said, was a good place in which to secrete boats. This we know from our reading was the invariable practice of pirates.

Another argument is drawn from the umbrageous character of the Lynn woods. We are told with nice particularity that in this tract of country "there were many thick pines, hemlocks, and cedars, and places where the rays of the sun at noon could not penetrate." Such a place would be just the spot in which astute pirates would be likely to bury their treasure, confident that it would never be discovered. The fact that nothing ever has been discovered here seems to confirm this supposition.

The third argument is that while a small cave still remains, the "spacious cavern" in which Thomas Veal, the piratical shoemaker, is said to have dwelt no longer exists. This clinches the evidence. For there was an earthquake in 1658. What more likely than that, in the earthquake, "the top of the rock was loosened and crushed down into the mouth of the cavern, inclosing the unfortunate inmate in its unyielding prison"? At any rate, there is no record of Mr. Veal or of his spacious cavern after that earthquake.

No one deserves to be called an antiquarian who cannot put two and two together, and reconstruct from these data a more or less elaborate history of the

piracies of Mr. Thomas Veal. The only other explanation of the facts presented, that I can think of as having any degree of plausibility, is that possibly Mr. Veal may have been an Anabaptist, escaped from Boston, who imposed upon the people of Lynn by making them believe that he was only a pirate.

I must in candor admit that the Plutarch of piracy is sometimes more edifying than entertaining. He can never resist the temptation to draw a moral, and his dogmatic bias in favor of the doctrine of total depravity is only too evident. But his book has the great advantage that it is not devoid of incident. Take it all in all, there are worse books to read—after one is tired of reading books that are better.

I am inclined to think that our novelists must make home happy, or they may drive many of their readers to *The Pirate's Own Book*. The policy of the absolute prohibition of romance, while excellent in theory, has practical difficulties in the way of enforcement. Perhaps, under certain restrictions, license might be issued to proper persons to furnish stimulants to the imagination. Of course the romancer should not be allowed to sell to minors, nor within a certain distance of a schoolhouse, nor to habitual readers. My position is the conserva-

tive one that commended itself to the judicious Rollo.

“‘Well, Rollo,’ said Dorothy, ‘shall I tell you a true story, or one that is not true?’”

“‘I think, on the whole, Dorothy, I would rather have it true.’”

But there must have been times—though none are recorded—when Rollo tired even of the admirable clear thinking and precise information of Jonas. At such times he might have tolerated a story that was not so very true, if only it were interesting. There are main thoroughfares paved with hard facts where the intellectual traffic must go on continually. There are tracks on which, if a heedless child of romance should stray, he is in danger of being run down by the realists, those grim motor-men of the literary world. But outside the congested districts there should be some roadways leading out into the open country where all things are still possible. At the entrance to each of these roads there ought to be displayed the notice, “For pleasure only. No heavy teaming allowed.” I should not permit any modern improvements in this district, but I should preserve all its natural features. There should be not only a feudal castle with moat and drawbridge, but also a pirate's cave.